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Yours very sincerely
Alfred Tennyson

London, John W. Parker & Son, West Strand, 1866

ESSAYS AND REMAINS

OF THE REV.

ROBERT ALFRED VAUGHAN.

EDITED, WITH A MEMOIR,

BY THE REV.

ROBERT VAUGHAN, D.D.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

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PREFACE.

The life with which these volumes are concerned was too short, and too much the life of a student, to be found rich in incident. But such lives may have a value and an interest of their own. In the scheme of Providence, the meditative man has his relation to the man of action. The latter is much more schooled than he suspects, either directly or indirectly, by the former.

The one effort of the life here narrated, was to realize a generous culture for itself, and to minister towards its realization in others. Its sympathies extended to everything that might conduce to make men wiser, better, and happier.

It is only consonant with the spirit of such a life, that the fruits of its labours should be collected, and that the good which may be done by them should be thus, as far as possible, ensured. My hope is, that many of our intelligent youth may be the better, in many ways, for the perusal of these pages, and that the mental processes here disclosed may be found to possess a useful significance, not only for such readers, but for some of riper years. The field of religious thought, so wisely traversed by the mind which here speaks, is ground over which multitudes are now passing, and to that mind it would be a chief joy to know that its experiences have become serviceable landmarks to honest wayfarers along the same road.

The account of my son's life will show that I am indebted to the kindness of several gentlemen for contributions which add much to its value. One of these gentlemen has said of his friend, that gifted as are his writings, 'He has left no record behind him that does full justice to his nature and

character. The *man* was greater and better than his *works.*'* This, I believe, is the sentiment of all who knew my son; and it was the passion of his life to bring others into sympathy with that modest nobleness in all things, which, almost unconsciously to himself, had made him what he was.

Among the following Essays some readers will miss one, written with much care, on John Tauler; but that Paper will re-appear, I trust, in a second edition of the *Hours with the Mystics.*

ROBERT VAUGHAN.

HEATH LODGE, UXBRIDGE,
March 15, 1858.

* Rev. J. H. Hutton.

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MEMOIR.

IN times of peace, said the Greek orator, sons bury their fathers; in time of war, the fathers bury their sons. Some men know that this inverted order of events may take place from causes with which war has nothing to do. In nature, the young plant is sometimes seen to droop and die, while the old is spared. Decay and death are appearances which appeal to our tenderest sensibilities wherever they come, doubly so when they thus come. But it would not be well that it should be otherwise. Our early days are visionary enough as it is, what would they be if sickness and the grave came only to the well stricken in years—to those worn down with the labour and care of a long pilgrimage? Providence, moreover, is often admonishing us that there is as little to secure us against such visitations in eminent goodness, or in the highest capacity for doing good, as in the fond dreaming of our youth. The young man's strength, and the wise man's wisdom, have their uses, but we are none of us left to account our own strength, or our own wisdom, as necessary to the course of human affairs. The world did without us once—it will do without us again.

It was not, I suppose, unnatural for me to have thought, that should anything in my own somewhat laborious life be deemed worthy of a record, the hand now cold and still, but which had so often guided the pen at my suggestion, would have been the hand to perform that piece of service. But the Supreme Will has not so determined. It is left to the father to tell the story of the son,

and to do what may be done toward rendering a life once so rich in promise, but which has proved so brief, as influential as may be. The will which seems in this instance to be not according to the order of nature, must always be the expression of wisdom, justice, and goodness. Let God be true!

Robert Alfred Vaughan was born in Worcester, on the 18th of March, in the year 1823. His birth on that day was two months earlier than had been expected. It is probable that this circumstance had its effect on his future constitution. During the first year of infancy his health was good. Subsequently he became sickly. Through the next two or three years his friends had much reason for anxiety on his account. But after that time he gradually gained strength. He never became robust, either in bone or flesh, but he improved greatly in appearance, was much admired during his years of boyhood for a certain mixture of masculine and feminine beauty which then distinguished him, and was capable of taking his full share in work or play with those of his own age.

In 1825 myself and family removed to Kensington. My residence in Kensington and at Notting-hill extended to the year 1843. During those years my son continued under my own roof. My aim in relation to him was to combine as far as possible the advantages of home education with those of a public school. It was not easy to realize that object. Alfred was my eldest child, and the only son spared to me beyond infancy. Until thirteen years of age his training was under my own superintendence, generally along with one or two pupils, a little older than himself, as companions. By this arrangement he was not left to be wholly dependent for society either on persons much beyond his own age, or on his sisters, who, besides being of the other sex, were all his juniors.

With this course of proceeding I had reason to be satisfied. Of all the blessings that may befal us in childhood, there cannot be a greater than that of a home where there is discipline, but a discipline without fear. It was always a solicitude with me that my own household should be one of that description. The family is the state in little. The effects of a reign of terror are the same in both. Deceit and falsehood seem to become legitimate weapons when left as the only means wherewith the weak can hope to oppose themselves successfully to the lawlessness of the strong. How far the kindly influences of home contributed to form the future character of my son it is hardly for me to say. But in that circle he grew up evincing a disposition to reverence whatever was proper to be revered, and to love whatever was proper to be loved. It was pleasant also to me to observe, that with his never-failing amiableness of temper, the firmer elements of his nature seemed to be getting deeper root, and to be acquiring greater strength. The room for fear concerning him lay chiefly in this direction. The man wanting in firmness may not perpetrate great mischiefs, but he will always be in danger of conniving at them. His sins of omission will be as great and as disastrous, probably, as the sins of commission in the case of men whose natures have been cast in a different mould. My son early saw the importance of guarding against danger in this form, and his fixedness in principle and feeling grew with his growth.

When he had reached the close of his thirteenth year, there was room to believe that he might be safely left to make his way with those of his own age. He entered the school of University College, London, possessing a knowledge of Latin, Greek, and Mathematics, creditable to him for his years, and with a measure of culture and of general information unusual at his age. His love of reading,

especially on literary subjects, was early manifested. While quite a child, he often sat at my feet for considerable intervals, with his book on his knee, he intent on his work, and I intent on mine. On one of those occasions I remember him suddenly looking up and saying, 'Papa, I think I *must* be a literary man.' 'Do you, Al,' was my reply, 'what makes you think so?' 'Because,' said he, 'I remember being within the sound of the scratching of your pen almost as long as I can remember anything.'

Before entering University College School, Alfred had attended more than one course of my lectures as Professor of History in that College. His favourite reading thus early was in history and biography. But he never allowed himself to be diverted unduly from the studies which modern opinion has placed at the foundation of a liberal education. The following extract from a letter with which I have been favoured by one of my son's earliest friends, furnishes some information concerning his school-days:—

I must go back to my schoolboy days to recal my earliest remembrance of your son, for whom I then first contracted that regard which I ever entertained for him. He entered the school of the University College, London, after I had been there a short time. Well do I remember him as he appeared on the first day of his entrance, standing on the stairs, leaning back against the banisters, amidst the crowd of waiting boys, with his large head and long curls, and frock coat, an object of universal schoolboy observation, and therefore derision, blushing deeply at the rude remarks, and striving to avoid the tormenting jeers that rose up around him on every side, and with singular good humour, I must say, did he then, as always, bear the jests and teasing to which he was subjected. We soon, however, learned to respect and like him. He was a diligent scholar, and even then fuller of knowledge, and fonder of its acquisition, than most around him. I well remember the lively interest he used to show in many of our daily lessons—in the Greek history classes especially—and the witness which his translations, compositions, and *viva voce* answers in the class, bore to a careful preparation at home. He evinced, too, in all our classical lessons, a real taste, and an enjoyment and appreciation of the books read, almost incomprehensible to his companions generally. I remem-

ber this fact particularly in reference to *Herodotus*. It was thus he first won my admiration and respect. I mention these facts, because they serve to mark some of the leading traits of his mind, his disposition to constant and careful study, and his natural love of literature—a love, I believe, which constantly increased.

At the University College I saw a good deal of him, and there I learned still more highly to value him, not only for those traits of character already mentioned, but also for his pleasant geniality of disposition, and that appreciation of the humorous which is so attractive always in a man of true dignity and strength of character. He was, perhaps, too reserved and retiring by nature to be universally popular or generally social; but all who knew and understood him esteemed him as a man, and prized his friendship and sought his society for the real enjoyment (neither mean nor profitless) that it afforded them. Besides a manly dignity of character, that naturally carried weight with it, he possessed an intellectual life and activity that would have promised fruits of industry and culture in one endowed with talents very inferior to his. I early noticed in him a quiet but resolute ambition. Doubtless this greatly stimulated his natural love of learning; at the same time, it appeared to me the great danger to which his character exposed him. At that time, however, I believe it was quite subordinate to his love of learning and his thirst for intellectual acquisition, and it did not much impress me. I have since been convinced that my judgment on this point was not unfounded.*

When my son passed from the classes of the school to those of the College, his daily preparations for the work of the class-room were regular and thorough. He stood well as a prizeman, in one department or more, at the close of every session. When preparing for his examinations I had sometimes to rise from my own bed to urge him to retire to his. It was a point of some importance with me that he should not form the habit of studying late at night rather than early in the morning. He knew enough to satisfy him that conformity with my wishes in this particular would be advantageous to himself, and I may mention a circumstance connected with his effort in this respect, as tending to show the earnest spirit with which his studies were prosecuted, and the

* Rev. J. H. Hutton.

strength of purpose of which he was capable, when the occasion seemed to demand it. To ensure early rising, he placed an alarum on a bracket over the head of his bed, and near it a jug filled with water, and so connected the one with the other, that when the alarum ran down, the jug would overturn, and discharge its contents upon his pillow, if he did not at once rise to prevent it. The contrivance had its effect. He came by degrees, and as a rule, to prefer working early to working late.

My son's connexion with University College extended to about six years. He matriculated early. In 1842 he took his B.A. degree, with honours in Classics, and in that department was the second man in the University of London for that year. He was still under twenty years of age.

But his attainments and mental standing generally, at that time, were not to be measured by his academic standing. There are not a few men who reach a good position in University examinations, who never show themselves to be good at anything beside. They receive much, they produce nothing. There is scarcely anything for which their minds cannot find room, but there is no growth in them. So jostled are they by the crowding of other men's opinions as to lose the power of forming opinions of their own—so crammed with the contents of many books, that what might have been native in them is smothered as by an immense overgrowth. My son's mind was not of that order. His acquisitions became aliment to his inner life—means conducing to his personal culture. He always looked to the fruit of other men's labours in its relation to labours that were to be his own. Every gain had its value for him according to the measure in which it might prepare him for something he hoped himself to accomplish.

But in this stage of his progress there were what appeared to me

defects in his mental tendencies. He passed his mathematical examinations satisfactorily, but he felt little interest in such studies. Nor was he disposed to think very highly of the uses of metaphysical speculation, or to attach great value to the study of psychology, or of formal logic. He seemed to have the impression that the best things taught in many of those departments were the things which everybody knew. Man in action was to him a far more significant and interesting subject than man taken to pieces. In brief, his æsthetic sympathies were strong, and his master passion at that time was the passion of the poet. He had made attempts in verse, but of the fragments which have survived it will be sufficient to adduce the two following pieces, written on the night that witnessed the departure of the year 1840 and the birth-time of 1841. They show his religious feeling, as well as the complexion of his poetic taste, when not more than eighteen years of age :—

I.

'Twas a drear weight of lonely-hearted thought
That in the solemn night my soul oppressed,
Uncurtaining a sight, how sorrow fraught—
The old year laid in his unwaking rest.
And by him, Memory, holding back awhile
The oblivious pall Forgetfulness had brought
To hide the wintry pallor of his brow,
The frozen tear upon his cheek,—and how
Death's fingers had dashed out each summer smile.
Alas, alas! how little did I heed
When Autumn warned me Time made tireless speed,
Till Winter's footstep came,—I looked and sighed,
For while with toys I many an hour would wile,
A year was born, grew up, fell sick, and died!

II.

I shed the tears—the bitterest man can shed—
Of vain remorse upon a friend's deathbed;
When, looking up, lo ! in the East there came
Over the purple hills, a ruddy flame,

The earliest glance of morning's charioteer
Sent amber clouds across the blue of night,
To herald in the car of the young Year.
Behold! a new friend for the lost, the dead!
Him will I woo and watch with anxious care,
And learn to say no more,—'How time hath fled,
Leaving me vext and empty as the air,'—
But rather grieve that it too short should be
To accomplish all I would, my God, for thee.

The following was written afterwards, on the same night:—

ON THE NEW YEAR.

How hast thou stolen, ere we were aware,
Into our midst, oh year! How pale thy face!
How white thy feet and snow-besprinkled hair!
There is a timorous silence in thy face,
When climbing up to thy allotted place.
Thou settest in thy Hope-attended prime
The first adventurous foot on the old stage of Time.

Fain would I look to coming Sabbath-days,
Which God will measure to me one by one;
Will they be stars, shorn of their happy rays,
Encurtained by sin's mists,—or stand alone
Like evening clouds about a western sun,
All radiant with the beams of heavenly light,
When other days lie hid in long oblivious night?

And what shall be the memory of the hours
Spent in the house of God—oh! may they be
The heaven-planted, the undying flowers,
To make my wreath of immortality,
When these poor mortal eyes my Saviour see,
When this dim troublous dream of life is o'er,
And from my chainless soul drops sin for evermore.

Oh, Jesus! temper the rude hand of Death,
If it be ordered that this year I die,
Sweet Death will be, if soft are spread beneath

Thy loving arms, and the mild melody
Of thine own dying words is borne to me
By the faint notes of angel harps unseen,
Struck by departed friends, who first with Death have been.

The time had now come when it became necessary that my son should choose his path of occupation in life. His tastes disposed him to look in more than one direction. His sympathy with art, and the society familiar to him in London, prompted him to some study of the principles of taste generally, and to some practical effort as an artist. Some of his landscape sketches at that time gave promise of excellence. Judging from what he then produced, had he decided on being a painter, the wildest summits of the Alps, where vegetation struggles along the line of perpetual snows, and those dark and deep passes through which those ever-melting snows send their boisterous torrents, bearing earth, and rock, and tree before them, would have come out with beauty and sublimity from under his hand. Among his poetical pieces, of a little later date, is a series of verses under the title of the 'Dying Painter.' The descriptions in this piece set forth the passionate creations which never fail to have their place in the mind possessing a genius for art. The morning breaks on the lone dark room of the artist, and that day will be his last:—

Consumption on his hollow cheek has thrown
The hectic flush,—a signal unto Death
Quickly to come and enter on his own;
And Life her wavering forces sheltereth
Within his eyes, their mournful brows beneath,
Lighting them with a fire too falsely bright;
While Genius weeps beside her frail delight,
And strives in vain to guide his tremulous hand aright.

Full many a nightly hour was sleepless made,
Peopled with passionate imaginings,
For this last picture, where he had portrayed

Christ healing sickness. Suddenly the wings
Of a strange dimness shadow him, that brings
Flitting confused before his dizzy eyes,
An airy crowd of changing fantasies,
That rise and blend and fade, like fair cloud-pageantries.

And every form and every gorgeous scene
His pencil wrought, before him came, as ye
May round their dying father's bed have seen
Those who will soon be orphans. Stormy sea,—
And still deep waters, hidden lovingly,
From ominous star or sun, by hanging boughs,—
Wild rocks that tower'd, all scathed, with threatening brows,
Daring heaven's bolts once more their sulphurous wrath to rouse;—

Pictures of solemn, star-o'erwatched woods,—
Or crimson wings of brooding sunsets spread
O'er western islets set in perilous floods,
With scenes of human bliss or hate or dread;—
All that within his soul envisioned,
His hand had painted, or had burn'd to paint,
Before his memory rise, then fading faint—
As things, though fair, with yet too much of earthly taint,—

Give place to this, his last, his noblest theme:
And now his eager fancy seems to see,
More bright than e'en in his most rapturous dream,
The awful pity, the meek majesty,
Of God's own Son,—O now, O now could he
Paint the conception that hath fired his brain!
But ah! that stricken hand is raised in vain—
The heart that felt that thrill will never beat again.

'Tis little now to him that all too soon
To win the fame so fondly sought he died,
And perish'd thirsting for too rare a boon;
How mean the world, the fame for which he sigh'd!
Look to that spirit gazing, eagle-eyed,
Upon His glory, whose afflicted mien
He strove when here to paint,—while every scene,
So witching fair on earth, doth only seem
As a marr'd image of some ill-remember'd dream.

There is room to fear that too much like this might have been the end of the writer himself had he chosen an artist's life. The uncertainties, and ups and downs so incident to that vocation, could not present an agreeable prospect to a mind so sensitive as his, and so little sanguine as to its own future. The effect, however, of this feeling in relation to art on his subsequent productions as a man of letters is very perceptible.

His admiration of effective public speaking was great; but the study of the law had no attraction for him; nor would his organization have been equal to the wear and tear inseparable from the life of a barrister much upon circuit; added to which, his religious character, as we have seen, had by this time become settled. While history in general was his favourite field of study, the section of that field in which he felt the greatest interest was the ecclesiastical. I did what I could to encourage him in that preference. It seemed reasonable to hope that he might thus be led by degrees to concern himself with those higher regions of thought which he had not hitherto been disposed to estimate at their real value. Church history not only gives us men in action, but in action to a large extent on grounds embracing great principles, and principles related to some of the most subtle forms of speculation. The man calling himself a theologian, while affecting to despise metaphysics, simply proclaims his own folly.

The juncture at which my son had to come to his decision on this important matter was one of considerable mark and excitement. Great social changes had come, and were still in process. The hollow conventionalities of the reign of George IV.—that feeble collapse after the long death-struggle of the Napoleon war—had passed away. The Revolution in France under Charles X. had given its impetus to political feeling in Europe, especially in England. The

Catholic Relief Bill had been carried, and concessions had been made to Protestant Nonconformists. The battle on the question of Parliamentary Reform, and of Municipal Reform, had been fought and won. The contest in relation to the great question of Free Trade was at its height. A strong tide had for some time set in on the side of Liberalism. Men's hopes and fears had become extravagant; everything was exaggerated. Liberals had learned to demand more than was reasonable; Conservatives were often in great fear where no fear was. One very conspicuous form assumed by these fears, amidst the action and reaction of the times, came up in the Tractarian controversy. The vain purpose of that movement was to prostrate Romanism by fighting it with its own weapons, and to sweep away Dissent as a nuisance under a religious name. Even the Evangelical clergy now added to their hereditary horror of Popery a scarcely less horror of Dissenters. The Methodist body, too, shared in this feeling of alarm, and were much more with the past than with the present. In politics and in religion, dispassionateness and candour were in those days very rare. Every indication of such feeling was denounced by extreme men as so much mean trimming or unfaithful compromise. In such seasons the sober-minded and the honest have to bide their time.

It was while the affairs of parties, political and religious, were in this posture that my son felt constrained to look to the work of the Christian ministry. This disposition came mainly from his religious feeling. But in his case, as in many more, there were subsidiary considerations which had their weight. How many men become clergymen to a large extent from their utter distaste for the coarse collision and vulgar brawl with which they would often be mixed up in other pursuits? What they covet in the Christian ministry, is its comparative quiet, and the sense of being useful

without taking much part in the worldly contentions ever going on about them. It is well, no doubt, that among the ministers of religion there should be men of courage, capacity, and knowledge of affairs, capable of sustaining the interests especially entrusted to them in the presence of the powers that be, whatever they may be. But the men of this sort needed are the exception, not the rule. The pastoral life in its ordinary routine makes only a moderate demand on such qualities. My son was not wanting in courage. He could, I believe, have gone to the block or the stake for a great principle. But he was not formed, either in body or mind, for taking a prominent place in the rough encounters of public life. He greatly admired the qualities which fitted some men for being quite in their element in the midst of such scenes. He could enter into the spirit of the struggle, could delineate its passions, and describe its action, with great truth and force. But he felt that his own vocation did not lie in taking part with such actors. At the same time, what some men would have construed in him as timidity, or a love of ease, was really something different, and something much better. It was a love of quiet for the sake of thought, and for the sake of the kind of usefulness to be realized by thought. He knew that there was nothing necessarily discordant between ministerial duty and his literary tastes. He always regarded his capabilities and tastes as a Divine bestowment, and never ceased to feel himself responsible for the best possible application of them. He knew that the Christian priesthood should be, at least in the case of a portion of its members, eminently a priesthood of letters, and that in giving himself to the work of the preacher and the pastor, it might behove him to endeavour to do service to religion in many ways beyond those limits. The following passages from his diary show the earnest feeling of self-

consecration with which he gave himself to the work of the ministry, as to be the great work of his life.

April 3rd, 1843.—My object must be to look on myself as *called* by my Redeemer to set myself apart for his ministry, looking up to Him my only hope; to pray that I may do his will concerning me. How can I be disobedient to the will of such a Master? One day I shall be with Him alone, I shall be casting myself on his righteousness as all my help; let me then now unite my heart to fear his name by the help of the promised Spirit. I should not have been satisfied that I was doing right if I had been anything but what I am about to become. And is not that a call? Could I but look up to Him with constancy as the Redeemer who is indeed my salvation, and to whom I ought to devote every capability—what success will be produced by the concentration—what good with the success—what joy with the good! The fruits of this decision would probably surpass all I have dared to hope. O God! grant it me—grant it me!

Sunday, July 17th, 1843.—I earnestly desire to devote every capability in the utmost to Christ—to spend my life in the immediate service of such a Master, and, as far as my poor ability goes, to be made useful to the cause of his truth in my day and generation. I consider NO labour too great to endure for the realization of success as a preacher of the gospel. In that occupation alone do I expect happiness, because then alone can I be most entirely devoted in my gratitude to the Redeemer. It is my fervent hope that my weakness may be made strength in so great a cause. To be presented faultless, unblameable. And by what means? At what cost?

What is the beautiful or the great of earth compared with this? Here is a subject, at the very least, worthy all the puny powers of any child of man. *Well* may angels desire to look therein. This is the thing, whatever we remember, which we mortals are constantly forgetting—this is the thing which I wish constantly to proclaim, and to ring it in men's ears till I die. This is the thing of which I hope ever to have such a growing conviction myself, that no prosperity, or adversity, or chance, or change of this life, may be able to shake my humble trust in Him in whom I have trusted, or obscure my increasing knowledge of Him in whom I have believed.

Sunday, July 24th.—Sheppard recommends, when we would indulge devotion, and are distressed by an insurmountable preoccupation of the mind, that we endeavour to make our devotion partake of the nature of that preoccupation rather than seek to run directly counter—to take advantage of that in tacking which would effectually bar all progress if our souls were squared against it. Thus, in my own instance, Poetry, which so much absorbs my thought, as

indeed all intellectual engagements must in their nature do, may be made use of as a means of elevating my thoughts to Him who made the poet, and the nature which the poet pictures, and who must be so far more beautiful than the genius of the one or the realities of the other; or, again, it may be poetry consecrated to his service, and endeavouring to invest with all the interest that imagination, harmony, and fancy can throw about the subjects of a sacred nature.

October 17th, 1843.—I feel the necessity of self-confidence. I am determined to possess it. How many inferior minds have succeeded because they could push on with undaunted assurance. Relying on Christ, I *will* become an efficient preacher of his gospel. I *will* succeed, nothing shall deter me. I will shrink from no sanguine vision, and accompany my high hopes with a concentrated and tireless effort. I am confident that it is in my power, and it is my duty, and shall be my happiness to struggle with a determination not to be weakened, with a spirit not to be repressed.

It was in this spirit that my son became a student in the Lancashire Independent College, in 1843, the year in which the opening of that College was inaugurated, and in which I became its President. The full course of study extended to five, sometimes to six years. But as my son had graduated in arts, his entrance, according to the rule in such cases, was only for the theological course, which was restricted to three years. During those years, his previous acquisitions made it easy for him to keep pace with the work of the class-room. But the history of his mind during this interval was far from being included in such exercises.

His religious feeling was deep and strong, much more so, as now appears from his diaries, than the persons about him at the time supposed. In some seasons it was of a happy description, full of hope, and of Christian aspiration. In others his upbraidings of himself were severe, and must have been attended by much pain. And there were intervals it appears, in which his hope as a Christian seemed to be all but extinct. The many hours in the day, and sometimes in the night, which he gave to study of one kind or another, and the earnestness with which he endeavoured to make

himself master of everything he took up, must have made a perilous demand on one whose physical strength was so limited. But his chief danger in this respect did not come from that source. More exhausting than the labour of the study must have been the action of that constant forecasting, of that extreme sensitiveness, and that ever fluctuating hope and fear which seem to have been almost inseparable from his nature. His resolution at times mounts to the heroic. He can brave anything—endure anything. But the influences about him change, his spirit droops, and the sense of drooping becomes only the more painful from its contrast to the antecedent elevation. Not that these fluctuations were such as to disturb the general current of his tastes and purposes. These continue fixed in the main through it all, but fixed as a standard remains fixed in a battle-field, by much hard fighting to sustain it. He sometimes doubts how far he is to be successful as a Christian minister, or as a Christian poet, but his constant feeling is, that if he is to excel in anything it must be in these things. Sometimes the relative place of these two objects is a little changed in his anticipations and plans, but they always go together. A few passages from his diaries will suffice to make the reader acquainted with the complexion of his religious history from 1843 to 1846.

Nov. 15th, 1843.—The years are gliding away from me. This one will soon be gone. I shall soon be twenty-one. What have some men done before that age! What shall I have done? When all the years of my life shall have passed, and I come to review them on my death-bed—what is it I ought to see? What is it I should love to see? A life during which I have written poetry that has thrilled men's hearts with a love of all that is beautiful and good and godlike,—a life during which I have humbly and devotedly served Christ, and converted many souls.

Nov. 27th, 1843. (Sunday).—Yesterday's well-spent remembrance puts me in good state for to-day's sipping at Heaven's streams. I seem now to have a

definite object, viz.—to spend my days showing my grateful love to Christ by working with all my energies for Him, who is my one hope, my one friend. How far then ought I to be above all meanness of spirit, all narrowness of prejudice, all grovelling of affection? My life should be spent for Him who is my joy. I should lie as in His bosom, and may the murmurs of gratitude that may escape my weak lips there make an echo in many a devout soul. That is the crown of glory for which I strive—the laurel of Christian poetry, with the sweet-toned voice amidst the day of judgment, saying, 'Well done, good and faithful servant.' Oh, what unutterable joy! How my mind falls back lost in the thought of it; how trivial time, how weak sin, how unlovely allurement, compared with this! Oh for that 'perfect witness of all-judging love.'

Dec. 18th.—Afternoon read a sermon of Barrow's on 'Ascended into heaven and sitteth at the right hand of God,' &c. Some good things—a scholarlike performance, and as well-adapted for reading as ill-adapted for preaching. Evening—my father at home; gave us a beautiful exposition of the twenty-third Psalm. Oh to realize something of the *grandeur* of God's truth—to be more at home in it—to find my element and delight in the study of it and its proclamation. Christ, the heir (says Barrow), has entered on the inheritance—we, his retinue, are to follow.

July, 1844.—I cannot now read too much of my Bible and of good sermons. Would to God I could more practise what I preach and teach. Intellectually I may suffice—oh for more of the piety of many I have despised. Beware of conceit! God and myself only know how much I have to sink me in the dust before the meanest. But the die is cast. Nothing now shall turn me back. My Saviour not casting me out—what shall stay me? God preserve me from resting satisfied with myself a moment on this side the grave.

July, 1846.—Thanks to God for more lively faith, a more earnest spirit of prayer, a deeper joy in religion, more self-renunciation . . . . How have I been delighted, elevated, calmed! A thousand impure thoughts chased away, affection turned to a true, noble, pure channel, joy from the highest source above, from the best on earth, poured in on me from every side. In preaching most of joy and success, shown by the approval and wishes of those I have addressed. Guilty as I was, God has interposed—snatched me from the utmost peril of vileness and thanklessness, given me love to Him and love to others. Oh what shall I render to the Lord. Let me be thine; teach me still more; shine on me still more brightly. Let me never again go so far from Thee as I have gone, but keep me with thine embrace now and ever.

This last extract presents the writer to us in one of his happiest seasons, but, as his language implies, it was not always thus with

him. There was a time for the cloud as well as for the sunshine, as the following passage, written a little before, will show :—

June, 1844.—Matters cannot go on as they have done. I am now going to see whether there be any truth in the Bible or not; whether what we preach of a Saviour who intercedes and helps men against sin, be a cunningly devised fable or not. If there be any help or love in Jesus I must have it, for I have entreated it, and none ever could need it more. I have all that can move his compassion in my vile helplessness, and if I am not helped now there can be no Saviour. Better annihilation, or never to have heard of Him, than to find that there is no help against the power of sin. Hear me now in this, oh! Supreme Friend, or it will be my lot to curse the hour of my birth. Oh, hearer and answerer of prayer, how can I teach sinners thy ways if thou wilt not teach them me thyself. I dare not doubt thy compassion, oh, dying Christ! If I had not known *Thee* I had not known sin. Thy goodness has made me fearfully guilty. Oh carry on that goodness, or I perish evermore. One word could do it. Holder of the keys of life and death, hast Thou not that word in the heart that feels for the whole universe? Oh, Christ, thou knowest what hell is—wilt thou not hear me pleading against being driven thither? Help my unbelief, by showing thou canst hear and save from sin. Amen.

These diaries contain other entries, which, as I have intimated, give expression to the feeling of self-distrust and depression on the part of the writer; but nothing betraying grief so deep, dark, and terrible as the above. Few who knew him suspected that the soul, regarded as pure and devout so much beyond the ordinary measure, had known what it was to be led through such depths. But it is not difficult now to see that such experiences were to have their use in his after life. They were part of the discipline which made him ultimately what he was.

It will be seen from the above extracts that nothing gave him greater pleasure than to know that his attempts to preach the Gospel effectually had been successful. But even in this connexion he often felt discouraged. His youthful presence, his agreeable voice, his singularly natural elocution, the wisdom beyond his years which seemed to breathe through many of his utterances, and the

richness of the illustrations often supplied by his imagination and fancy, sufficed to render his pulpit services generally interesting, in not a few cases deeply so. Nothing gratified him more than to know that the common people heard him gladly. It was then that he ventured to think that his preaching must have borne some resemblance to that of his Divine Master. Preaching on one occasion in a village chapel, a pious old woman, at whose house he stayed, said to him, 'Ye are a vera nice mahn in t' pulpit, and I should loike to hear ye reglar,' and added, says the preacher, 'what was to me best of all, that she understood every word.' On another occasion, when fearful that his sermon might not be readily intelligible to the less-instructed among his hearers, he felt himself greatly encouraged, he writes, in seeing a grey-headed mechanic before him, in very humble garb, so attentive as to seem to be drinking in every word. The following extract will go far to explain the secret of such interest:—'Last night finished a sermon begun on Thursday evening. I think 'the best I have yet written. In more than one passage I was my-'self moved to tears in reading it this morning. God make it useful.' Sermons so prepared cannot be sermons without power. Yes, and the young preacher could find his philosophical, as well as his Christian reasons, for being interested in the piety even of minds thus humble.

Dec. 23rd, 1844.—If a man has an enthusiasm for poetry he will dig up the precious gems though buried in the soil of an obsolete style, or lying among the mysteries of some foreign or dead language. He will hold communion and feel himself one in the matter of poetic fancy, with men who in every other respect were different beings from himself, men who were moulded in bygone customs, and whose whole cast of mind took its tone from the youth of the world which we call remote antiquity. But if this be done for the sake of poetry, surely we should be prepared to give an echo in our heart to true religion, to acknowledge its happy spark though shrouded in the mist and errors of some past age, or associated with a rude lowliness.—*Diary.*

It must be confessed, however, that at intervals it was not on sermons, nor on theological papers, that my son bestowed the most elaborate attention. His passion for poetry never ceased to exert great influence over him. Before leaving London he had written poetry, and contributed fragments to several periodicals. In 1844, while only in his twenty-first year, he prepared a small volume of poetry for publication. It was entitled *The Witch of Endor, and other Poems.* He was admonished, that should he venture to print, he would probably live to see that it would have been better to have exercised a little more patience. He admitted this probability, but thought there were other considerations that outweighed it. He had the impression that if he was to do anything eventually in authorship, it became him to face criticism early, and to expect proficiency only from practice.

The fault of the poetry in this volume is an overcrowding of metaphor, in a want of clearness and simplicity. The metaphors are often highly poetical, and indicate an unusual richness of fancy and imagination. But their tendency is too frequently to overlay thought rather than to express it. No one could be more sensible to this imperfection than the writer himself in after years. The volume, however, contains passages which could only have been written by a mind of high poetical capability. It may be well to select an extract or two in confirmation of this statement. The following is the opening of the principal poem.

SAUL, DOEG, *and* NAHOR.

The heights of Endor by moonlight. Saul and his attendants stand on the edge of a deep ravine.

DOEG.

My royal master, hard by here she dwells
Of whom the needy mountaineers informed us,

With many fears and tremblings at her vengeance,
That yielded to our gold. Look down, my lord,—
There, in the misty depths of this vast chasm
Over whose edge we lean, a threading stream
Winds dimly, and to the imprisoned darkness
Held there by these twin, almost meeting rocks,
Gives with its silver footsteps mournful light.
That rivulet is born, as we were told,
Out of the heart of a weird cavern, arched
Under the base of the broad cliff before us,
And in that cave she holds her incantations,
And by it is her hut beneath a crag-cleft.
The mountain way which down this rock-side leads
They showed us,—shall we now descend and learn
If in her den she holds? When she was there,
And when away, they knew not, only that
Of late she hath been thought to keep herself
More closely hidden, since the camp came hither.

SAUL.

Yes—down at once; but steal a careful path,
Within the shadows treading without word,
Let ye should startle your mistrustful prey
Into some hiding-place that baffles quest;
Then hither,—and await me if not here.

NAHOR.

There's a wild fearfulness in these gaunt rocks,
And their grim-sleeping shadows couched beneath them.
There's not a hollow or height that might not make
A spirit's fitting haunt. May it please thee
That I remain to be thy sentinel,
And hold my faithful watch 'against any ill
Lurking in wait for thine anointed person?

SAUL.

Peace, thou presuming prater!—What! dost think
Because some windy darkness lowers above us,
And trouble late hath come with stranger face
To pass a brief hour, that we shake—we bend,
And every puny insect of the field

Must run to prop us up? We need not thee,
Nor any of thy kind,—away, and know
Saul only shows more firm and wintry stern,
For all the leaves ill chance may blow from him.

[*Exeunt* Doeg *and* Nahor.

Saul.

O, fool, fool, fool!—one time 'twas not my wont
To be so idle-passionate: I angered men
With deeds, not words.
How mournfully this breeze
Steals up the heights, and brings me from the vale
The bark of watch-dogs in the distant camp,
Waking no hope, foretaste of victory,—
Only reminding me of my despair!
Each soldier there may slumber in deep rest,
As oft he hath on battle-eves gone by;
But I—a Power, an inmost Influence
That tarried with me, hath pursued its flight,
And borne away the mantle of soft sleep.

Saul presently rejoins Doeg and Nahor, and enquires if they have found the Witch. Nahor replies:—

Nahor.

My lord, unseen have we been watching her,
Within her naked miserable hut,
Stooped down, and holding out her withered hands
O'er a few embers, as she hummed the while
Some low monotonous ditty. When the flame
Would ever and anon leap, flashing on her,
She looked so haggard, gaunt, and hunger-pinched,
Doubtless there's nought but she would dare for gold.

The scene that follows is thus described:—

The hut of the Witch, who is discovered within.

Enter Saul, Doeg, *and* Nahor.

The Witch, *who sees them and rises.*

The badge of Saul! Ah, ye have found me, have ye?
Three murder-hunting hounds with bloody clutches

Watched to bring down the relict of a remnant
In this poor lair! Did ye not find enough
When last ye stamped your red steps on these mountains?
May dæmon-driven blasts ride out and meet you,
And blow their dust of curses in your eyes,
Up to your joy remorse climb after you,
A dread death track you out as ye have me.
May every—

SAUL.

Stay—indeed thou wrong'st us: hear me;
I am a man this earth of late hath shaken
With such rough shocks of quick-succeeding griefs,
I fain would rise into the solemn air
Of the dim future, and I pray thee help me.
The stars that guide most men are dark to me,
And lost in night I drive tempestuously
Up towards the doubtful lights of thine enchantments.
Call up for me—

WITCH.

Yes, yes, thou fain wouldst catch
My misery with a tale of misery,
As men make fish the bait for simple fishes.
I fear not to acknowledge what I am—
Did I not so just now? Ye need not wait
To see me do some witchery, and then take me.
My life I love not, take it, ye are welcome,—
And be it to you the burden it hath been
Of late to me. I pray you take all here,—
The poor utensils of this poorer hut,
Or search for hidden treasure till ye're weary.

SAUL.

'Twas no thieves' errand brought us here, unless
To rob thee of this poverty be a theft,
And fill thy widest expectation up
With overflowing gold, if thou wilt serve me.

WITCH.

Doubtless thy wealth has been to thee a curse,
That thou'rt so hot to thrust it upon me.

SAUL.

O woman, woman! is a drop of pity
Left in thy hard, affliction-scorchéd heart?
With tears I pray thee—let my tears augment it?
A proud wave, broken, clasps these rocky feet.—
Hast thou been outlawed, hunted down, forsaken?
Oh! I have been unhoused from every hope,
Been cursed, and my swift, happy hours have been
Chased out of time by swifter-wing'd despairs,
The spirits thou canst rule have been my torment,
Pursued where thy pursuers could not come,
Crowded all ghastly on my solitude.
Misery with misery should have sympathy.
Nay, spurn me not—wealth, honour, followers,
The things men trust in, all do I let go
And cling to thy compassionate dark power—
My last, last hope. Hast thou e'er struggling prayed
In vain for help in thine extremity?
Wound not with that keen steel thyself hast felt;
If 'tis a crime to grant my piteous prayer
I am as deep in guilt for making it.
These men are faithful, this night's work, sealed up,
For my sake must lie hushed as well as thine.

WITCH.

Have I known suffering? Has my need been scorned?
Ay—night and day they drove us up and down,
Butchered us one by one; in every brake,
Wild, height, and cave spread nets of death for us.
I've made my bed in caverns, holes, and pits,
In thorns, and mire, and clefts too rough for beasts,
To 'scape the spring-tide flood of massacre.
Breathless and bloody past my hiding-place
I saw Saul's soldiers hurry many a time.
They dashed my little ones against the rocks—
E'en as they smiled upon their savage faces.
They chased my hoary father to the death—
They came upon my husband as he fled—
Hard by these rocks it was, and stoned him there.
Oh! when will vengeance smooth the memory

Of how that night I did creep forth, and found
The heapéd monument of stones that hid
The bruised and bleeding mass ; and as I pulled,
With careful hand, the jagged flints away,
His hairs with hardened gore were stuck to them!
How cursed I Saul as underneath that moon,
So oft the witness of my vain enchantments,
Those ragged remnants of his flesh I buried!
Again I curse him, in the coming fight
May his red hand hang withered by his side!
Stay—hear me, I was lonely, none to pity,
And then had perished but for these poor hinds,
Who, part from fear and part that oftentimes
I cured their ailments with some simple medicine,
Covered my need with many kindnesses.

The witch is at length prevailed upon to invoke her spirits, and to call for the appearance of Samuel, and the answer of the invisible ones may be taken as a sample of the lyric power of the poet :—

Chill thy charm and weak thy words,
    Back thy powerless spells we fling,
Angel looks and cherub swords
    Guard the soul thou bidst us bring.
Bid us bring thee mortals lost
    From the fire-beds where we threw them,
Shrieking from our grasp out-tossed :—
    Where above them weltering
Loud flame-rivers leap and roar,
And like garments spread them o'er,
And drink their weepings evermore,
    And thy daring eyes shall view them :
If him alone thou'dst look upon,
We are gone——

Other Spirits.

To the cedar-shadows gone
Under the howlings of Lebanon,
To spin the web that shall be spun
By which human souls are won,

Many a one
May be foredone
Ere the morning bring the sun—

Other Voices.

To the Sea dark, heavy, and dead,
Where the fire-flooded cities lie,
Where the birds that o'er it fly
And all things living die,
We are fled—fled,
To sit under tempests there,
And think, as they blackly roar,
We sweetly hear once more,
As it rose on their day of doom,
The cry of their wild despair
Peal through the gloom.—

Other Spirits sing in fainter tones.

We are fled—fled,
We mock at the charge thou hast given;
It is weak as the summer when dead
To stay the storms of heaven,—
On which will we ride to-night,
Like the leaves that are on them shed,
Will we ride to-night——

A distant Voice.

To-night!

Much of promise as there was in such poetry, it appeared to me desirable that my son should be induced to take up some topic in prose with the same earnest spirit. Among my books was a copy of Delarue's edition of the works of Origen; and by my advice Alfred began the study of those stately folios, with the intention of writing a review article on the life and works of that great man. His reading for this purpose was patient and thorough, and the article, though the production throughout of a young man not yet twenty-two years of age, was founded, I have reason to believe, on

a better knowledge of the opinions of that father than was possessed at that time by any other man in England. This was my son's first contribution to the *British Quarterly Review.* The following letter presents a criticism on this paper from the pen of Sir James Stephen, written a few weeks after its publication:—

Downing-street, Nov. 5th, 1845.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I must send you one further line to say that, since I last wrote to you, I have read your son's paper on Origen, which confirmed one of my clearest opinions—namely, that the generation of men who are just coming into active life have an immense advantage over the generation which took that step thirty years ago. At that time there was no youth of my own acquaintance, I believe there was none living, who could have produced (there was certainly none who did produce) a composition so full of sound learning, so highly wrought up, without any tawdry ornament, and so continually progressing (the Yankees should be thanked instead of ridiculed for the word) from one firm and weighty meaning to another. If I had been told that the writer of it was a grandfather, I should have wondered only that the old gentleman had retained so much spirit, and been able to combine it with a maturity of judgment so well becoming his years. The only objection I can make to the style is that occasionally the landmarks between prose and poetry are thrown down, although the image of the violet and the weeping willow is so very pretty, that it was not in poor weak human nature to resist the temptation. The whole composition has also a breadth and Catholic spirit about it in which I greatly delight. Yet I cannot think that the subject was very well chosen for a review. The mere biography afforded few materials; and all the description of Alexandria, splendid as it is, has too plainly the mark of being pressed into the service to atone for that inherent defect. The doctrine, on the other hand, is unavoidably, but yet unpleasantly, compressed into a space too narrow for its development. Has your son a copy of what I take to be the dullest book ever written on a most attractive theme—I mean Cave's *Lives of the Fathers of the Fourth Century?* If not, I will gladly make him a present of that *caput mortuum,* on condition that he will galvanize it. Each of the heroes of the very learned and drowsy Rector of Isleworth would pass beautifully into a portrait; and the whole, when collected together, might make as charming a book as there is in our language.

Ever yours,

Rev. Dr. Vaughan. JAMES STEPHEN.

About the same time I received a letter in relation to this article from Mr. Serjeant, afterwards Judge Talfourd, from which the following extract is taken. Both these gentlemen knew my son from his early boyhood:—

It was wise in you to suggest and direct his attention to such a subject, even if it had been less ably treated. It is nobly done. I scarcely ever remember to have read an essay by any young man so rich in promise for the future. If there is some exuberance of ornament in the setting forth of his brilliant theories, it is only akin to the irregular greatness and the Asiatic splendour of the mind which conceived them; and at the same time, no industry has been spared to present these things in their historical truthfulness. There is also a candour of spirit highly commendable in his judgment of those errors which were mixed up with so much greatness.

Encouraged as he was by such appreciation of his capacity as a prose writer, he still retained much of his old love of poetry. Among the fragments produced by him while in Lancashire was a dramatic piece intitled 'Edwin and Elgiva,' which appeared in the *London University Magazine* in 1846; and the 'Masque of Antony' and the 'Disenchantment,' which are printed for the first time in the present collection, were then written.

When my son had completed his course of three years in the theological classes of the Lancashire Independent College, it appeared to me desirable that he should pass a year in some German university before committing himself to the distractions and responsibilities of a pastorate. Some good men may be disposed to question the soundness of my judgment in this particular. That a youth of not more than three-and-twenty should be committed to the study of German theology in the heart of a German university, and not be deeply injured by the process, may be, in the view of such persons, to the last degree improbable. But the wisdom or the folly of such a step must depend very much on the character of the

mind to be exposed to such contact. My son had already become familiar, to a considerable extent, with German theology. Very little was left to come up from German professors that could take him by surprise. In so far as I then knew his mind, his thoughtful piety, his fixed reverence for the authority of the sacred Scriptures, and that caution and ripeness of judgment which began thus early to characterize him, seemed, when taken together, quite enough to show that, in his case, such a course might be advisedly taken.*

It was clear to me that England was destined to be agitated by nearly all the theological questions which had been so much agitated in Germany. It seemed to me no less certain that the men best qualified to refute the errors of German theologians must be, for the most part, the men who have taken most pains to make themselves familiar both with the errors and the truths to be found in writers of that class. Such is the discrepancy natural to all false theories, and such the iconoclastic spirit of our German neighbours, that the source of the poison has naturally become the best source for the

* The following devout thoughts were addressed to a friend at this juncture, concerning the death of a youth in a family much esteemed by the writer: 'Believe me how I feel for you and for them. I have entered into the shadow along with you. I stand beside the coffin of one I never saw, yet love. I am in the quiet darkened house of mourning. I hear only the ticking of the clock —marking that which is no more now to the dead one. It is the parting point of the two portions of sundered mortality—the pathway divides—the soul travels its path, the body also—the ways meet again at God's gate. For the taken, God be praised; for the left, God be pitiful. There is one less of those loved to fear for—one less to pray trembling for. There is a world of truth in those three words—'one more safe!' The body safe past pain—the soul safe past sorrow. In a glory he shines past conceiving—in a fruition past prayer. But of what others we love can we say they are safe? In utmost grief it is yet a blessing that there is one more we can say that of. God smile the bereaved hearts into peace! Where life's green has been scathed may Heaven's dew fall!'

antidote. My hope was, that as the result of his German studies, my son would prove capable of rendering me efficient aid in my endeavours to sustain the interests of revealed truth through the press. In a letter written from Bremen, on his way to Halle, he thus states his plans and purposes:—

I have been thinking somewhat concerning the objects which, during my stay in Halle, I must keep mainly in view—the manner and the mode of the self-improvement I contemplate. If I can accomplish all I intend, it will be well. If it be possible (and why should it not) to attain a greater relish for processes of reasoning and the arguments of abstract speculation (which it is a great deficiency in my mind not to enjoy), without at the same time losing a certain enthusiasm and warmth of fancy which gives me much delight, I shall return to England with a mind of greater robustness and hardihood, and be more armed at every point for mutual effort. My intellect has gone out too much in one direction,—namely, that most easy to me—just whither imagination and phantasy may lead. The difficulty I perceive with regard to many other species of application is the very reason why I should more sedulously attempt them. Both as an author and as a preacher, it is what I require. Of course, every man must do mainly what he does *best;* but at the same time what he does best will be better done for doing other things well too. The faculties go very much together, and the cultivation of one will often direct the exercise of another. I am conscious of a sort of inverse in my intellectual character,—that which ought to be first is with me second, and the second first. A great error this, because the brilliance of fancy is quite useless without a vigorous reason and well-disciplined judgment. There is a danger of my being more anxious to interest than to instruct—to collect a multitude of materials for adorning the edifice, and quite to forget that the carts have not yet come up with the stone which must make the strength and be the substratum of the whole. The secret of the deficiency I am willing to believe rather indolence than incapacity. To correct myself in these respects will be a foremost aim with me while abroad, seeing that fixed stars are more servicable than comets.

In his diary of the same date, he writes:—

The object on which I am resolved is, first, earnest discriminating thought, especially exercised concerning reasoning and metaphysical subjects. Neither let this, I may supplementarily observe, chill the heart. Let me, by God's help, nourish that sensitive plant to a greater breadth of unfolding. Let me not

expect, as a thing of course, to have less religion under the disadvantages there; but resolve with help to have more—a feeling more ardent, and more enlightened views concerning God's truth in general.

Such were the feelings and intentions with which my son became a student in the University of Halle, in 1846. He highly valued the theological lectures of Professor Müller. He enjoyed the friendship of Professor Tholuck. The pictures of German life with which he then became familiar were deeply interesting to him at the time, and not less so in the after-thoughts of other days. Here is one of those pictures:—

December 21st, 1846.—Halle. . . . . Some days ago, a student died here. He was about twenty-two, reading for the law; his disorder a nervous fever. Yesterday he was buried, and the spectacle was certainly an imposing one. A white coffin of carved wood, ornamented with wreaths, and with the cross swords laid on the top, was borne on the shoulders of men in long black cloaks and cocked hats; then followed a band playing solemn music; then a long train of students, the seniors of the student corporations, with their drawn swords, white gauntlets, white scarfs, and plumes in their caps; and in the rear a small body of the volunteer troops. When we came to the grave, the swordsmen surrounded it in the first row, and Tholuck, who was there in his gown and doctor's cap (exactly like the pictures of Martin Luther), gave a short address. Among other things, he said—'The grave is but a little hill, yet from it how small do the great affairs of life look—how great the small!' As the coffin was lowered, the instruments sent forth some of the saddest, softest, most sweetly melancholy tones I ever heard. We then sang, all of us, a few words—the clods were thrown upon the coffin, and the ceremony was over. There was something to me inexpressibly mournful and beautiful about the whole scene which I shall never forget. The student here is not buried as every one else is buried, but with an honour peculiar to himself. But I wondered where his soul was, and thought of the sorrow of those to whom he was dear.

Nothing came to my knowledge then, in regard either to the piety or the orthodoxy of my son, to cause me to regret his residence in Germany. But I have since been made aware that the mental atmosphere of Halle, and in some measure, probably, the complete separation from those genial and domestic relationships in

which he had grown up, to which he was there subject, was not favourable to his religious peace. His mind fell under the influence of a vague spiritual restlessness, discontent, and gloom. It resembled, in some respects, the experiences through which he had passed in Lancashire, but it was in other respects different. It came from larger views of the mystery of our existence, and embraced many more sources of misgiving and sorrow. There are passages in his letters at this time, especially to the loved one who afterwards became the partner of his life, and who lives to mourn his loss, which disclose to us something of the troubled region through which he then passed.

November, 1846.—I scarcely know how the days go by. I live mentally like the earth, ever turning, now in light, now in shadow; at one time doing much, at another seeing so much to do that I do nothing; forming many plans of books—cobweb-fancies—mere brain-spinning, as the Germans call it; imagining sometimes our future life, and tossed on tumultuous feelings, waves of all sorts, and sizes, and strengths, and brightness, and darkness, with only the most distant possible sight of the haven caught only at intervals. And the thought fails not to come (how far just or not let the experience of every one decide), does not this shifting of shadows, and alternation of fears, and hopes, and restlessness, and vague aspiring, and despondency equally vague, does it not all come from the desire after happiness? And if a man could cease to wish to be happy, would he not be happy that instant? At least with a certain sort and fashion of happiness; but a something well worth having as the world goes, and which many a pining, downcast wretch would rejoice to obtain. It is not the true—that is in heaven—it is a graven image of it, however—an emanation, a picture, and what more can we expect? Therefore, the question, How may I be most happy? is sin, and comes to the same thing as, How may I be most wretched? In the search after the greatest good lie the seeds of the greatest evil. Some such philosophy might a solitary make, having a cavern on the sea-shore, and to whom the gloomy grandeur of the waves had imparted something of their own nature. Such a philosophy must a man alone at some time make for himself, to whom the outer world is the rocky cave, with its mere crust and water; and his own soul, with its limitless desires, its heaving commotion, or its deceitful slumber, the sea. Is not truth more likely to come to man's mind in converse with itself, and the truth about and above itself, than in company with his

fellows? Let any one take out the viper selfishness from his bosom, which has been warmed there so long (and if some of the heart comes away with it, let him not heed it), and let him, standing in the midst of change, and love, and hatred, say, none of these things move me—they may come or go, they are the accident, not the essence of my nature; and let him regard all about him as not concerned with himself—shut his eyes quite to his own little, contemptible, and soon-to-be-forgotten earthly career, and say, 'What will happen to me I know not—what comes I care not—this only I know, that, whatever happens to myself, there abides the holy which I worship—the beautiful, unchanged, undiminished, whether I am happy or wretched. There are fellow-creatures to be served, and served they shall be, perhaps by me, certainly by some. I love them, and, if permitted, will bless them.' Would not such a man have come to a great pass, even the *out*passing of the fretful and feverish desires that torment most of us? He would neither pine after fame, nor joy, nor love, but he would be love—he would be absorbed in what was beyond himself—he would lose his own identity in affection, in longing to be one with the purposes of God, to be a part of the building God's providence and grace build up: whether a stone near the foundation, dark, beneath the ground, in affliction or obscurity, or nearer one of the glorious pinnacles in the sunshine and light of men, it is not his concern, it is God's—some must be down beneath, and if that place God sees best for him, there he would soonest lie.

It might appear that such notions lean too much toward the quietism of some of the French Catholic writers; but yet when a man sees but a few fathoms into the pit of darkness, namely, his own heart, it becomes sober verity. This is not German philosophy—my reading has been lying lately another way; but this is how my own thoughts turn themselves, and work themselves, and keep me waking at night, and haunt me in the daytime. So I write as I am now thinking. But you will say such views of life lead to indifferentism—bring a frosty winter into life's very spring, and pull it to pieces as completely as you used to do our flowers. Exactly, I reply, the thing required—indifference—that is, to pull to pieces our own flowers for ourselves, to have no set form and shape of life-happiness which we will choose and have for our own, and say, I will have that or nothing, like a child with its toy. Then, and then only, are we free, and at least not so unhappy as we otherwise should be.

November 27th, 1846.—Pour moi, physically I am well, metaphysically no great things; it is such very hard work to keep out of a universal disgust of existence. It is a perpetual driving on a lee-shore, and no rounding the cape. Life becomes a sort of dolorous delight and magnificent misery; I know not what else to call it. The past is a garden with so many flowers that the nourishment they draw for their support takes all the moisture and productive power

from the barren soil of the present: the future—that you know I always regard rather as a precipice than as a land of Beulah—a thing which, as it is not, may never be. If the past is not a torment, the future ought not to be a delusion. Take away the past and the future, and what is the present? A season wherein, when we do think, we are unhappy; when we do not think, unwise. Verily, threescore years and ten of this sort of thing ought to content any man. Every winter should come to each, asking him at the close of the year, 'Well, have you not had enough of it now?' And man stands up with his sins and his sorrows, his unsatisfied desires and contemptible aspirations, and thinks himself a hero because he can say 'No!' Every drowning kitten would say as much if it could speak. It is not heroism, only instinct. In overcoming the instinct there is certainly heroism. I never could understand that natural shrinking which theologians and casuists alike unite in saying a man must feel at the prospect of annihilation. They say that the thought rubs the soul against the grain, that it flies in the face of the first principles of our nature—that to believe in ceasing to be, must be, till you do cease to be, the utmost misery. I cannot perceive it. The reason for what they say is, I conceive, in the mistake that they imagine the soul as existing *after it has been annihilated,* and as regretting its own annihilation—that they cannot separate the idea of annihilation in their minds from that of an after-consciousness which shall be affected in some manner thereby, seeing that annihilation cannot be unpleasing to the annihilated, for there is no annihilated at all when he has been annihilated. So much for people's ideas on the subject. . . . . I wish I could see in Scripture good reason for believing in the annihilation of the lost.

December 3rd.—Life goes on with its succession of nights and days, and the perpetual rising and falling of the scales of light and of darkness, somehow. Time goes, and we go with it, but scarcely knowing how. To live is, to me, like being led blindfold through the streets of a great city—a confusion of sounds, the bustle of feet, and the rolling of vehicles—a sensation that some parts are lighter and others darker, that in some places the pavement is less smooth, in others more so—the crying and the laughing of children on either side, and the hum of the traffickers—the buyers and sellers of varieties—and that is all. It is of no avail to ask where we are. The conductor is a mute. We can only wait till the bandage shall be taken off our eyes: that will be when we can go no further. Then will the opened eyes be dazzled in a palace, or horror-struck by the sights that shall meet them in the eternal lazar-house—the hospital of sick souls for ever cureless. If a man says he has a purpose, it avails him nothing. He thinks he moves towards it, and hastens as though he were in the right way; yet he cannot be sure that he has not chosen a wholly wrong path. We may fall back for refuge on our motives, and say, come what

will, I *mean* well. But even of that, with the strange mixture of which we are composed, there is no certain judging. Many have said so in their hearts, and yet in their lives done evil, and served Satan when they thought they were serving God. How unspeakably important that we should have some data whereby to go. Yet what are such, and where to be found? A most happy thing truly to hear a voice where the roads part, 'This is the way in which thou shalt go.' But who can be sure as to *whence* the voice comes? We desire guidance, but we cannot know if we have it. We profess to cast aside our own will, but in the very moment have we our bias on one side or the other. A preponderance of motive this way or that—this grows and decides us—and we imagine we are directed. What is it but our own will, our own inclination, that is all the time active? Ask what we will, we feel it is *we* who must decide. To feel the importance of our actions paralyses action. We estimate the consequences somewhat to us and to others of the steps we take, and the very revelation of what human activity really is makes us fear to act. We are told not to be careful concerning the morrow—that cannot mean that we should not weigh well the steps we take in life—that we should not task our judgment to the utmost to act as will be best; and yet, when we do so, what does it avail when our knowledge is so circumscribed—when our self-deceptions are so many!

But why do I trouble you with these reflections? Why perplex you with my perplexities, and write what might tend to throw over life, in your view of it, the same gloom which it increasingly possesses in my own? The truth is, that such thoughts are at present *myself*, and if I did not write them, it would be some other who wrote and not I. There comes the necessity for writing as I am. While it is the necessary consequence of solitude, of which I am now almost wholly the captive, to feed the soul on the bread and water of sadness, to make a tumult of fearful noises about the dungeon to scare away sleep, and to cause imaginations to become realities: with those whose life is happily passed in more of social activity these phantoms have no existence. The consequence is so natural, that I have scarcely reason to complain. Every man left alone, who thinks to any purpose, must turn his thoughts inwards on himself. But, so doing, he must find there much that grieves and repels him. He begins to hate himself. Self-contemplation, the holy sister of selfishness, makes him, through a selfish process, hate that very self. But can any man really hate himself? A man may say he does—do we ever really do so? Scarcely. I think it more true to say that we *despise* ourselves; we love ourselves always, but self-contemplation, introspection, fills us with contempt for that which is still and necessarily dear to us.

Reader, hast thou never known anything of the self-contradiction,

the processes of self-torture, in which spirits become skilled which descend into these depths of spiritual life—or rather spiritual death? It is not certain that exemption from such dark hours should be accounted a matter for congratulation. Many, no doubt, ascend to heaven without ever descending into regions which seem to be so far away from it. But such souls do not go to the highest heaven. Nor will they ever be able to show others the road thither. The men who find beyond others their all in God, are the men who have known beyond others what it is to be without Him—to feel after Him and not to find Him. We must look down thus deeply into the confusions of the present, and up into the harmonies of the future, as such spirits in bygone times have done, before we can hope to understand what is meant by the passing of such natures from earth to heaven. Soon after the above passages were written, the writer of them was permitted to learn something of that transition from darkness into light which such tried ones know how to accept thankfully, as the precursor and type of the ascent into that state where the light is no longer mingled with darkness.

In January, 1847, my son thus writes:—

The exhilaration of entering on the new space of time with reinvigorated hopes and efforts wherewith to fill it, has banished not a few gloomy thoughts; they are left behind and I see them no more. The wonderful profusion of mercies which were daily granted me during the year that is gone, though they increase the sense of my undeserving, speak of a Providential goodness that wakes up my thoughts to love and to gratitude. It is well to know ourselves, but such knowledge too exclusively is not good. If any would meditate more on himself, let him also meditate more on Christ, or the sight of the plagues of his own heart will rob him of all hope and consolation. So I have found it to my sorrow. We believe it, but experience alone can stamp the lesson deeply, that love to Christ is knowledge, and gratitude to Him wisdom, and that at the foot of the cross alone can we with safety reflect upon ourselves. Reasoning may make us believe, but the sense of guilt causes us to *feel* that Christ must be divine.

The following passage shows that the writer was not prepared to admit that mere loneliness had much, if anything, to do with his late feeling of depression.

January 8th.—With the new year a new power seems to have come over me, whose serene influence I still continue to experience. There were seasons during the latter part of the past year in which I suffered more unhappiness than in almost any past period of my life—not owing at all to home-sickness, or the depression consequent in some minds on the mere sense of solitude—but from a variety of causes which operated to fill my mind with darkness. Now all seems brighter, not with the sparkling of false hopes or fancy, but with the steadier light of truth and gratitude.

January 28th.—I cannot be sufficiently thankful that I feel at the commencement of this year so differently from what I did at the close of the last. Of the despondency that then as with a sort of supernatural power overcame me, I now feel nothing, and my spirits though, while in absence from you it is impossible that they should be elated, are yet in comparison tranquil. The quiet even progress of the days in regular study seems to have its correspondence in my own mind, and the contrast and conflict between the outer and the inner life no more agitates me. The faith which was overshadowed can once more behold her heaven, and the feeling of contentment, that much-prized blessing, does not disdain to visit me.

The ordeals of this nature had now passed. Trial in this form never returned.

Beneath all this unsettledness, and seeming hopelessness, there was a literary project which had taken strong possession of my son's mind, and which he was prepared to work out with so much earnestness and exclusiveness as to cause me some anxiety. He knew that his pulpit services had been generally acceptable. He was aware that his sermons, while containing much to interest the intelligent and the thoughtful, contained much also which the humblest and the poorest had been disposed to husband as very precious. But he could not bring himself to think that he had the force, the pathos, or the readiness at his command which seem to be so necessary to anything beyond an average success in the

pulpit. At the same time he could not conceal from himself that it was possible for him to do something much above the average doing of men of his class and age. He felt also, that it seemed to belong to the nature which God had given him that he should look to mental effort—to the surmounting of difficulty, in order to the realization of his conceptions in some form of efficient and useful authorship, as to the great charm of life. In so far his tendencies were in the main according to my wishes. But it was a matter of deep regret with me that he could not look forward to service in the pulpit more hopefully. Several circumstances combined to fill him with discouraging thoughts in this respect. He was well aware that the congregations he would be called to address were mostly intolerant of the preacher who must read his sermons, and that his shortness of sight disqualified him for reading to advantage, even were reading permitted. His memory, at the same time, was not of a sort easily to recall words. When he had been at the pains of writing his sermons, he could scarcely deliver a sentence as he had written it. He was thus shut up, so far as language was concerned, to the alternative of either reading entirely, or extemporizing entirely. If the speaker who must always repeat his language from memory can hardly be expected to rise to great eminence as an orator, the same may be said of the man who can never avail himself of premeditated words, but must always depend for them on the moment. Had my son entered on his career as a preacher only a dozen years later, he would probably have been allowed to read in the pulpit, and as he would have been able by that means to ensure the exact enunciation of what he wished to say, he might have been led to concentrate his strength on his pulpit discourses, and have left us many finished compositions of that order, in place of much we now have from his pen. The man

who can address an auditory from the pulpit as the senator has to address the speaker in the chair, or as the barrister has to address the twelve men in the jury-box, possesses a great advantage. But there are men who must be allowed to read, or they always fall below their own idea of how they should acquit themselves, and being dissatisfied for the most part with their best efforts, are liable to become disheartened in their work.

It should be added that my son's reasons for not regarding the sermon as a proper theme for elaborate effort extended to some other forms of composition. He began to look on periodical literature as coming very much under the same category with discourses from the pulpit. It appeared to him that the teacher from the pulpit, and the teacher from the periodical press, must necessarily have much to do with the fragmentary and ephemeral, and that this being known to be the nature of the work, the consciousness of this fact must be unfriendly to the highest order of effort on the part of the workman.

Of course it is no sin for a man to have a passion for literature. Having the passion, it can be no sin to be desirous of doing the best that may be done by him in that walk. In this there may be ambition, but the ambition may be virtuous. My son's feeling in relation to periodical literature was not peculiar to him. Many minds of his complexion have so felt. Every one must know that what is done in periodical publications, is done to a large extent for the hour, and passes away with the hour. The personal sacrifices made by many who labour in this field for the sake of great public interests are little understood by the multitude. It is not difficult, accordingly, to understand how it comes to pass that so many literary men rarely touch literature of this description, and that the ablest writers in such publications are generally careful so

to write that their productions may admit of being republished. The confession is thus made, that without this prospect of permanence, the requisite stimulus for doing their best would be wanting. It is observable, too, that men who have their season in which they contribute brilliant papers to reviews, by degrees seem to grow weary. The time comes in which they feel the want of a new impetus. They turn to something which they may elaborate more thoroughly, and deal with as being more truly their own. The period arrives, accordingly, in which they make their bow to Mr. Editor, on the plea of being about to set up business for themselves. Shall we censure such renegades? Before we do so, let it be remembered that in this class of delinquents we find such men as Lord Macaulay and Sir James Stephen. Even Sydney Smith, whose elastic genius did immensely more than that of any other man to *make* the *Edinburgh Review*, began at length to drop his pen, and to plead excuses.

My son's letter from Halle which has suggested these remarks, apprized me of his intention to do something with the great men, and the great epochs, of church history. But he was not content to treat such topics in prose. His taste both for poetry and history were regarded by him, as we have seen, as a sacred gift, for the best use of which it became him to account himself as religiously responsible. His intention, for this reason, was to write a series of dramas, each on some great ecclesiastical name, and on the age with which that name is associated. The series, when complete, was to embrace the most remarkable phases of Christian history from the beginning. Some of my readers will remember that the first conception of the *Paradise Lost* presents it, not as a succession of books, but as a succession of dramas. It does not appear that my son was at all influenced by this fact in giving to his project

a historico-dramatic complexion. My exceptions to his scheme were many, and, I believe, weighty. The following extract from a letter in reply to them, exhibits the writer's thoughts on the subject, and something of his general state of mind at that time:—

I am sure you cannot think that self-will, or a conceited confidence in my own opinion has anything to do with my resolve in this matter. You know that in general I have been too ready to submit to the opinions of others my equals, rather than to impose mine upon them. But the thing is, I feel that it is high time for me to be doing something *definite*. Here am I, not far from four-and-twenty, and up till very lately no preponderating aim anywhere. Sometimes theology—often preaching—often prose writing—often poetry, have been successively my favourites—or, rather, have been all favourites together. But in *all* these it is not for living man to succeed. The men who have done much have been men who have early decided on some one thing that they would set about and carry through. The men who have done nothing, and might have done something, are those who, like —— and ——, have been reading, and musing, and laying a general foundation of miscellaneous information, and writing *bits* of things, but who have never braced themselves to some real effort, and looked steadily forward to a distant completion. Up to the present time my efforts have been as uselessly divided among a multitude of pursuits as they were in England. The only difference has been, that they have been all German instead of being all English. But this will lead to nothing. If I were to suffer this to continue, I should return to England with another language certainly, and increased information, and enlarged views, but with no step taken to rescue me from the fate of those whose life is a thing of fragments. I must decide now, or I never shall. The fatal habit will be contracted of only doing such things as a few sittings may complete—many sketches in water-colours, nothing more enduring. I might write a few articles in the *Review* on German literature and German philosophy—perhaps I might make them interesting—people would be pleased for an hour or two, but there the thing would lie. I might get the credit of writing articles with spirit and smartness, but as I shall never make a philosopher, it would be nothing more than a superficial handling of the subject. It would not be anything I could follow out so as to be able to say I have done *that*. Your own course was quite of another sort. You did not spend years upon preliminaries, but when not much older than I am, grappled with so great an undertaking as the life of Wycliffe itself. . . . . Most of the successful competitors in all the avenues of life have decided on something to which they would devote the main part of their

energies before they came to my time of life. If I wait longer, my life, instead of going out like a cannon-ball direct to its mark, will be ignominiously dribbled through a sieve.

So far, then, concerning the necessity of some fixed aim at once. This, and more than this, I have thought at different times, in many different forms. Then comes the question—*what?* Here I have seriously considered what the tendency of my past life has been—to what, on the whole, it has been most constantly turning—what its advantages have been—what I feel at this present time most desire for doing, and also what wants doing. And so in my love for poetry, and my interest in the development of the truth, and the dealings of God in the history of his church, I find the two elements which, put together, make the work on which I should feel the utmost toil a pleasure. These two preferences constitute, I think, the qualifications for such a work, if I only use them conscientiously and resolutely.

To preaching—*though I love it from my soul,* for its own sake and the sake of others—I should not be justified in giving myself *wholly.* That, indeed, I ought to do, but not to leave the other undone. If I had been intended to do any great work as a preacher there would have been signs of it, and I should long ago have thrown aside all other pursuits. With regard to prose writing on theological subjects I know of nothing I could write that would satisfy me. A doctrinal work could be far better written by numbers than by me. A work on some period of the history of the Church or of opinion on theological subjects I could write with much interest, but not the highest. In the wilderness of prose I should have too many remembrances of the lost paradise of poetry. . . . . .

I see not how I can consistently write any prose, even for the *Review,* while engaged as I propose, for it will require a diligence and determination as great as your own to make preaching compatible with this other labour, and it would be impossible to carry on that *and* prose writing together. At all events, I shall publish the dramas, either separately or in groups of two or three, and not wait till the whole design is complete. Should I find my offering utterly rejected, I shall have at least the consciousness that I did not miss one of the greatest and best things to which a man could apply himself, from the want of courage to make the attempt. The labour itself will give me a far deeper satisfaction than any fame, concerning which I strive to be more and more indifferent. I shall commence the series with Savonarola. I think it will not be necessary to pay regard to chronological order in the order of composition. I may afterwards take up Chrysostom, perhaps Hildebrand, endeavouring in all not merely to develop the character of the principal personage, but to give an exact picture of the religion and political spirit of the times. They must be dramas on the principles of *King John* or *Henry IV.*, rather than on those of

Hamlet or *Macbeth*. It is now a quarter to eleven, an hour for retiring to rest, which I very seldom exceed.

Your affectionate Son.

After citing the above passages, it is due to the writer of this letter to allow him to state for himself his views concerning the nature of poetry and the mission of the poet. In a paper written by him a few months before are the following passages:—

According to some critics, the great office of poetry would seem to be to exalt the common and the low. In their view its effects should resemble those of the mirage, under which the houses and oxen on the dead level of some savannah appear to be raised in various attitudes into the air. Given a certain amount of the prosaic, the question is, how much poetry can be extracted from it? The more apparently hopeless the task, the greater the glory of success. The verse-maker who, on this principle, offers us a sorry leaf instead of the true poetic fruit, would have us always remember, in alleviation of our disappointment, how very far he had to go to fetch it, and how wonderful it is that any vegetation at all should be found in the region from which it came. The error is, that such labour is but busy idleness after all. The great difficulty—that of producing great poetry—is avoided altogether. It is as though a painter should bend all his efforts to produce an accurate representation of the gloss of silks and satins, to the exclusion of any attempt at original design, or any study of the true principles of his art. A conquest over a self-imposed difficulty, whether arising from the nature of the subject or any needless complexity of rhyme or metre, is not to be substituted for victory over the real difficulty with which the poet is beset. The heroes of this order of poetry are entitled to equal praise with the French versifiers of the fifteenth century, who rejoiced in the rigme batelée, *rigme brisée*, *rigme empesière*, &c., or with that unfortunate monk who composed a volume of hexameters on the Virgin, consisting of transpositions of the words, 'Tot, tibi, sunt, virgo, dotes, quot, sidera, cœlo.' The true aim of poetry will be realized in this way so soon as those sages immortalized by the veracious Captain Gulliver shall have succeeded in extracting sunbeams from cucumbers. Poetry suffers by such attempts, and the subject gains nothing. The hapless poet (alas! that he is no eagle), powerless as the crow to lift the sheep upon which he has pounced, sticks fast in the wool.

The thoughts of poetry, star-like, should be about it. The great poet does not spend life in executing microscopic copies of the small parts of nature. He makes the universe the scaffold for his ideal. He fills the world with thoughts on pilgrimage to build shrines of his own, as well as to visit those which time

has consecrated. It is the office of his art, not merely to show to the mind its workings, to hold up to the reader a reflexion of his own feelings, but also to display before him things that by no other means could be revealed—wonders of which otherwise he would never have dreamed. Hence its power to ennoble and instruct. To cut off from poetry this, its high province, is to confound it with metaphysics, and to convert it into the genius which wields the dissecting knife in place of the flaming sword. Metaphysics shows man what he is—poetry, what he is, and what he should be. The one classifies his powers, the other educates them. The poet not only portrays nature, but strives after an ideal excellence, not contrary to, but combined from and founded on that which is real. While limning the earth fairly, he carries us to imagined regions beyond it, measures mortal capabilities, not only as they are, but as they will be, and shows us religion and virtue somewhat as they appear in their own country, as well as here, in their less worthy place of sojourning. . . . . .

Simplicity has assuredly much to answer for, owing to the numbers who have paraded their barrenness under her name. No doubt, it is quite true that needless and incongruous imagery is a blemish; but may it not also be true that he who professes to be so scrupulous in the use of it has made a virtue of necessity, and exhausted his whole store to supply us thus poorly; while the fertility of his more prolific brethren excites his censure, from reminding him but too keenly of the woful pains he has undergone in bringing to light the few thoughts he has himself produced? Some have carried this principle so far as purposely to exclude from their dramas all that is ordinarily termed poetry, as though it were impossible to become poetical without, at the same time, being undramatic. This is too much the case with the dramatic poems of Mr. Taylor. Such a rule looks so like the welcome announcement of tragedy made easy, as naturally to meet with a cordial reception from the less gifted members of the poetic guild. No careful student of human nature, or of Shakspeare, its truest mirror, will deny that metaphorical language furnishes the natural utterance of passion. . . . .

Epithets are to poetry what finishing touches are to a painting—if too numerous they give the performance an air of heaviness. In artistic phrase, they kill the lights. The well-chosen adjective, on the contrary, directs a ray to that particular part of an object which it suits the present purpose of the poet to bring out into prominent relief. Such descriptive terms are often alone sufficient to constitute poetry of a high order—as when Milton describes the evening star as 'the sleeping sea, with *handmaid* lamp attending;' and Shakspeare's graphic expression, '*looped* and *windowed* raggedness,' is another example. Such words contain the subtilized essence of a refined comparison. Such concentration of similitudes, with their brevity and point, have a magic

in them to penetrate the soul, powerful as that of the weird needles of the Swedish superstition which parted walls in sunder by a touch. . . . .

It is singular that those of our modern poets whose perceptions have been most deeply pervaded by the Grecian spirit should have departed so widely from it in the execution. Shelley, whose translations from the Greek are the finest in our language, and whose creations, for the most part, are so eminently classical in their design, has yet overlaid them everywhere with a profusion of imagery, which, with all its richness, is frequently involved and abstract. His poetry resembles nothing so much as a Grecian statue set up in a cathedral, and having its white surface strangely variegated by the crimson, green, and violet tints thrown on it from the painted window. Miss Barrett, who, in her *Vision of Poets* and *Dead Pan*, portrays, with a graphic force, like that of Æschylus, a succession of figures worthy of a place on the marble of some antique frieze, has greatly impaired the effect of some among her other poems by those peculiarities of diction which an apparent imitation of the great but immature genius of Keats has now-a-days rendered so prevalent.

It will be seen from these passages that the mind of the writer was becoming rapidly alive to the distinction between the use and abuse of imagery in poetry. We have a right to conclude, that verse from his pen in 1846, when these paragraphs were written, would have been a great improvement, in respect of clearness and chastened simplicity, on the poetry published by him only two years before. The following passage from the same paper, though somewhat long, should not be omitted in this place:—

It has ever been a part of the province of imagination to bridge with its rainbow those spaces which science has failed to fill up with any certain knowledge. But if it be true, that the more we know the more we discern the extent of the unknown, there can be no reason to fear that the triumphs of science will really diminish the domain of the poetical. These two sources of influence, like the spiritual and providential dispensations of the Divine Being, are formed to work in separateness, but not in hostility. Time, while opening to us many of the doors of mystery, points to yet more beyond them, of which he still holds the key.

The poet's great work should be done 'unto God.' When this is the case, his occupation is, without exception, the highest upon this side heaven. To his faith in religion, faith in this fact should be added. The poet, in his Paradise, like Adam in his, has a right direct from God to give names to the creatures—

not without ever and anon an upward glance for aid that he may name aright. But only in poetry is it possible to write adequately concerning the poet. The defence of poetry, however, may well be left to the humbler efforts of prose.

It is said that poetry is of no practical utility. From those who look at things in so utilitarian an aspect as to see nothing more in the sun than a central hinge for the mechanical forces of our system, or a huge stove whereat the planets may warm their faces, such a verdict is not surprising. But this same sun has a higher, a moral, a religious utility; and this is the species of usefulness possessed by poetry. The mind most poetical is fitted to become the most religious. The poet and the Christian have alike a hidden life. Worship is the vital element of each. Poetry has in it that kind of utility which good men find in their Bibles, rather than such convenience as they have in their railway guides. It ennobles the sentiments, enlarges the affections, kindles the imagination, and gives to us the enjoyment of a life in the past, and in the future, as well as in the present. It cultivates those faculties within us, which the more we cultivate them, the more do we find meanness a thing impossible. From the elevation on which it places us, the steepness of the descent required for the deed of baseness appears in its true shame and peril. Under its light and warmth we wake from our torpor and coldness to a sense of our capabilities. This impulse once given, a great object is gained. The precise direction which this revived activity shall take, we learn as a subordinate branch of knowledge from a contemplation of ourselves and our particular circumstances. Thus Schiller has truly said, 'Poetry can be to a man what love is to the hero. It can neither counsel him, nor smite with him, nor perform any labour for him, but it can bring him up to be a hero, can summon him to deeds, and arm him with strength for all that he ought to be.'

From a false estimate of the office of poetry in this respect, arises the error of those who would have the poet select every-day and domestic themes for his art. Thus Emerson, in one of his Essays, writes as follows:—'Our log-rolling, our stumps and their politics, our fisheries, our negroes and Indians, our boats, and our repudiations, the wrath of rogues and the pusillanimity of honest men, the northern trade, the southern planting, the western clearing, Oregon and Texas, are yet unsung.' Alas! for the poets that are, or that are to be, if it is only by hanging their pearls upon shapes so uncouth that they are to secure their immortality. The poet sets before men the lesson which it is for them, not for him, to apply. A writer who should endeavour to eke out his own deficiencies by thus seeking to give his poem an interest and a power from extraneous sources which he himself was unable to impart, would bear no little resemblance to those Nestorian missionaries among the Tartars, who professed to cure diseases with holy water, but mistrusting the virtues of their panacea,

thought it expedient previously to mingle rhubarb with the large draughts of the sacred element they prescribed.

The poet makes man wiser, by causing truth to speak to him in a language that appeals to his whole nature, not merely to a part of it, and which reaches the heart as well as the intellect. Taught by him, we render it filial love as well as filial obedience. He makes man better, too, by revealing as none else can do, the native loveliness of generosity and patriotism, affection and self-sacrifice. It is no fair argument to urge that many poets have fallen short of such precepts in their practice. Truth and beauty are not changed by the imperfection of their human advocates. If some have been 'like diamonds cut with their own dust,' such fate, while mournful for themselves, has ever been among the most memorable of lessons for others. The very monument posterity sets up perpetuates the warning as well as the glory. The failure of the undistinguished has its teaching for a few. But when the hero falls, all eyes are upon him. It is not before the dismantled hut, but when gazing on the ruined temple, that we feel with most solemnity the frailty of man. Poetry does much also to increase our happiness by keeping alive within us those early feelings of love and confiding faith which a life of contact with the world tends so commonly to extinguish. It prevents the heart from growing old with the body, and like Idunna's fragrant apples, whose taste preserved the gods of Valhalla from old age, renews within us a divine youth.

Such were my son's views concerning the function of the poet in 1846. And it will, perhaps, be manifest to the reader that in these prose passages there are considerable indications of cultivated perception in relation to that art. But the writer is still intent on becoming a pastor and a preacher. Of preaching he can still say, 'I love it from my soul, for its own sake and for the sake of others.' He is quite alive, also, to the danger of allowing a love of fame—the passion so common with the poet—to become his guiding purpose. His great pleasure, he states, would lie in the sense of having done something in the face of difficulty which it would be good and beautiful to do. It is not needful to enter upon any defence of such aspirations. The desire to give form and reality to the good and beautiful may have respect to the good of others quite as much as to our own. In this view, the feeling under consi-

deration may spring from benevolence more than from egotism, from generosity more than from selfishness. The Creator Himself makes the created to participate in the pleasure of his work. We are wont to conceive of him as happy in the contemplation of such reflexions of his own happiness. And surely it may be permitted to the creative genius of man to find pleasure in the thought of extending delight kindred to its own to the distant and unborn. It is clear, accordingly, that there are conditions of the purest benevolence which are inseparable from what men call ambition. Power, eminence, influence may be earnestly coveted, but it may be from a desire of the gratification to be found in the consciousness of having done something to diffuse the peaceful, the pleasureable, and the elevating. One of my son's earliest pieces of poetry, written while a youth, is to this effect:—

THE CHOSEN LOT.

Mine be the music of the poet's dream,
I woo the poet's heritage for mine,
The stars of Fancy o'er his path that gleam
More brightly as night's hours in night decline,
That gaze upon his tears with tearful eyes,
Teaching wild words and sighing to his sighs.

Yes! though I wander but a little way
On life's rough path, and many sorrows come
That many know not,—ne'er would I delay
Death's footsteps to my dream-embowered home,
If, when I am gone, and down my bower is flung,
Time's breath will waft its leaves *men's hearts among.*

According to the measure of a man's humane feeling will be his indisposition to be divorced from humanity—his solicitude to be felt in its midst as an influence for good. The manly makes us to be at one with man. The love of fame for its own sake is simply a love of self; but we may shrink from the thought of being forgotten

by our species from a sincere love of them, and we may covet power in order that the pleasure possible to ourselves from that source may be a pleasure imparted by our means to others. It may sound like a paradox, but it is a fact, that the most ambitious men are often the least selfish, while the non-ambitious are the most so.

On these grounds, I was not disposed to deal harshly with my son's purposes and hopes, as set forth in the letter cited. They were, in some respects, disappointing to me. But it is with youth as with the newly-loosened carrier pigeon, which, from its high and strange place in the air, glances and darts right and left, before seeing the looked-for landmark, and rushing off on its intended track. Nor are the projects which in this stage of our experience seem to be failures really such. In ways too subtle for our foresight, they contribute to qualify us for doing the work which is ultimately given us to do. We rough-hew many things in our young and hopeful days, and what we finish at last is, perhaps, finished the better by the help of such preliminary practice. My impression was, that this contemplated series of ecclesiastical dramas would never see the light. But I had little doubt that something cognate would come, and would draw to itself a good deal of the spirit proper to the sort of compositions which were not to come.

We have seen that with the opening of 1847 my son's religious and speculative perplexities had passed away. One effect of this better state of spiritual health was a determination to return to the plan of study which he had sketched for himself in his letter from Bremen. German philosophy was to be really studied after all. The letter to a friend, from which the following extract is taken, bears date February 7th, 1847 :—

'You will, perhaps, ask what can be occupying me so intensely? The fact is neither more nor less than this,—that having had some conversation with

Tholuck on the matter, I find from what he said that my difficulty with the philosophy must have been more in my attempt at it alone, without any assistance, than anything else. Of course, if there be a possibility of accomplishing the business, I would not willingly disappoint my father in the matter. Accordingly, I have renewed my efforts in going three times a-week to a man who fills people with philosophy on being filled with a large sum of money, and not without success. I have said nothing to my father about it, nor shall I till I have concluded the study, because I would rather surprise and please him by being able to show him what I have done, than by merely speaking of what I mean or hope to do. The immediate consequence is, that I feel myself congealing into prose very fast, and more full of arguments than of poetical fancies. Perhaps it will not be until summer that I can thaw myself back again into poetry. But the thing is useful, and I need the sort of balance furnished by a heavy mass of logical lumber. The more I think of the matter, the more I am convinced that it was with great reason that my father wished me to make myself acquainted with the philosophy of the age. That it is false and worthless I feel convinced, but its effects have been so momentous as to demand the attention of all thinking men. It is this philosophy, and this alone, which has reduced Germany to that state of general indifference to all that is essential to Christianity, in which no longer a portion of it is found. It is true that the whole bent of my mind is so strongly set the other way—so much more full of love for art than for science—so much more disposed to admire a grand and beautiful production than a merely learned or argumentative one, as to deprive me of all inclination ever to write a philosophical work. But it is not less true that, as a part of mental education, such study will improve me; and that beyond this, it is only by thus entering the camp of the Danes, and, like my namesake, in the disguise of a minstrel, examining their positions for myself, that I can learn effectually to combat them afterwards. Such, in fact, is the great want of the age. With the strife between Dissenter and Churchman, Baptist and Pædobaptist, I do not feel inclined to take part. But the great verities of religion, and whether we shall have a religion at all, or take philosophy instead, this is the true point of contest, and here the stand must be made.

During the remaining months of the session the writer continued a close student of German speculation. It was then that he laid for himself the foundation of that rational system of philosophy, as opposed to the sceptical and the mystical, which he employed with so much effect in after years. At the close of his severe labour in this direction, he thus writes:—

Feb. 28th, 1847.—Our life may be divided into provinces which we travel through successively. The session here approaches its close, and I shall have reached shortly the limits—the border-territory of another of the life-counties. I have cut down on the way a considerable quantity of timber, that is, material wherewith good substantial household furniture may hereafter be constructed; but plucked, in verity, astonishingly few flowers; and in my course I have therefore scattered far more sawdust than pollen; a fact which may give rise to the doubt whether I shall ever have any natural flowers at all—whether they will not be all carved wreaths, and posies cut out of old oak, such as we may see in a gothic library. The review bears witness to very considerable powers of collection, but to very *in*considerable invention. That I have attained a nearer view, or even less, a more comprehensive survey of the realm of the Beautiful—of the imaginative land of Beulah, I can scarcely say. I have found no Delectable Mountains—I have found no shepherds with their telescope. But the matter being even thus, I have realized more perfectly the object for which I came hither than if it had been otherwise. I have to regret now and then misdirected effort—namely, the chopping with my hatchet at trees which, after all, were not cut down. But there is a maxim of Bacon's which I have laid up, and find to be a precious morsel of wisdom, namely, that when effort cannot be made to answer its primary aim, we should always take care that we have some secondary one for it. Certainly he is quite right. We have accumulated precious merchandize, and if the first ship does not carry it forth to realize its profit, we must find a second. If this maxim be observed, a man need lose next to nothing of his labour. It will be useful for *something*, if not for that which he intended. It is his wisdom to find such something; for he who reflects on the shortness of life, will see that he cannot afford to lose a single coin of what he has secured. It is thus that in looking back on the past in this light, I am anything but dispirited. With idleness, at all events, I have not to charge myself. I can see very little of what I have done during the period that need be wholly lost—perhaps nothing, when one recollects the often unexpected usefulness of what had seemed utterly worthless. I think I see how the past has been a stage further of self-building. I am anxious to be, not what I wish to be, but what Christ would wish me to be. To labour for ourselves is a sorry task—to labour for *Him* the highest happiness. I think he would have me serve his cause so far as I may, on that side of it especially where lie the Imagination and the Feeling. Towards this I seem to have been more directed and fashioned. But the precise time, whether sooner or later, and the precise mode—in that I must be guided by circumstances, the requirements of the time, and so on. Having nothing of my own, may He save me from using what I have as though it were my own. If we had only ourselves

to look to in these weighty matters, what an insufferable burthen would it be. But we can trust that His direction will not fail us.

In the summer of the same year my son returned to England; but the time for his entrance on ministerial duty had not come even now.

It had long been my wish to cross the Alps, and to spend some months in Italy. In 1847 I found it possible to accomplish this purpose, and determined that Alfred should be the companion of my pilgrimage. Ample opportunity, as I thought, would then come for talking dispassionately about his poet's dream.

We left London in June, and did not return to England before October. We spent a week in Paris, which my son had not before seen. Leaving that place by Diligence, we reached by daybreak, on a beautiful summer morning, a height of the Jura mountains, and saw the Alps. Rich were the tints of purple, and crimson, and gold, which threw their shadows over those far-off heights of everlasting snow! The moments in which we gazed for the first time on that distant vision were moments not to be forgotten. Geneva, and its neighbourhood, detained us some days. We then crossed the Simplon, and soon found ourselves at Milan. The months which followed were indeed a holiday season to both of us. We had traversed the Highlands of Scotland together some seven years before, but the scenery and associations of the Alps and the Apennines were of a higher order. We visited all the places of chief interest between Venice and Genoa in the north, and Rome and Pæstum in the south. We kept note books, in which record was made daily of sights and impressions. We might have written a book about our travels, with as much reason, perhaps, as many who have so done, but we felt that our passing from place to place was much too rapid to allow of our having anything to say to the

public that could be really worth saying. We were, however, very far from thinking that our time in Italy had been wasted. On the contrary, we left that country conscious of having become possessed of a world of busy thoughts and emotions which could never have become ours apart from what we had there seen and heard. The travelled man may not be able to describe in exact terms what it is that travel has done for him, but its effects are not the less real, nor the less potent, on that account. Nor must the untravelled man hope to understand them. Travel never fails to make the wise man more tolerant of differences. It enlarges his feeling of brotherhood. In all that he has to do with man and his affairs, he is furnished with ampler materials for thought, and is prepared to form riper judgments, and to adjust himself to action with greater wisdom. To myself this branch of education came late, to my son it came in the right season. In the education of an intelligent and susceptible youth, it is not a small matter to have seen nature in the passes of the Alps, and from the slopes of the Apennines; to have traced the signs of a bygone power through the water-streets of Venice, or along the high-terraced palaces of Genoa; to have felt that our great dramatist has peopled the streets of Verona, and the road to Mantua after evening, with sights and sounds, as a genius like his could alone have peopled them; to have looked through the dim and thoughtful twilight on Bologna or Florence, and to have lived through the history which the sight of those cities is so fitted to recall; to have stood near the summit of Vesuvius, and to have seen its upthrown lava descend like a broken willow-tree of fire, pattering down the sides of its cone until they reach the foot of the traveller; to have sailed with Paul across the waters of Baiæ to Puteoli, the starting-point once for all wayfarers towards Rome; and in Rome itself, to have looked

on those chains of hills which border the Campagna, so rich in historical memories, to have called back the men and the deeds of old while treading the greensward now covering the once beaten ways of the Forum Romanum, or to have gazed on that giant ruin, the Colosseum, under the light of the still and silent moon, shedding brightness on its projecting masses, and throwing its recesses into deeper shadow, where every distant footstep falls on the breathless quietude like the approach of some lingerer from the past, who must still haunt the desolations of the present—to have seen all this, to have felt thus, and greatly more of the same kind, was, in our estimation, an advantage of nameless value. The extracts which follow are selected from letters hastily written by my son during this period.

June 29th, 1847, GENEVA.—From the windows of our hotel, on the shores of the lake, we can see the white house where Byron lived, and likewise the trees of D'Aubigne's garden, very different links of reminiscence. This is the place for the forming and maturing of great thoughts—at Lausanne, Gibbon—here Rousseau and Byron and Shelley—here also Calvin, prepared themselves their immortality. I stood in the pulpit beneath the very sounding-board that had echoed the voice of the great reformer, looked round on the church whereon he looked, and on the seats where once sat his auditors. That cathedral is to me a most hallowed spot, it is consecrated by genius that was consecrated to God.

July 3rd, MILAN.—Since I last wrote, we have been up Mount St. Bernard, experienced the rigours of the mountain climate to a very fair extent. On our way up, were befogged and benighted, and well nigh lost our way in the snow of those desolate regions, all which was very romantic, but the refreshments wherewith the good monks resuscitated us were not less welcome. In the morning scraped acquaintance with the celebrated dogs. Such a morning, so black, foggy, and miserable; among that ice and snow, nothing to be seen, but a polar climate felt after a tropical one. On our way down, the heat kept growing on us by a series of most grateful graduations. . . . From Brieg commenced the ascent of the Simplon—a winding road higher and higher up into the clouds. Majestic pines standing out against the deep blue of the sky on craggy summits—the distant line of the Bernese Alps—the Schonhorn, a vast snow-covered mountain looking like an imperial throne hung with white;

then by the falls of the Sosa, on the Italian side. Some of the waterfalls dissolved in mist before they reached the base of their rock, and seemed floating in the air like silver veils—a signal probably from some fair spirit of the mountains. Likewise, on our way, we were on the Lago Maggiore, with its lovely mountains—a spot haunted by all sweet enchantments and luxurious thoughts. In Milan the Cathedral is the greatest object of attraction, which same has been, I conceive, underrated rather than exaggerated. The effect of the interior at the moment I saw it was certainly the very *beau ideal* of a house of God, in that respect; so far, it was even better than that of Cologne, to my apprehension. The Cathedral at Cologne is beautiful—that of Milan even sublime.

VENICE.—No books and no pictures give any adequate idea of this dreamy place—glorious and decaying—a majestic despair; and the majesty of the tragedies of hundreds of years broods over it all as you glide through its waterways by night. Were it not that I have somewhat else to do than to enjoy myself, here I would halt in this world's desert and tabernacle. But life was intended for something higher than enjoyment. Among the monuments of great minds, my soul is stirred within me. I am full of impatience, feeling how much is to be done, and how far better it would be not to have lived than not to live to do much.

FLORENCE, *July 22nd.*—We left Venice on Saturday, not without many a regret on my part, for its beauty fascinated me to the last degree; those gondolas and old palaces and dark waters I shall never forget. Then we saw Padua; then Ferrara; the latter a strangely desolate place, grass growing in the streets, houses shut up and falling to ruins. Then to Bologna, with its gallery and churches. The masterpieces of Guido are at Bologna. It is impossible to appreciate Paul Veronese without having been at Venice, or Guido without having been at Bologna. And now we are in Florence, the town about which history has so much that is interesting to say; where almost every form of government has at some time prevailed, and where the lights and shades, the good and the bad, have stood out each so strongly, so picturesquely, with such effect. . . . . The night before last, we slept at a country inn on the top of the Apennines, and were awakened at midnight by a thunderstorm, the grandest I ever saw; we appeared to be in the very centre of it. The flashes of lightning were not now and then, but every other moment, and the thunder not so much in claps as a continual unintermitted roar, reverberated by the mountains on every side. It was a glorious sight.

July 30th, GENOA.—We are now at Genoa, having arrived last night after a beautiful ride from Lucca, in point of *beauty* surpassing anything we have anywhere previously seen—such quiet bays of blue, and slanting hills of vine

and olive. In the evening, the contrast of dark shadows and glorious glowing sunsets have formed a combination testifying with surpassing power to the fairness yet lavished upon earth. . . . . .

August 29th, ROME.— . . . . The mind fills so rapidly with new images; glimpses and corners of beauty are caught at every turn, and make their dwelling in the recollection; blue mountains behind trees, white columns seen against a distant hillside, a city at sunset, a distance seen through a dark avenue of trees—these in the mere point of natural beauty abound here, and of course the historical recollections, even where the object may be in itself uninteresting, are numerous enough. The old palace of the Cenci, with its gloomy deserted air, the house of Rienzi, the palace of the Orsini, the gardens of the Colonnas, are among the middle-age reminiscences to me most interesting. And then of classic spots there is no lack. Old imperial palaces turned into haylofts; and where the palace of Augustus stood, now a villa belonging to a Mr. *Smith*—changes enough. . . . . I am in a sort of dreamy whirl with the number of such things of all possible descriptions—from the wonders of Raphael and Michael Angelo, to the stone absurdly said to bear the mark of our Saviour's feet. . . . I drank of the waters of the Egerian fountain, and beheld the so-called grove where the nymph or goddess favoured the Roman lawgiver at once with love and wisdom. In the distance was the temple erected to commemorate the spot where Coriolanus was turned from his purpose by the intercession of his wife and mother. The Baths of Caracalla are the finest remains of the sort; and the intricacy and hugeness of the fragments give an idea of the old magnificence, perhaps more even than the Colosseum.

The following lines, describing the charms which the Past possesses for some minds over the Present, were suggested by the memorials of other days so observable in Italy. They were written at Genoa.

BEATRICE AND SPINOLA.

Bea. And art thou so in love with ruin then
That thou canst take to thee a desolation
And warm it in thy bosom?

Spin. It hath no sting,
It makes me none the sadder: my joy burns
With an exultant brightness in the damp
And pent-up air of vaults to which the dead
Ceased going ages past. I love the stones

That echoed to a world quite wandered out,
That hath laid its corses quiet by and rested,
Following the example of the sleeping Past.
The ruins of a creed, a realm, a hut,
Are my soul's different homes. Fallen palaces,
Rich in the irony of ivy, speaking
With whisperings light and smiles of their great grief,
Facing it out with verdure, and with boughs,
Whose outstretched hands of pleading oratory
Would fain persuade of strength. These haunt I ever.
Then man, too, with his tale the fellow of it,
His new inventions to disguise old wasting,
And prop up rent decay, are curious things,
And many a noiseless hour have whiled away:
Hours that have stolen from me one by one,
As doth a flock from some love-dreaming shepherd.
And so I love what wintry wasting time
Hath marked out for me as my heritage
Along with the wise owls.

Bea. I fear and pity thee,
For something in thee must be ruinous,
Or thou wouldst not so prize the antique lore
Because it hides the present with its dust.
Is thought of self so painful, planning life
And good deeds, coming pleasure, profitless
Beside this thirsting for the bygone?

Spin. Lady,
The bygone ere I was, has never grieved me,
The future when I have been, will not know me,
The present it hath grieved me much to know,
In life's broad way I meet it far too often.
* * * * *
Only in quietness
Ceases the actual. So I wander chiefest
In these wide alleys, these strait passages
Between the o'erhanging and worm-eaten houses
* * * * *

The lines below were written in Rome.

THE COLOSSEUM.

O, Time, how many men, and works of men,
Hast thou abas'd beneath the flowers and weeds,—
Sowing Youth's green on Age's rottenness:
Heroes have been that did build round the world,
And from all sides did look down on't at the foot
Of their high selves and their fierce crowd of thoughts.
Rome's Colosseum silent 'neath the moon,
Is 't not the type and image of all these,
Their stir of old, and their deep quiet now?

We had one companion, the Rev. Richard Fletcher, then of Manchester, during the whole of our journeyings in Italy; and during the greater part of them, another friend, an old class-fellow of my son's, the Rev. J. H. Hutton.

Before his departure for Germany, my son had become engaged to the lady to whom he was afterwards married. On his return from Italy he felt desirous that his settlement in this respect should not be long postponed. But preliminary to that step, it was expedient that he should be settled ministerially. In these circumstances, as may be imagined, he became more sober and practical than during the early part of his residence in Halle. He was still far from meaning to content himself with the usual routine of the pastor and the preacher. But what else he should do it was left to the future to determine.

Early in 1848 my son became assistant minister with the late Rev. William Jay, in compliance with a unanimous vote of the church under the care of that eminent preacher. In many respects this connexion appeared to be one of much fitness. It seemed reasonable to expect that the aged pastor would see in the amiableness, modesty, and high sense of honour which characterized his

young coadjutor, very much to deserve his affectionate confidence. It is well known that the conduct of the young preacher towards Mr. Jay was in all things as that of a son in the Gospel. Bath, moreover, seemed to be the place in which the preaching of the assistant minister—evangelical, intelligent, devout, and always pervaded by good taste—would be generally acceptable. Nor were these anticipations wholly disappointed. During a considerable interval, as the pastor had not been able to preach more than once a day, and as the assistance obtained had been irregular and only partially satisfactory, the congregation had much declined, and the future was regarded as wearing a more gloomy aspect than the present. My son's acceptance of the invitation from the church produced a change. The congregation revived; the people of Bath in general seemed at once to appreciate the character and worth of the stranger who had thus made his appearance among them.

But these facts do not comprehend the whole case. Alfred discharged the duties of assistant minister at Argyle Chapel two years. Mr. Jay had then reached the eighty-fourth year of his age. A few months after his settlement in Bath my son had married Miss Finlay, the daughter and only child of Mr. James Finlay, of Newcastle-on-Tyne. He soon had the prospect of feeling the responsibilities of the family man, and became somewhat anxious to know what his relation to the congregation was to be in the event of Mr. Jay's decease, or of his total incapacity for service. With a contingency on that point before him, Bath had ceased to be to him a place of rest. When, however, he ventured to intimate that the condition of his remaining must be his ordination as co-pastor with Mr. Jay, and as his intended successor, Mr. Jay, who, it must be owned, had always expressed himself opposed to co-pastorates, manifested hesitation.

Some of the authorities, too, had their reasons for hesitancy. The pastor, indeed, at length attributed the hesitancy to the authorities, and the authorities never ceased to attribute it to the pastor. Suffice it to say, under these influences, the posture of affairs became such, that the only wise and dignified course open to my son was to resign. He did so. More than five hundred persons belonging to the church and congregation, a large majority of the whole, addressed to him a memorial earnestly entreating him to remain. Many who had not felt at liberty to sign the memorial would have been much gratified to have learnt that the wishes of the memorialists were to be complied with. But it did not accord with my son's temperament and character to remain in such a position after what had happened. The following letter was written on the 25th of March, in 1850, on the Monday after the Sunday evening on which the writer preached his last sermon in Argyle Chapel:—

MY DEAR FATHER,

I sit down for a few moments, in the midst of the bustle of packing, to give you an account of last night.

It would have done your heart good to see the immense cram. The place has never been so full since Rowland Hill preached there. I was supported throughout—felt no nervousness or trepidation. The text, the two last verses of Jude.* Both aisles had double forms filled, crowds standing in the gallery and at the doors, and sitting on the backs of seats, steps, &c.

Then, after the sermon, great numbers crowded into the vestry, to shake hands and say good-bye, nearly all in tears. At the close of the sermon many were weeping; and when, after all, I came outside the chapel, having been long detained by those who came to speak to me in the vestry, there was a crowd at the door pressing eagerly forward to have a shake of the hand as I departed.

In fact, the deacons and Mr. Jay have no idea of the amount of interest felt

* 'Now unto Him who is able to keep you from falling, and to present you faultless before the presence of his glory with exceeding joy; to the only wise God, our Saviour, be glory and majesty, dominion and power, both now and ever.'

in me, and the dissatisfaction at my being suffered to leave. I made no allusion in the sermon to anything unpleasant, thanked the memorialists, and all who had shown me kindness, and concluded with a solemn appeal, and good wishes for the pastor and themselves. I was encouraged by such overwhelming testimonies to my usefulness, and never felt so strongly before that I had not lived in vain.

Your affectionate Son.

It may seem strange to the uninitiated that a preacher encircled by such sympathies should be a preacher saying farewell, and having a new home to seek. But the preaching of Mr. Jay, as is well known, bore the impress of a strong individuality. It had been cast in the general type of fifty years ago, and the older portion of the congregation had not only been completely moulded by it, but, as commonly happens in such cases, were disposed to take the *prestige* of their minister to themselves, and to imagine themselves great in his greatness. My son's preaching had also a character of its own, but it was of a complexion more adapted to the new generation than to the old. These facts explain nearly all that needs explanation. It is due to the late Mr. Jay to state, that two days before his death, he requested the members of his family to express to my son his deep regret that matters had not been so ordered as to have retained his services in Bath, and begged them to assure him that he had no memory of his connexion with him as a coadjutor that was not of the most pleasant nature.

During the two years of my son's residence in Bath, he was chiefly occupied with attention to his pulpit services, and though no pastor, in discharging the duties of one. One of the modes in which he endeavoured to be serviceable to the young and inquiring was in writing to them. The following letter will suffice to show the fidelity and delicacy which characterized this part of his pastoral work :—

October 16th, 1848.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

It had been quite my intention to write to you as soon as I had thought you somewhat settled down in your new quarters, but from one cause and another, the execution of the purpose had been delayed, till meeting Mrs. S. the other evening, she expressed a wish that I should do so—a request with which I have no little pleasure in complying.

Not that I can suppose one of a thoughtful and studious habit of mind like yourself to have been without his seasons in which the claims of our Saviour upon his heart have been seriously considered. Perhaps, much of what I may say will come before you somewhat as the reflection of your own thoughts, but yet to know that you are remembered, and though distant, often thought of with great interest and an earnest desire for your soul's welfare, will not be ungrateful. How much there is in college avocations to distract and dissipate the religious feeling, I have had reason to know; but this abides true, that by God's help, devotion and study may be united; and when they are, when the devout feeling does, as it were, inform and irradiate the intellectual toil, and when the labours of the head give a fresh zest to the higher emotions of the heart, there is no sort of life more to be chosen. As you will be so closely engaged during the week, your Sabbaths will be to you of the utmost importance; and among those plans and habits which we resolve to form on entering a new position, let this stand prominent among yours, that you will secure a considerable interval on each Sabbath-day for private reading of the Scriptures and meditation. To read, and to muse on what is read—above all to pray over it—is the appointed means whereby the truth of God grows up in its reality before the mind, becomes a quickening spirit to us, and no mere dead letter. The reason why there is so much profitless reading of the Bible, is not merely for want of prayer, but for want of thought. We do not expect to become masters of the thoughts of any author, or to enter into his spirit and make him our own by a cursory review of his pages—reading on without a pause, without any mental summing up or questioning as to where he is, and what is the full bearing of his words. And he same is true of the Bible. There is much in it simple, on which the unlettered may lay hold to the saving of the soul. But those, like you, more favoured, accustomed to think, are bound to a more deep and careful study. When you have prayed 'Open thou mine eyes to behold wondrous things out of thy law,' see to it that your mind does its best, that your imagination be devoutly exercised to picture the scenes of the Gospel narrative, that you compare Scripture with Scripture, and see each part in its bearings and connexion, exercising your judgment, so as to take no erroneous or one-sided view of the things pertaining to salvation. I mention this the

more because I am sensible of the temptation we are under when students to dishonour God, and rate cheaply His bestowments, by giving to secular study all possible attention, and to the Divine a very slight measure of it, as though the least appreciable regard would suffice. I do not recommend an elaborate critical study, with commentary, &c., but a prayerful, earnest one, as the study of the most important of all books. The great thing is to understand the way of a sinner's acceptance with God. To lay hold on that great truth, in its relations so infinite, but in its application so simple, that Christ is our atonement. The question the Bible answers is not, what good things must I *do* that I may inherit eternal life? but how may I be *pardoned* and become reconciled to the God I have offended? And the Redeemer invites all alike—whosoever will—to come and receive this pardon, praying to be cleansed in his blood. You need not wait to qualify yourself—to save yourself as it were partially first—but in the guilt, the helplessness of our fallen nature you are invited to believe and live. And all scriptural obedience is so much expression of gratitude to the Redeemer to whom you yield yourself, for this His free gift of the eternal life. By this humble reliance upon what he did for us when he accomplished our salvation on the cross—by this alone can you be saved. Saved, on the one side, from the unhappy toil of those who go about to establish their own righteousness; and on the other, from the many sorrows of those who care not that Christ died, or that they themselves must die, but live without peace of conscience, and die without hope in God. That you may be saved from this—that no current of necessary occupation, no influence of irreligous association, may lead you so to forget Him who died for us, is the earnest prayer of

Your sincere friend,

ALFRED VAUGHAN.

The only compositions prepared by my son for the press during his residence in Bath, were the articles on Schleiermacher and Savonarola; and the materials for both those papers had been collected mainly during his student life in Halle. The paper on Savonarola is founded on considerable research, but of which no show is made. The article on Schleiermacher presented at the time, and still presents, the most intelligent and satisfactory account in our language concerning the opinions of that eminent person, and his position in relation to the history of German theology. In a letter from Bath the writer expresses his own

estimate of this paper, and at the same time makes his first mention of mysticism as a subject on which he felt disposed to bestow some careful thought.

MY DEAR FATHER,

. . . . . I have finished the Schleiermacher, and it is, except the punctuation, which I shall put in to-day, ready for the press. It will occupy exactly forty pages. The article would have been more complete had I put in much which I have omitted. But even then I should not have exhausted the subject, and it would have become wearisome. As it is, I do not think I have omitted to state any point of moment and characteristic of his system.

I shall not begin to write another article at once. But I should like to fix on one to have more or less in view. There are three subjects on which I should like to write some time or other.

1. Savonarola, for which I have much material.

2. On Mysticism, tracing it in the East, in the Greek Church, in the German mystics of the fourteenth century, in the French mystics, and lastly in those most recent.

3. Leo the Great, and his stirring times.

I should like to do the Savonarola next. But I should like to know what you think on these subjects, or on any you would perhaps like better. The first and third would consist largely of interesting narrative. The second would be rather less popular, but more novel. But I find it very difficult now to read for the mere sake of reading, and I like to have something on which it may tell in the way of product.

Your affectionate Son.

This letter was written in March, 1849. The 'less popular' theme of the three here named, was soon to become a favourite with the writer, partly from its being to a great extent untrodden ground in this country, and partly for some graver reasons.

It was soon rumoured to a distance that Mr. Vaughan was not likely to remain in Bath. Communications from several quarters were made to him with a view to his becoming a pastor elsewhere. His next home was in Birmingham. The congregation in that town which invited him to become their minister, did so with great

cordiality, and the effect of time on their attachment to his person and ministry was only to make it more and more earnest and kindly. The only drawbacks upon his comfort in that position were of a nature not likely to be anticipated by the reader—viz., the largeness of the chapel, and the largeness of the town. The chapel was so large as to seem to require the presence of a congregation much too great for my son's oversight as a pastor, if not too great for his strength as a preacher, while the large town was always ready, as will be supposed, to make much greater demands upon his services than his physical strength would have sufficed to meet. But he never ceased to feel that it became him to be the student, as well as the pastor—the man of letters, as well as the preacher. The husbanding of time, however, which he found to be necessary to the combining of these two objects was often severe. His diaries show that he was wont to task himself week by week, and to review his work stage by stage, thankful for the signs of progress, or mourning over lost hours and frustrated purposes. Time often seemed to be to him a space made to be filled with only one idea, the idea we express by the term—*work*. If well occupied in that way, it was time used; if not, it was time lost. It was during his five years' residence in Birmingham that more than half the articles contributed by him to the *British Quarterly Review* were written. It was there that his chief work—*Hours with the Mystics*—was commenced, and nearly completed. It was there that he made himself familiar with the 'Old German,' which in comparison with modern German is almost another tongue; also with the Spanish, and even with the Dutch, adding these languages to the Italian, the French, the Latin, and the Greek in its classical and later forms, as the sources of that direct knowledge concerning the history of mysticism to which he had pledged himself. I

scarcely need say that the labour which laid up these stores of erudition was not of the fitful kind so common with men of genius, which usually admits of large intermissions. It was labour extending through years in a series, with only slight intervals of relaxation. It is true, the dryness of such studies was often relieved by excursions into the fields of general literature. Of what was passing there, he was watchful even to a greater extent than appears in his writings. The following letter will enable the reader to judge of the extent to which he kept up his general reading on graver subjects. It is written to a friend who was about to write a paper on Comte's philosophy, and who had solicited his thoughts on the subject:—

December, 1853. Edgbaston.

MY DEAR SIR,

You have doubtless a huge subject in hand, but one to which you are well competent to do justice. I have read attentively the outline you have sent of Comte's position. I think you may find in history some strong ground against him. He masses humanity into a single developing organism—a self-evolving aggregate of intellects (forgetful of its separations and retrocessions), and then judges of the whole by himself, as though mankind looked at things with his eyes. Hence that fundamental error of supposing that all religion springs from *an attempt to explain the phenomena of the universe*—it has not succeeded in this, so to the dogs with it. On this broad principle he can be met, I think, with effect. It is such a palpable misunderstanding and overlooking of men's spiritual and moral wants, as indeed you have already pointed out.

In Maurice's *Religions of the World* you will find some good suggestions hereon. He repeatedly urges, in the course of his brief, fragmentary, but suggestive survey, the impossibility of this position—shows that it was not a philosophical want of a *theory*, but a moral want of a *revelation*, that prompted religious systems. As to Confucius, he seems to have been a positivist, in as far as his great idea was the foundation of a certain social order, founded solely on a kind of patriarchal principle (resting on the parental relation among men), and silent altogether about the unseen world. It would be worth while to show how China, instead of following Comte's theory, provokingly contravenes it; the Chinese could not maintain even this quasi-positivist altitude, but descended—

first of all, building temples to Confucius himself, and making *him* a power in the unseen world—and then Buddhism, with its idolatries and mysticisms, became everywhere popular, and Confucianism relapsed into a bureaucratic code and state apparatus. If his theory be true, the attractive power of religion should be inversely as the squares of the distance from the starting-point of humanity—the more science the less religion, the Royal Society rendering theology daily more effete, and, by a diminuendo movement, slowly absorbing it. But it is not so, and the very mistakes of men show a hunger after revelation which they cannot cease to feel by being called fools for it. No doubt metaphysics have dreadfully wasted human time, and moved round over and over again—like fishes in a glass bowl—the same eternal circle, looking, moreover, much bigger often than the natural size. But that does not help him. The metaphysical stage has not developed into the positive, but gone back into the supernatural. The Neo-Platonists are examples. Iamblichus, for instance, returning to absolute fetischism, in his prescriptions for making images of certain metals peculiarly attractive to certain deities, which deities will be constrained to enter therein and inform your statue with divine powers. So with Proclus, combining the superstitions, rites, divinations, &c., of all religions in a kind of eclectic theurgy. Any good history of philosophy will show this. Have you De Gerando?—*Histoire Comparée des Systèmes de Philosophie*—eight vols.—four ancient, four modern—clear as crystal, judicious, fair—a good investment, I can testify.

On Buddhism and the Persian theology, there are full and admirable remarks in Neander's first, and I think second volumes of his Church History. I think the metaphysical and supernatural stages are too inseparably connected in history to be parted off as Comte does. A cosmogony is in large part a personification of what are supposed *laws*. The whole system of emanation consists in intellectualizing phenomena, and rises in a *metaphysical* scale. The system of Persia, with its warring personalities of Ormused and Ahriman, has a purely metaphysical principle for its summit—high above both—time without bounds.

As to a revolutionary period as the concomitant of the metaphysical stage, Comte would perhaps point to the French Revolution, and the encyclopædists, with Rousseau, &c., and to the Pythagorean disturbances of Magna Grecia. But the supernatural element was indestructible and rampant in the French Revolution, with all its metaphysical system-building. Witness Cagliostro, and quacks innumerable, as Carlyle's history and others abundantly show. And the Pythagoreans were *conservatives*, slowly establishing themselves by a sort of aristocratic confederacy, and at last scattered—the *victims*, not the *authors*, of popular outbreak. And then, be it observed, Pythagoreanism, though unquestionably in the metaphysical stage, relapsed to the extreme of the supernatural,

and sang a swan-song, dying, in Orphic hymns, and produced Orpheo-telists—the mendicant order of ancient Greece—charm-sellers, hawkers of incantations, &c. K. O. Müller's *History of Greek Literature* you will find admirable, lucid—great information in small space—but I dare say you know it. Müller points out the growth *morally* of the Greek poetry in Pindar compared with Homer, especially as regards the future state. This is not the Comtian sort of development.

As to the military *régime* as coincident with the supernatural, as though supernaturalism were necessarily belligerent, we see both together almost everywhere, but no basis for a law like that of his hypothesis. Religion did not animate the conquests of Alexander, and the Roman legionaries were not fanatics. Religion gave a direction to, but did not create, the martial spirit of Godfrey's Crusaders and Amrou's Arabs. It was because Christianity had not really changed the rude Teutonic and Celtic races, that they fought as they did, who drank brimming healths to Christ, and rolled drunk under the table in his honour—who looked with amazement and reverence on a patience in Him, which they would have suffered death with torture rather than imitate.

But especially see some admirable remarks on the Comtian style of studying history in Sir James Stephen's *Lectures on the History of France*, where he shows that what is true therein is no new thing.

I dare say you will find much of this scrawl incoherent; but if it lead you to some of the helpful and suggestive sources I have mentioned, you may be repaid for wading through this letter. What I have said is just what occurs to me at the first blush (blush of ignorance, it ought to be), and written in much haste, under impending dining out and sermon.

Wishing you a thriving genial time of it, with your intellectual progeny, and a right happy new year,

Yours very sincerely,

ALFRED VAUGHAN.

P.S.—Once more. Comte professes to abandon the search after *causes* and *essences*, and investigates only *laws*. But does not the discovery of law involve, up to a certain point, the study of causes? Where are we to cease searching for causes, and why? I ask this dimly—you, from the depths of Comte, will better judge how far it applies. I dare say most of what I have said has already occurred to you, but I have put down the thoughts as they bubbled.

It will be remembered that my son's wish to write something concerning the *Mystics* was first made known to me in a letter, dated March, 1849. Many considerations disposed me to encourage

him in that wish. But the subject grew rapidly under his hands. His feeling of interest in it, and his estimate of its practical value, increased with its expansion. The idea thus came, that it might be well to attempt something on the subject in the form of a treatise. It was agreed between us that this thought should be kept in view, but that in the meantime some portions of the intended treatise should appear in the *British Quarterly Review*. The article on 'Madame Guyon,' published in 1854, was one result of this arrangement, and an article on the 'Mystics and Reformers,' which appeared subsequently, was another. The intention of writing a separate work on Mysticism had now been for sometime deliberately settled. Intent, however, as my son was on writing some book which should be, from its subject, and from the labour bestowed upon it, a book of permanent value, it may be doubted, I think, whether he would have committed himself to this project had he seen from the first the extent of the field to be explored, and the difficulties in the way of bringing it under due culture. Thoroughness in what he undertook was so completely the habit of his mind, and the sense of being able to realize it was so necessary to pleasure in his work, that the enormous labour requisite to such an accomplishment of his task, had it been all foreseen, might well have deterred him from committing himself to it. Such severe and continuous effort would probably have appeared to be hardly compatible with the official duties of another kind to which he had bound himself. But every new disclosure of difficulty saw him more and more committed to his object. If at all disposed to look back, so much had been done that judgment, and even conscience, seemed to say—it is too late. So point after point was gained, until the entire literature and analysis of the theme were at his command.

In the autumn of 1854, an event happened which threatened to increase this conflict between the claims of a pastorate and those of the press. My son consented at that time to preach to the congregation in Glasgow so long the charge of the late Dr. Wardlaw. The church invited him to become their pastor. It was natural that he should be gratified by such an expression of confidence coming from such a quarter. But he saw, upon reflection, that it was in scarcely any view desirable that he should comply with the invitation. Not to mention other considerations, his physical strength, which had not been equal to his position in Birmingham, would have been far less adequate to the services that would be demanded, and very naturally demanded, from the man who should fill the vacant pastorate in Glasgow.

It was at the close of this visit to Glasgow that my son's health so far gave way as to occasion much painful apprehension. At Manchester, on his return, he suffered much from pain in the side. Before he reached Birmingham the pain had greatly increased; and the attack proved to be pleurisy. This form of malady was soon subdued. But the patient was reduced to a state of great weakness, though care had been taken to avoid either bleeding or blistering. Two months passed before he felt equal to his official duties.

In a letter to a friend at this juncture, he writes:—

Many thanks for your long letter. It is easy for me on the shelf to write letters, but when I was in the vortex, as you are, to write a letter of that length to any one would have been a strange work for me. I have enjoyed it, and the friendship it involves, and long all the more that you could be here with your hopeful words and strong buoyant faith to speak a word in season to one apt to droop now and then. I never so realized before how life hangs by a thread, or had my hold on earth so shaken, as though a weed had been loosened in its roots by a vigorous grasp and movement, though not uprooted. The possibility of my constitution degenerating rather than strengthening, and having, it may be,

but a year or so, or a few years more to live, brought me to feel how much I have yet to do in acquiring perfect resignation, happy submission to any will of God, and complete escape from the fear of death. Toward these things I struggle.

I cannot but be thankful that I have worked so hard, and as good as written my book. The mundane element in me says you would leave that behind at least as a trace of your existence. And it is a mercy not to have been taken away in early life, before tasting what God's goodness has made life to me. Now I have richly feasted on all this, in wife and children, and friends, and active work among my fellows. Yet do not imagine from my writing this way that I have serious symptoms remaining. I am to all appearance completely recovering, have strength and appetite, voice deep and full, not a taste of pleurisy or consumption there, and so on. But having had a narrow escape (for there was much more danger than I thought) it strikes a chill and overshadows all about you. Yet why not reason the other way, and say—spared so far, I am surely reserved for more service.

It should be added that this more serious illness had been preceded, through years past, by frequent intervals of lassitude, and in the winter of 1851-2 by considerable indisposition. Still, as no pulmonary ailment had ever been known in the family, it did not occur to us to suspect danger in that form on any of those occasions. But on seeking further medical advice in the spring of 1855, it was found that the tendency, at least, to disease in the throat and chest, was such as to require that the patient should submit himself to restraints quite incompatible with the continuance of his office as a minister. In the summer of that year he resigned his pastorate. The people of his charge were reluctant to accept his resignation, and would have preferred waiting for a time to see the effect of rest, change, and means. But their minister could not hope that any such restoration awaited him as might consist with his continuing in a position so responsible. If he should ever become a preacher again, it must be, he felt assured, in some edifice very unlike that he was relinquishing, which was large enough to accommodate some 1600 people.

The following is his report concerning his last sermon in Birmingham :—

June 25th, 1855.

MY DEAR FATHER,

Last night I preached my last sermon. Though it had only been announced the previous Sunday, there was a tremendous attendance. I had the service introduced for me, and so had only the sermon and concluding prayer. I was not, therefore, so much exhausted as I had expected ; and in spite of many wise shakings of the head, as to the injudiciousness of attempting anything so trying, I have I think received no mischief.

People, generally, say I am looking better. I have now considerably increased my doses of cod-liver oil. The expressions of affection and sympathy with which I meet on all sides are highly gratifying, and especially the warm thankfulness of those to whom I have been of spiritual benefit. I think my ministry, though not of the kind calculated to fill quickly a large place, has conveyed a very large amount of instruction, lodged much right principle in the mind, and to a large class among the young been of very great service. If I have not shaken many stubborn souls, I believe I have won many wavering, and directed many anxious ones.

So now my ministerial work is done. At least I am not to be longer distracted by two objects perhaps incompatible. The physical nature requisite for a great speaker I have never had; and as preaching, even within a subordinate measure, is now denied me, I give myself to the vocation of the pen. Thirty-five is frequently a great turning-point in the constitution. If spared and improving up to that time, I may have life enough left to do something yet.

I have now ordered the *Examiner* again, and will send it you this week.

Your affectionate Son.

I take the following from his diary of the same day.

My last sermon preached last night. I enter on a new career; whether to be long or short, bringing with it duties peculiar to itself; with trials, dangers, pleasures, altogether its own.

I commence another period with prayer. May I more fully do, more patiently bear, the will of God in my new than in my past vocation. May I be thankful, trustful, uncomplaining, self-denying. May I remember the serious lesson taught me, that mere knowledge is indeed a vain thing without the health and spirits to use it. I could afford to part with much—indeed have parted with much I have known—it would be well exchanged, were it possible, for more vigorous health. At least, however, I trust life may be spared me to issue one

sign of my existence in the shape of my book. And I am happy to know, by the signs of good I have seen, that my existence already has done much good. That the world is a little the better for my being in it.

A few extracts from his diary during his last two or three years in Birmingham will enable the reader to judge of the manner in which he employed his time, and also of his habitual religious feeling.

February 18th, 1853.—Well says Bulwer—courage—true courage—is patience—the fortitude which can resist—which bears up and holds on against temptation, and in spite of difficulty. True genius, instead of sighing and sonnet-writing about adverse circumstances, unfavourable position for development, does what is to be done, and works and waits. It is the false which bemoans itself and complains of destiny.

The great thing is, that a writer should do his work, not thinking of the fame and issue mainly—save as such success is necessary to its usefulness at all—but of the work itself, and of Him to whom he does it, to diffuse certain right thoughts and right views among men, a contributor to the good influences of his time, and as helping them in blessing all time, though himself forgotten.

Reputation—consider it, soul of mine, not as the end, but as a means of sowing right thoughts and feelings among thy fellows. Strive towards power over the thoughts of men—power that may be solemnly used as in God's sight, as being a faithful steward for His glory. Have I a brain that must be busy, a will in this direction which—with all my vacillation elsewhere—has been, and is, unconquerable? Let me pray to use it with reverent lowliness of heart, as a talent committed to me, fearing to waste or to misuse it, to allow any corner of the estate to lie waste, or any wain of its harvest to pass into the enemy's hands.

March 18[illegible].—How much to be thankful for. Health and happiness. Conscious progress. May I diligently use, thankfully improve so many mercies!

A good week's work. Up at half-past six every morning this week, and written, indeed, a huge quantity of the article on Madame Guyon—as good as finished the forty pages of print.

March 24th.—Worked hard Monday and Tuesday, revising the Guyon; inserted some three pages of improvement in the middle. Finished it at half-past eight Tuesday night. Yesterday out all the morning. Holiday in the evening. This morning, what left of it, to classics, as I robbed that branch of Monday morning.

December 20th, 1853.—A blank from various interruptions—morning lateness—loss of spirits and of interest in any kind of work. The year seeming about to close under the very same cloud under which it opened. L—— suffering (his wife) that fearful pain, and all things overshadowed by it. Alas! how little I have learnt. By this time this has recurred often enough to have taught me to bear it better. But I fear I do not—no elasticity. What would brace, however painfully, some natures, does but unman mine—so much is the feeling of the hour the master of the will. Yet let me hope that as we pray for the sanctification of sorrow, it has not come in vain. It is good surely to be put utterly out of conceit with what seems at other times so attractive, to see the vanity of nourished ambition, and how the banner on the house-top is nothing with horror at the hearth. May a Father's blessing sanctify this and all our trials, that we may together sing in an endless morn of light.

January 9th, 1854.—After a visit to Manchester and safe return, L—— better than this time last year, myself better than Sunday and yesterday. Blessed night's rest. Proceed to inaugurate the work for some ensuing months amidst praises. May I be found striving towards that Christian *ideal* of what I, in my circumstances, ought to be—with a patient uncomplaining courage, bearing up against hindrances, surmounting trial, singing inward praises for many ever new mercies, husbanding time, not easily provoked, full of interest in the welfare of others, and while decided and firm in my own aims, yet entering into the condition of others, striving towards courage and a modest self-reliance and good hope, and trustful self-abandonment, labouring at this sanctification day by day—the Holy Spirit working in me mightily! So be it.

March 18th, 1854 (his birthday).—Now thirty-one—Saturday evening. . . .

1. Want of methodical regular work—patient seizing of all moments and scraps. I have worked with energy at one time, not at another. This defect lies in my nature, and can only be slowly overcome. But I feel that steady, strong effort must be made, for I have to look back on acres of lost time—dandelion and thistle wastes.

2. So many things necessary—pastoral duties, for instance, and speech-making—have here done but indifferently, with half a heart. I shall try to do all I do with my whole heart, remembering that if worth doing at all, it is worth doing well.

3. Deficiency in steady equanimity. It might be well for all purposes, with a view to correction, to keep a more minute entry here, to register rising times, lost days and parts of days, to calculate my hours more. My health is good—I take exercise—I have no excuse for idleness.

Finally, I have met with much to encourage me. Usefulness at Bath—success of my writings—prosperous state of my church and congregation; and

then, how vast a blessing, through all the year health uninterrupted, no pain. Oh! how much more I ought to have done for God with such opportunity. A year nearer to the question—What have you done with your life and its powers? And what can I say, but God be merciful to me a sinner! Let me live each day more for that day, husbanding every hour. . . . . .

And now, as dusk comes on and shadows fall, I leave this page to go to my sermon. Think, then, thou who art disquieted in vain about little things of the great, and remember that these fingers will be dust under the wormy earth, and this world go on, and the concerns of thy soul with God be all in all to thee!

Thus would he often upbraid himself as doing little, while those who best knew his habits were rather disposed to complain of his hazarding health and life by doing so much. Such, at the same time, was the grateful feeling with which he never failed to review the tokens of the Divine goodness towards him.

In July, 1856, he sought a resting-place for a season at Bournemouth. The genial air of that spot, and his complete freedom from official care and labour, were exceedingly grateful to him. He spoke, indeed, of the pleasure he felt during some weeks, as being too great to last. And truly that feeling was not to be of long duration. Early in September, after a walk only in a slight degree beyond what was usual with him, blood came from his chest. Medical assistance was immediately obtained. The report made after examination with the stethoscope was painful. It gave no hope of cure. It spoke only of alleviation and delay. My son wrote to me as soon as he was permitted. I give the substance of his letter:—

I have been carefully examined this morning with the stethoscope. I have asked Dr. —— to tell me the state of the case without concealment. There *is*, he says, tubercular formation. The whole of the right lung, with very partial intervals of exception, is infiltrated, more or less stopped up. He says I am better than when he first saw me, and that I have been really, and not merely apparently, improving ever since I have been here. The inflammation has been subsiding gradually, and all is now much quieter. I have recovered the effects

of the rupture, but I must expect to have a return of coughing up blood. The milder air of this place, by keeping the lungs freer from irritation, has contributed to the improvement. It is also in my favour that I am no weaker, and that I have no lassitude or general depression.

But all this is so much in favour, not of cure—he has no hope of my ever being restored to ordinary health—but of a prolongation of life. I may live some years, but always requiring the closest watching, and liable to a renewal of a serious attack on the slightest cold. He says I should not go abroad, unless I could be under medical care continually—take a doctor with me for a time. He will endeavour to diminish the evil as far as possible. . . . . .

This is but gloomy news, and promises a speedier close to my career than might have been anticipated. I may still without injury write, as my strength allows—a certain measure of occupation will be good. But my *work* is nearly done—that I cannot doubt. However, I have at least been spared to complete my book, or nearly so—which may serve as an earnest of what it was in my heart to attempt. Many of greater promise have been cut off with even less performance. I hope I shall have strength given me as I need it. Love to all.

In a second letter, a few days later, he writes:—

When the lungs are affected I fear that the general apparent good health is no security that the disease is not gaining ground. I find tranquillity in proportion as I refrain from anticipating improvement, or from fear of growing worse. I have visited too many sick beds of consumptive patients, not to know the miserable history of the way in which they and their relations cling to hope after hope—each one less probable than the last, yet as fondly embraced. 'The doctor says, if so and so can take place.' 'We are hoping much from the warm weather.' 'We think him a little stronger to-day,' and so on, till death comes, and puts an end to the melancholy process. I want to escape, if I can, this wretched clinging to a life which is being drawn piecemeal away. I believe it is possible to obtain a peace which shall be in a good measure above earthly hope and fear—shall tremble no more at a bad symptom, and exult no more at a good one—but shall live in this present hour and in heavenly hope, overleaping the interval between. This I mean to seek, am seeking, and hope to find. In the present I have every comfort, no pain, the tenderest and most assiduous nursing, the means of procuring whatever I really need, and so cause only for thankfulness. If I can only overcome the trial by ceasing to see it as such, and rise above all fear of death, swallowing up that fear in a more heavenly hope, I have nothing more to wish for. . . . . .

Many thanks for your sympathy and counsel, and kind offer. I trust I am enabled truly to follow your advice—ready for the worst, hoping the best.

Surely, after a life of so many mercies, it would be sinful for me to complain of its abridgment sooner than I expected. And what multitudes at this very time are cut off in the prime of early life amidst the horrors of war!*

The day when this medical report first reached me was the darkest day in my history. This stroke came not on the branch only, it seemed to descend to the centre of the root. I felt that the severance threatened left my very nature poor. It was not so much an outward object as myself, my better self, which seemed to be passing away from me. Hopes cherished through half a life fell like a faded flower. Untruthfulness seemed to have come into the memories of the past. The visions of the future vanished. The void produced a heart-sickness such as men do not put into words. But the son did not charge God foolishly, and I trust the father did not. We had both been made to know in whom we had believed.

In a week or two the effects of the illness at Bournemouth seemed to pass away. My son then removed to the neighbourhood of London. The advice obtained in the metropolis, though confirming the previous report as to existing disease, gave him hope, not only of alleviation, but of probable cure. It was natural that both himself and his friends should be disposed to welcome this view of his case, and in some degree to confide in it. The treatment which was then commenced was extended through the next two years. The patient was scrupulously observant of all the means prescribed

* Writing to an esteemed friend at this juncture he says :—'I am able to do a little at writing, but I try to sit loosely to everything, and to reach that *sainte indifférence* which my mystics counsel. I am rather tired of trying to know, and knowing so little after all; the passion for knowledge is strangely quenched within me—it seems no use, and as fact recedes imagination brightens. I have never laid long plans, and so now I have none broken; and I was always impatient to do what I had to do *to-day*—a wise impetuosity as it turns out.'

for him. At times the unfavourable symptoms seemed greatly to subside, and the hopeful view concerning the future seemed to be greatly sustained. But these brighter intervals were followed by others of a different complexion. Still, during the greater part of this space of time, the hopeful seemed to preponderate, and the invalid showed himself capable of a considerable amount of literary effort.

The printing of the *Hours with the Mystics* began in August, 1855, but was not completed before February, 1856. In that interval many of the later portions of the work were carefully revised, some parts being abridged, others expanded. The work soon obtained the kind of recognition from the press, and from the public generally, to which it was entitled. Deep and fervent was the gratitude of the author to that Providence which had allowed him thus far to mature the fruit of so much labour.

During the first six months after leaving Bournemouth my son resided in St. John's Wood. The next six months he passed with friends in different places. He then engaged a house in Alexander-street, Westbourne Park, London, which was his home until October last.

Of his mental history during these last two years of his life the best evidence is furnished in his writings which belong to this period, in his letters, and in entries made in his diary. The articles contributed by him to the *British Quarterly Review* during this interval were on Lewes' 'Life of Goethe,' 'The German Courts,' 'Piedmont and Italy,' 'John Tauler and Middle-Age Mysticism,' and on the 'French Romances of the Thirteenth Century.' To these may be added a paper in *Fraser's Magazine* on 'Art and History,' and many shorter papers and criticisms. The following extracts are from his diary:—

December 23*rd*, 1855.—Christmas time—Sunday evening. Here I take the opportunity of recording the great goodness I have received. To be so well as I am in circumstances so critical—the affection and the sympathy about me—the possibility of our united enjoyment of this season. Pursued, too, by the still unquenched affection of friends left behind at Birmingham, as though to remind me that the bygone preaching and old work have not been in vain.

I call to mind His coming to our earth, entering on this life, and living through life—our life for us—up to about my very age. With us always, to make the victory ours. May I follow his self-devotion. May he raise me above fear of pain and dying, conquering me, and help me now to yield myself up freely and cheerfully as He bore His cross, to whatever is the Divine will. Oh! perfect in me Thy 'Not as I will but as thou wilt.' Who am I that I should expect all to go well with me and have nothing adverse. I must work the works of Him that sent me while it is day; the night cometh when no man can work. If our work is that of Him that sent us and not our own, we shall be continually committing it to Him, and not be dwelling on its possible after benefits or ultimate issues. We should do it as those who have but *one day*, and know they must in a few years lay by their tools. Blessed be He who made His life *human* to make ours *divine*.

December 30*th*.—Sunday—last of the year. How important to remember that while we are writing our lives in act on the growing page of the past, God is recording our biography—has His lovings and His judgments, His praise and blame—an hourly secret judgment always going on.

Also that God having set us in a certain position, endowed in a certain way, has His idea *of* us and *for* us; that we should try and ascertain what that is—what is our Father's work—our place and purpose in the world between the eternities—the building and the builded.

March, 1856.—Yesterday evening at A. and M.'s. Slept there—home this morning. Great enjoyment. What shall I render? Open wider the door and let blessings more amply in—yea, let Christ the Blessed and Perfect in. So shalt thou express thy thanks. To do this thou must meditate thankfully on thy many blessings, throw off faithless anxieties and fears, forget self, and in this way, while seeking to acknowledge what thou hast received, thou receivest more, and art growing in larger capacity for blessedness. Clear space for happiness.

Heart's syllogism.—We live and move and have our being in God. But God is love. So we live and move and have our being in love.

Brotherly kindness.—'Inasmuch as ye did it unto the least of these.' The members of a household, the friends with whom you correspond, all your Christian circle, are these members of Christ to serve and make them happier,

to rejoice and comfort them, to save them pain, and give them joy, by love, by cheerfulness, by self-sacrifice. This is to serve Christ. Let thy thanksgiving run out into this—let a fellow-creature, a brother, be happier. Amen. I can make no return to Christ, but I can gratify Him by loving and aiding His own.

April 28th.—At Cliffe. Have been here about four weeks. A season of blessed rest—walks—loungings—quiet, &c. Read Felice's *French Protestants*, *Life of Grotius* by Butler, parts of Beaumarchais and Alison, the *Yellow Frigate*, *John Halifax*. Have enjoyed a goodly cessation from production, till now I almost wish to be at it again.

The more I read of the doom of wrong into which some of the most excellent have been born, the more am I persuaded that what we have to aim at is, not to accomplish any certain thing, to do any certain good, but in whatever position we are placed to make it minister to heavenly-mindedness—to spiritual conformity—this is hearing the Shepherd's voice; so may an abbreviated, maimed, and persecuted life still fulfil itself in bearing, in witnessing, which may be enough for this existence—the rest above. So to be contented, grateful—enjoyment in prosperity, patient in tribulation, making all a help to faith, and a means of drawing Godward, instant in prayer, warm and broad in love, vigilant and strenuous in working, if work be possible, this is to live. So the life will be woven for us by God (suggested by reading Felice).

The fewer mere *wishes*, generally the more *willings*, and to will rather than to wish, is the difference between strength and weakness.

So to mistake *difficulties* for *impossibilities* is the error of the weak. Here lies the difference between those who do *something* and those who do *nothing*.

Most lives are insignificant, not from want of *ability*, so much as from want of *exertion*.

May 15th.—'First last and last first.' Self-seeking forbidden—ambition—mere desire of eminence for eminence sake—the desire of the name as much as the thing—the excess of elation or depression at praise or blame—exacting love of being first in affection, or demanding affection more than is natural, inconsiderately, with calculating jealousy, not radiating love, but bargaining for it as a return. All these are forms of self. Let them be accounted as so many sources of danger and disquiet, as enervating character, above all as littleness inconsistent with the 'High Vocation.'

Let me seek to come up to my *own standard*—to what God has given—to do my best, and leave reputation and success with God. How evidently is this *use* of talent—this faithful diligence, the main thing with Him who appoints as He will the mere adjunct of applause from man, but looks to the heart Himself. Let me pursue with this faithful calmness each growing and successive ideal as duty after duty arises, regarding myself as answerable only to God, and

so living above, not only envy, but ambition too. Beloved Fénélon has perhaps more insight here than I once thought.

I am striving towards an historic style—a narrative that shall mark great phases with a kind of philosophic comprehensiveness, with a selection of vivid detail, grouped chiefly about the great men and real action of the drama—a biographic-representative summary of main features, if possible giving the generalizations in some illustrative or emblematic form, dwelling on individual conflicts, hopes, fears, on dramatic situations poetically coloured. Remembering as minor rules:—

1. To demand as little as possible of the reader.

2. To avoid the abstract and seek the concrete.

3. To characterize by some epithet, when possible, names and places, that they may convey some image to the reader.

4. To aid memory by antithesis and point—repeating foregoing words.

5. Having no sentence too full of ideas. To detain the reader over an idea or illustration, giving it in a succession of sentences, each complete rather than in an involved metaphor, or half-metaphor half-simile.

July 20th, 1856.—Birmingham, Sunday. This morning at chapel once more! I look back on the year since I left—it was just about this time last year when I left this neighbourhood, having preached my last sermon June 24th, 1855.

I call to mind the first glad fallacious weeks at Bournemouth—the writing in the mornings—the sands—then the dark illness-time—and the voice which said so tenderly, *Ye believe in God believe also in me.* Then the London journey on the misty autumn morning. . . . . Seeing this morning the old faces within the old walls, meeting the hands grasping mine, the glad or tearful eyes, the blessing of God in His house, the presence of Christ visible by faith—all these things make me feel hopeful, peaceful, and vigorous. In all these things God is revealing Himself to me as the one unchanging good amidst all changes—my stay and hope—what fulness of mercy—how far better than my fears. Blessed be His name. . . . . What goodness to my darling—to my little ones, sparing and blessing them to and for me, keeping us thus loving, happy, blessed.' Oh, my God, how manifold are thy mercies! Open thou my lips, and my tongue shall show forth thy praise. Draw me nearer to Thyself, and keep me there. How precious the *humanity* of Christ. How near that seems to bring Him, and He took the burden, and bore the pains of life, that we might have its enjoyment. What tender mercy to live in as an atmosphere—the ceaseless nearness of our Lord. Oh for more of His spirit, less of self, more thought for Him—His service—His pleasure. Show it me, oh divine Master, every day.

'Evening. A truly happy Sunday this! Full of mercies. I ask for wisdom

to endeavour to survey my position, to see it as from its true view in God's sight; as to me in a spirit-state, looking down on the earth. It is a place in Christ's kingdom. That kingdom consists in spiritual truth, also in all goodness, all maintaining of truth against falsehood, all that makes men more true, loving, happy, all that contributes to their true well-being, is part of that kingdom. I with my pen am appointed, as by the hand of my Master, to the work of conscientiously advocating and diffusing truth, knowledge, love, against error, ignorance, hate, and misery. God give me patience for the conscientious discharging of this service. May I be a faithful steward, and render my Master His own with increase. God illumine, elevate, invigorate this brain and heart—these thoughts and passions, sanctifying all my nature, giving more and more.

August 3rd.—Sunday afternoon. The other night, lying awake, I reviewed the last ten years of my life. What goodness and mercy! The common lament of lost time, of aimlessness is not mine. There has been no lack of energy in that work to which I set my hand, nor any looking back; but my remissness has been in not living more near to God—defective spirituality. . . . . I wish to set my affections more on things above. I seem to have lived a very long time, and now feel as though I had no particular work to do. Had I health I should be as ambitious as ever; but the uncertainty of life extinguishes such plans. I am in a sense necessary to my own dear ones, otherwise there is little I can do now. I should not find it easy to think of leaving them. But, setting that aside, what are a few more years of this life? To have dying well *over—behind* me not *before*, and life's trial ended happily, would be bliss indeed. But let me not doubt the Son of God. Is death worse in real danger than thirty years of life? Surely not. Have I not been marvellously *kept?* Then I can launch out, I hope, trustfully. Oh, forsake not the work of thine own hands. At least let me live as if living only for each single day as God gives it. My lot at this moment abounds in mercy. Hear my cry, oh Lord, may I be ready when thou comest. This is my duty—the plain duty of my position not to be afraid. I cannot proclaim Christ, cannot actively serve Him, but I am bound to glorify Him by rising above the fear of death. Is not cowardice treason? Fear not then death, saith my Lord. Great words—the power of death is broken! Captivity is captive. May Christ set me free from that disgraceful bondage—fear of death. Thy will be done.

January 1st, 1857.— . . . . . O Lux mundi! da mihi lucem! Multa in uno precor—da mihi sapientiam. Grant me this year with more of self-forgetful wise-heartedness to fulfil my duties towards those about me—to repair some of my numerous hiatus valde deflendi—to rise to a higher character—to reach a better point to start from at death for the eternal progress of thy world above.

More calmness, patience, capacity of suffering—how? by more of Thee! and by diligent *action*.

March 18th, 1857.—(His last birthday.) Now thirty-four years old. How mercifully spared! Christ is Providence to me—the hand pierced gives me this continuance of life. My *Life* gives it me. He will animate it—He will, as I pray, make me bring forth more fruit, true Vine that He is! For this He died—for this very purpose, that, whether we wake or sleep, we should live together with Him. How precious is that humanity to me. How it enables me to realize Him—the wondrous, far beyond and above, yet mine, and every thirsting needy soul's. Unimaginable, inconceivable love and wisdom!

It should be stated, that in these diaries there are entries which show that they were not expected to pass into other hands—that the object of the writer was simply to become by this means more deliberately observant of his own mental habits, with a view to self-improvement. It will be seen that the character presented in these private records, and in his letters to his friends, is the same, and all who had personal intercourse with the writer will be prepared to say, that the information derived from these sources conveys but a very inadequate impression of the charm and worth of his character. During the period under review, two sonnets were written by him on the words 'Our Conversation is in Heaven,' which deserve a place here.

'OUR CONVERSATION IS IN HEAVEN.'

I.

As one who hears that some long-parted friend
Hath among strangers died, and left to him
Some far-away estate—doth often send
His curious fancy and surmises dim
To that faint distant land of alien speech,
Wondering how broad his acres there may be;
Doth sail at length, and that rich island reach,
To find its wide-armed ports and flowery lea,

Its city keys, its champaign, and its towers,
All—all are his, and he is hailed a king!
Thus, O my soul, in thy most heavenward hours,
Musing on heaven, thy best imagining
Is mean and cold to what thou soon shalt see,
When Christ from thence shall say—Now rest thou here with me!

II.

As frozen men, within the Arctic snows,
Mimic with roofing on their ice-locked deck
An English house-top, and among the floes
Forlornly prison'd house;—a sable speck
Mid bare and boundless whiteness;—as they muse
On English Christmas and the hearths of home,
On all the meeting mirth and love they lose;—
As, in the skies, they watch the fiery foam
Of the wild northern lights, and think how cold
Their far-flung splendours to the joyous light
Of that long-sunken sun they loved of old;—
So to our yearning through life's wintry night
Seems earth's delight,—so wan, so soon it flies,
Beside the home and sunshine of the skies.

There are also two letters addressed to his friend, the Rev. H. R. Reynolds, of Leeds, that should be inserted in this place:—

May 29, 1856. Clifton.

MY DEAR REYNOLDS,

I rejoiced in receiving your letter. It was very good of you to write among the fatigues of travelling, and with doubtless a good many expectations to satisfy from those desirous of hearing from you. W—— sent me a copy of the letter you wrote to your church from the Nile. An exquisite piece of writing in a literary point of view, but it possesses far higher qualities, and was as a pleasant song to my soul: it did me good, it was deep and true. That idea of the scanty receptivity of our unbelieving hearts for the fulness of the divine blessing—in whatever form, sank into my thoughts among inward responses, and has a shrine and chapelry of its own to this hour. I hope your strength has much increased since you wrote. May you come back in vigour. I imagine your impatience to be doing something once more. But I dread preaching in East Parade Chapel for you. If you can take to the pen as a help, without

having to lean on it for sustenance, do. It is true the pulpit now, more than ever, needs first-rate occupants, or the press will displace it still farther—but that duty rests with men of lungs untouched. I much long to see you. I have been here a month; have not advanced, but certainly not receded, in general strength—feel even vigorous, physically; but the extremely damp weather is against me. I pine—a prisoner of clouds and vapours—for the loving sunshine. I have been writing a historical paper, not of any research, but of generalization rather, besides reading classics in a desultory manner. My future is altogether on the lily and sparrow footing. I never did look forward far—now less than ever. I have no dissipated day-dreams to mourn over, for I have never indulged them. I think I now reap the benefit of having always concentrated my mind on present action—working after my own standard—and leaving the future, and all the accidents of reputation, to be wrought out for me somehow. I think what I have done has realized quite as much success as it deserved, and in some respects much more than I had ventured to anticipate. My wife cordially responds to the kind wishes transmitted by yours.

I shall probably be here for nearly another month, unless I run up to town for a few days. I shall have the more inducement so to do if I hear that you have arrived in London. Cura ut valeas.

Thine, most truly,

R. A. VAUGHAN.

Aug. 30th, 1856. Harborne, Birmingham.

MY DEAR REYNOLDS,

I am very sorry to hear that preaching has proved too much for you. It seems much more mysterious to me that you should have been so arrested, than that I should have been laid aside. But how little do we any of us know! At least thus much we may conjecture, that when the very organs requisite for speech remain seriously affected, it cannot be designed that we should be useful by preaching—we receive as plain an intimation as any spoken words can give—do something else, I appoint you to another work—or, it may be, to simple patient resignation. However, this is not the only world in which there is active service to be done. Sometimes in depression, and when not so well as usual, I feel as though my life were quite wound up—as though I had done all I was to do—could not count on the life or energy requisite for any fresh undertaking—and were without any purpose or aim of interest in life. Speaking being impossible, and writing, as I would, out of the question, there seems nothing more, except to live from day to day, without looking forward a single step, doing what little I can immediately, and awaiting the future. Then, again, at other times I feel as if there might be some years of life

and worthy labour yet in store. I have taken a house in London, but I can scarcely conceive of myself as actively employed in a home of my own again, and in working order. I look back much more than forward, and enjoy over again the manifold mercies of a life which has been exempted from the heavier calamities of humanity. The wet weather here, in a place very beautiful but somewhat damp, has been against me; but the last two days I have felt much better; I have still more cough and expectoration than I like. My sleep is good, and strength not lessened, certainly, varying much with weather—or, at least, so I fancy. Except at the upper lobe, I think the right lung now works nearly as well as the left, a result which I can only attribute to the practice of inhaling, which I still continue.

I am delighted with your praise of my book. . . . . I think there is full ground for your remarks. The necessity I felt myself under of criticising as I went along, has given more prominence to censure than praise—since the former is at once more specific and varied, from the nature of the case—while the admirable spirit of many of the mystics personally is indicated in more general terms. The result seems to me such as to induce readers to suppose me less charitable than I really am perhaps. Those who read so attentively as you, however, will perceive where the notes supplement the text, sometimes very materially. Now I must go out and enjoy the sunshine. I leave this neighbourhood early next week. . . . . Pray let me hear of your plans, as far as you can form them. I should have great faith in your case in the effect of a total abstinence from any exertion of the voice; but I am afraid, where the lungs are even touched, that speaking is as though a man should insist on walking several miles a day with a gouty leg, and expect to get better under the aggravation. My wife is with me here; joins me in kind remembrances to Mrs. R., and the best wishes for yourself.

I abide, my dear Friend,

Most truly yours,

ALFRED VAUGHAN.

The next letter is of a somewhat later date, and was written to an old college friend, now a clergyman, for whom my son had always cherished an affectionate esteem, but from whom he had been separated, in the course of providence, for some years past. In requesting that the autograph letter should be returned to him, Mr. Paterson says:—

'It is now one of a few, and because few, very precious relics, of

'a friend whose friendship, though of many years' duration, was 'never clouded by the expression, nor, so far as I know, by the 'existence of one feeling of irritation. He is gone young in years— 'but for *him* we may not lament the dispensation—for assuredly he 'was not only mature in intellect, but rich in grace. I delight to 'think of him as one of that 'blessed company'—the church 'above—to the perfected love and friendship of some members of 'which I love to look forward, if, by God's grace, I may be found 'worthy to attain to it.'

March 5, 1857.
19, Alexander-street, Westbourne Park, W.

MY DEAR PATERSON,

I can't send you so long a letter as I should like to do, for desk-work is not good for me, and I have rather too much of it as it is. With a million things to say, I cannot but hope all the more that in some way we may see each other before the year is out. If I go to Manchester in the summer we will try. I like the picture of your blessed useful life; mine is as quiet, though I am not doing so much good. Here, in London, as I am, I am still secluded, for I can never go out in evenings. My long morning is generally given to writing, the evenings to reading—sometimes to writing too—which is not always wise. Now and then I get haunted by what I am doing—pursued by it—and then it is time to stop. Though my disorder is of the lung, too much brain-work brings on hectic symptoms; but, considering the extent of the injury —nothing less than a considerable cavity in the upper part of the right lung— I am wonderfully well. I shall certainly be glad for you to see my book, which will tell you as well as any letters what my employments have been for the last few years. It was written in the midst of preaching, and pastoral duties of all sorts, or it would have been perhaps less fragmentary. Don't you remember what heaps of poetry I used to send you for criticism in our Shelley days? I hardly ever write a line now, yet I am happier than I was then, in spite of time, for the deep peace of domestic happiness is far above the restless ambition of youth. One source of the disquiet of youth is the being unable to make one-self out, and know what one can or cannot do. Now time interprets ourselves to us, and manhood, having accepted the interpretation, is at peace. Then, too, one gets a truer, larger view of life, and the morbid passion for distinction is elevated into a desire to do one's best in the appointed place. This is the true

repose—the union of serenity and effort—as distinguished from feverish ambition on the one side, and mere artistic Goethe-like self-enjoyment on the other.

The sermon is in one aspect a high walk of art, but, as you say (and as I found), too commonly a hurried composition. And after all it is the matter and not the style that is the main thing—meaning by style, mere graceful sentence-turning. I have been reading with much pleasure some of Archer Butler's sermons—a wonderful man for his years.

In many respects I am but ill-qualified for the pastoral office—the practical quickness which understands, manages, comforts, instructs personally some hundreds of one's fellow-creatures, of every age, station, and variety of character,—in this work I was only to a moderate extent successful, and all I did was done by no wisdom or knowledge of mankind or adroit discernment of character, but simply by kindness and sympathy; and important as these things are, they are by no means all—leave a great deal undone of rougher work, and are still more inadequate when associated, as in my case, with a certain shyness, deficient self-confidence, and want of conversational fluency. But in the study and among my books, 'my bosom's lord sits lightly on her throne,' and I have it all my own way of course, for real hard work is my delight. In this way, though nothing but death itself staring me in the face, as it did, would have persuaded me to relinquish my sacred duties, now that the blow has come, I cannot deny that my present occupation is very congenial to my natural tastes. And, indeed, there are plenty to supply my place.

With our united kind regards to yourself and your wife, whom I hope I may know, and you mine, before so very long,

I am, my dear Paterson,

Your affectionate Friend,

R. A. VAUGHAN.

The reader will not be insensible to the tone of subdued pathos which pervades this letter. The name of the friend to whom it was addressed had been intimately associated with the young and cheerful days of the past. The realities of the future had now come into the place of many of its dreams. Much there was in the circumstances of the writer for which his Christian heart could be grateful, in which he could be even joyous. But in looking back to those departed years, the path was seen to be strewed with hopes and wishes, which, like faded flowers, were never to blow again. It may

be well that much of the fondness of those early days should die out, but it was pleasant to have possessed it, and who can think of it as gone without emotion? In such retrospects there may be a melancholy thoughtfulness without sin. But the man had learnt something who had become convinced that happiness is best found in labour prosecuted for higher ends than mere fame on the one hand, or mere self-enjoyment on the other.

From the spring of 1857, when the above letter was written, to midsummer, my son's health could not be said to be improving, rather otherwise. In June he arranged to spend a quiet six weeks or two months in Germany, mostly in places near the Rhine. The relaxation and change seemed to be highly beneficial to him. But, on his return, evil tidings awaited him.

His eldest sister had married Dr. Carl Buch, who had become Principal of the Government College at Bareilly, in Upper India. Since Christmas, 1856, his youngest sister had been resident in that place with the eldest. Before returning from Germany he had been informed that his sisters had been sent, with other ladies, to the hills, as there was room to fear that the Sepoys at Bareilly might follow the example of the mutineers at Meerut and Delhi. Those fears were too soon realized. The Bareilly rebels spared no European that fell into their hands. Dr. Buch was reported at first as among the missing. For a time his friends, who knew his alertness and courage, seemed confident that he must have escaped. But in August the news came that several civilians had been seized in Bareilly, and murdered, and Dr. Buch was one of these. Dr. Buch had been a student with my son in Lancashire and at Halle. The tidings concerning him, and the anxiety felt by my son as to the possible fate of his sisters, so affected him, that in the night after the day on which this shock came he had a new attack of

hemorrhage. Under careful treatment even these symptoms seemed soon to subside. But the disturbance had been mischievous. It left a greater difficulty of breathing than had been hitherto experienced.

This form of ailment increased as the autumn advanced. On the morning of the 23rd of October my son suffered so much from this cause, and from pains in the side and chest, that the physician was sent for in much haste. The means used were for the time successful. During the greater part of that day, and of the following Saturday and Sunday, he seemed to be recovering. It is now known that for some time past he had been looking upon his life as not likely to be of long continuance. But his conversation on the days mentioned was for the most part cheerful, giving no indication of any sense of immediate danger. He continued in bed, but in a sitting posture, and was employed through much of both those days in reading, and even in writing.

But about seven o'clock on Monday morning the difficulty of respiration felt on Friday returned. The pain in the chest and side did not recur. The diseased lung had now become so charged that without relief in that quarter the issue threatened to be serious. No such relief could be given. About two hours after this seizure had commenced, the sufferer, on being reminded of the goodness of God, which had helped him through so much, replied, with emphasis—'Yes—God is very good.' These were all but his last words. He said soon afterwards, but with much calmness of manner, 'This is very like dying.' The rest was silence. During the next half-hour there was often a smile on his face which spoke when the tongue could not, and the last breath passed as a gentle sigh, and all was ended. So his pure spirit came to know, according to his own words, what it is to have that last event 'over;' to have

'death *behind*, and not *before*;' and was summoned to those regions where it becomes a matter of consciousness, and not merely of faith, that 'this life is not our only sphere of action.'

It is not for me to attempt an analysis or estimate of the character of the man whose career came thus to its conclusion. It will be best that I should leave that to persons who may be expected to speak with less partiality, and in some respects from better knowledge. It is with much pleasure that I insert the following letter from William C. Roscoe, Esq., a gentleman whose appreciation of character will need no commendation from me to those who know him:—

Derby, 15th Feb., 1858.

MY DEAR SIR,

I regret that I can furnish you with no materials for an estimate of Mr. Vaughan's character and labours at the time when they were fully matured and most important. During the time he was at college in London I was closely intimate with him; afterwards, however, distance of place, and difference of pursuits, made our opportunities of meeting very rare; but the warmth of friendship I entertained for him certainly never abated, and my profound esteem was gaining strength up to the time of his death, as I gathered from those few interviews I enjoyed, and from his occasional letters, how consistent and persevering his noble and self-devoted life was, and learned from a wider experience how rare and valuable such a life is.

In his college studies he was chiefly remarkable for completeness and conscientious thoroughness in all he undertook. He had plenty of works of supererogation, but he *never* failed in what he sought to know. Whoever else failed, Vaughan might always be depended upon, and in any emergency the Professor would appeal to him with a confidence which I never remember to have seen disappointed. His mind took a far wider sweep than the ordinary college routine of subjects, and the range and accuracy of his knowledge in every branch of inquiry he took up were remarkable. His grave steadfastness of application and untiring industry were even then, I believe, based on a profound sense of religious responsibility; a feeling which grew deeper as his life advanced, and led to that entire and unsparing devotion of himself and all his faculties to the service of God, with which not only his duties as a minister of religion but all his other labours were discharged. Hence, nothing was unimportant to him, and all he did was done thoroughly and conscientiously.

All this was accompanied with an unfailing cheerfulness, an ease and simplicity of manners, and a genuine cordiality that made him a most delightful companion. No man's society was more prized and more enjoyed in the brief intervals of leisure he allowed himself. His acquirements, his independent thought, and his lively imagination, made his conversation valuable; but to his enthusiasm on serious matters he added a liveliness and a quick sense of the ridiculous, and a genial mirthfulness which we then valued, probably, more than his higher qualities. His hearty and contagious laughter seems still to ring in my ears. He was devoted at that time to poetry, and the small volume of poems he published soon after leaving college remains to show how much fire of imagination he possessed; and when he found his vocation in another direction, this faculty still remained to give brilliancy and graphic force to his prose writings. I wish I could describe him better, and give a fuller idea of the manly self-sufficiency and breadth of character he possessed, the trustworthiness and purity of his heart, and the affectionateness of his disposition; but I cannot, and must be content with these few inadequate words of description. None of those who knew him in those early days but must have heard of his early death with the sincerest and profoundest regret; but he, if any man, worked while it was day, and accomplished the task which was committed to him. I believe no more faithful servant ever went to his rest.

I am, my dear Sir, yours sincerely,

WILLIAM C. ROSCOE.

The Rev. Dr. Vaughan.

A letter, which I have received from the Rev. H. R. Reynolds, of Leeds, expresses in strong terms his estimate of my son's capabilities and character, and the reader has the means of judging as to the justice of these representations. The intimacy of friendship in this instance was in the later years of my son's life, not, as in the instance of Mr. Roscoe, in the earlier. This letter, accordingly, has respect to the mind of my son as it was in its later development:—

Leeds, February, 1858.

DEAR DR. VAUGHAN,

* * * * * * *

It is now fifteen years since I was first introduced to your dear son. He was at that time in the senior classes of the University College, London, but was regarded by his junior colleagues with a mixture of awe and affection. He

was known then among us as a man of erudition, genius, and perseverance, but accessible and generous withal, and apparently unconscious of his own superior attainments.

As he and I completed our curriculum at different colleges, and were subsequently settled in the ministry at a great distance from each other, our almost casual acquaintance hardly ripened into friendship until within the last five or six years; during which period some resemblance in our pursuits, and a still greater similarity in the providential discipline to which we were submitted, provoked sympathy, correspondence, and intercourse, the memory of which I shall always guard with sacred gratitude. My only reason for referring to this is, that, although I have somewhat presumptuously undertaken to pen the following lines, it was not my privilege to watch the development of his mind. I knew him best when the fruits of all he had learned, and fashioned, and felt, were ripening in the light of immortality, and God's hand was stretched out to receive them. I knew him best when all the strong and beautiful things that he had gathered in his richly-stored mind were grouped into a glorious order, which gave them fresh charm,—when he seemed to realize the bright and true form of 'la sainte indifférence' of the best of those mystics whose holiness and whose mistakes he had so delicately analysed,—when he appeared much absorbed in the grandeur of that life which he knew to be eternal, and the depth of that love which he found to be the Father's. Much that he said and wrote to me under these circumstances seemed like the footfall of the Messenger that has fetched him away from us.

But you do not require that I should touch on these subjects, and you are setting a wonderful example to those who loved and lament him—rather to study his life, than to mourn too deeply over his death.

It gives me inexpressible pleasure to be permitted to bring just one stone, and lay it by his grave, believing that your hand will polish it, and put it into its rightful place.

Since Alfred left us I have re-read the greater portion of his published works, and looking at them in their fulness, it seems to me that his mind was cast in one of those rare moulds which the Father of our spirits does not often use, at all events I know not where to find his parallel.

There was extraordinary individuality about his style—so that, though he published anonymously, he was almost invariably betrayed. This was not in consequence of any well-known opinions, any crotchet, any oft-used illustrations, any peculiar sweep or dash of his sentences, any of that epigrammatic verbiage, or misplacement of words, or tricks, or great feats of language, by which many of his contemporaries are easily recognised. I may be somewhat blinded by the ong-sustained pleasure of recent communion with his writings; but it seems to

me that they contain multitudes of passages which might be fairly compared with the blaze of Ruskin, or the magic of De Quincey, with the efforts of Jeffries or Macaulay, but there was a subtle combination of feature that he gave to his thought that was peculiarly his own. He wrote with no half-concealed bias, but had a fellow-feeling for great truths, which aided him by an instinctive exercise of all his faculties to find them wherever they were hidden, and 'like a firefly on a flower' he made them seem more truthful by poising over them.

Will you suffer me to enumerate a few things which may set forth what appears to me to have constituted the *individuality* by which we always recognised him?

Perhaps that which struck every reader at a glance was the extraordinary brilliance of his fancy and the affluence of his stores of illustration; for this gave at once the charm of an illuminated manuscript to his productions, for any one who was disposed to study the by-play of his thoughts. He appeared able to lay all nature, history, and life under contribution for this purpose; and he accomplished his task so easily, so freely, so naturally, that his strange similes, and often far-fetched colours, had the look of being fashioned or acted somewhere for his special behoof and advantage; yet a volume of notes might be added to his collected writings, which would afford endless amusement, and include almost encyclopedic information. There is poetry enough in his *Hours with the Mystics* to stock half-a-dozen such poets as we hear of in these days. In the big dreams of Willoughby, in the saucy frolic, the bursting wit, and marvellous eloquence of what he, in his editorial capacity, called 'the distressing outbreaks of Gower,' one feels disposed to say, 'This man was meant for a poet, not a philosopher.' But it should be acknowledged by all, that in his later writings especially, his ample illustrations do not burden his ideas, and never really distract attention from his theme. On the contrary, even when he rose to the dignity of imaginative narrative, he still leaves his thought more distinctly impressed upon the mind than any of the clothing in which he decked it.

But, to my mind, his *power of analysis* was as remarkable as the stores of his fancy were vast; and as Atherton is to Gower, so is the clear definition to the brilliant image; so is the acute division of metaphysical subtleties, or the logical sequence of his thought, to the startling or gorgeous illustration. I remember in his article on 'Origen,' while undertaking to explain to some extent the harmonizing principles in some of the divergent opinions of that great man, he affects to long 'for the shrewdness of a certain naturalist who had discovered a close analogy between pigs and humming-birds.' Whether this would have availed him matters not; he did possess the rare power of analyzing opinions, and discovering their constituents, of classifying their common elements, of tracing

them through many diverse manifestations, of reasoning with great persuasiveness, and robust energy.

Instances of these characteristics might be produced in great numbers; such, for example, as his classification of mysticism in his opening chapters; his review in a note of the five different combinations of Platonism with Christianity; his luminous comparison of the 'reminiscence' of the Platonists with the 'ecstasy' of the Neo-Platonists; his mode of indicating the relation of Tauler to Eckart, of Emerson to the Persian Sufis; indeed, this quality pervades all his writings.

But poetry and analysis, though very often disjoined from each other, or impeding one another's exercise, have not unfrequently been combined in our greatest writers. He added to this combination rare and accurate erudition. His acquaintance with the languages of ancient and modern Europe, with Dutch and Spanish, as well as awkward Greek and defunct German; his classical feeling, and his power of throwing himself back fully into the times whose mental efforts and diseases he prepared himself to chronicle, gave him great advantage; and so we find him, with almost equal ease, composing a letter for Philo and an oration for Ammonius Saccas, sermons for Tauler and conversations between him and Ruysbroeck, visions for Suso and dreams for Santa Theresa; but verifying every sentence by authorities, and often (as I have had occasion to find) condensing into a clear and ringing line the spirit of a dusty folio-page, originally written in the crabbed archaic dialect of a foreign tongue. The extensive acquaintance he possessed with the literature of Europe excites the wonder by what means he could possibly have acquired so much, the joy that he used his stores so felicitously, and the regret that God did not permit him to bring more of his treasures into this earthly temple of His glory.

But, after all, the real combining factor in his mental constitution, and which made him so clearly *himself*, was something more and better than either *poetry*, or *analysis*, or *erudition;* it was his manifest and irrepressible love of truth—*truth* given to us rather than encogitated by us; and in virtue of this love he appears in my humble judgment to have thrown needed light on the relation of revelation to philosophy.

In reviewing so many of those phases and diseases of thought, which verged on, or were developed into, genuine mysticism, in his articles on 'Origen,' 'Schleiermacher,' 'Hypatia,' 'Dr. Tauler,' &c., the 'Theologia Germanica,' as well as in his truly great work *Hours with the Mystics*, he had a delicate task to fulfil, for he was treading on that border region between philosophy and inspiration, where, if anywhere besides in God's Book, the mind of the present generation is disposed to look for the analogue, if not the example, of genuine inspiration. But he traversed the whole country, and, without conceding an iota of his ex-

clusive deference to the inspirations of Scripture, or arrogantly condemning the strong convictions of his clients, he produces an accumulative and resistless argument against the vague claims of any fictitious faculty or semi-supernatural abstraction of the soul, to rise above, or do without, the religion of evidence, of proved fact, of demonstrated and felt appropriateness. He shows how mysticism in all its forms, in trying to 'soar above means, experience, history, and external revelation, ends by mistaking a hazy reflex of its own image for the Deity.' The whole history of the process by which a 'night fell on reason, imagination, memory, and on all our real powers, that an imaginary power might awake,' was repeated so often, that though (to take one of his own profound remarks) 'mysticism has no genealogy,' we see that power at work in every degree of approximation to the faith of Christ, and your son has furnished us with means of combating it in every place. He has worked out this principle as a counteraction, that wherever 'we accept on faith statements which are as yet unexplained, we do so on grounds which the understanding shows to be sound.' Yet at the same time he has with loving and reverent hand followed the principal conclusions of the mediæval mystics, and revealed the beneficent and even reforming tendency of the truth that was in them, separating the chaff from the wheat, and garnering the good seed for our use.

His philosophy acutely defines its own limits, and ever leads him with open arms to receive God's truth, rather than his own. The scope of his task not only allowed him to do this much for the exhibition of the true Divine informant of man, but brought him continually face to face with the actual truths of God's revelation, in their points of contrast with the virtual substitutes which have been proffered. Thus, for instance, he has shown most satisfactorily that an attempt to do without the *human* nature of Christ soon takes THE CHRIST away from us, and that to evade the law of our minds by which we need the external presentation to us of God in man, ends in substituting the mind's creation for the Creator; and he often has occasion in spirit to urge that, whatever system of philosophy renders an 'appeal to others impossible,' confers 'on conscientious differences the authority of conflicting inspirations.' His work is a demonstration of the fact that, if 'know thyself' is to be interpreted to mean 'find in thyself an infallible repertory of needed truth,'—it is replete with all the montrosities of idolatry. He is led on to show that any attempt of humanity to imagine out of its own depths a Christ, and to establish a claim for the Evangelists out of *their* correspondence with *it*, is consequently absurd; as though German doctors could have spun a Christ out of their profundities, if it had not been for the fishermen of Galilee.

I have already expanded this paper to unreasonable limits, or I might most easily have shown the method in which he dealt with the great doctrines of

God, of sin, and of redemption. At every point he was in close quarters, not with denials of these great scriptural deliverances, but with the way in which enthusiasm aped them, or philosophy thought it had solved their mysteries, or folly ignored their special significance, or travestied their momentous import;—but I forbear.

It would have been a pleasing task to have presented a catena of glorious passages—a whole harvest of genial touches, and long lists of rememberable, and I trust long to be known sayings; but this is unnecessary. He rose into eminence at a bound. His genius is as rare as his labour must have been excessive; the bent of his whole mind as reverent as his flight was soaring.

I had occasion to know how kind and generous he was; how willing to guide, how able to teach, and how ready with his stores of information; they were not shut up in notebooks, but always at hand; nor did he seem to have any idea how really great he was. No one who knew him could choose but love him; and when he reciprocated the love, it was like the sunshine and showers of heaven. He is in the Father's house, and we would not have him now away from his home.

I am, dear Dr. Vaughan,

With much respect and sympathy, yours most truly,

H. R. Reynolds.

It will be remembered that my son's connexion with Birmingham extended from 1850 to 1855. During a large portion of that interval the Rev. J. B. Paton, now of Sheffield, was resident near that town, and had ample opportunity of knowing the subject of this *Memoir* both in his private and public relations. I know of no one else to whom I could so well look to give me a satisfactory estimate of my son's position as a preacher.

Dear Sir,

I thank you for allowing me to inform others who are interested in the life of your lamented son, of some of his characteristics as a student and Christian minister, that so they may know him better, whom I esteem it the highest privilege to have known and loved during the last six years of his life. I will restrain every expression of that sorrowful feeling which this task has profoundly revived, though I can only portray, however imperfectly, his character as it is now mirrored and preserved in the liveliest affections of my soul. In order to condense my letter, and to set forth most clearly such facts concern-

ing my beloved friend as may be most interesting, I shall speak of him as a preacher, a theologian, and a Christian.

While a student in Spring-hill College, it was my privilege to attend his ministry for three years, and to hear him as often as my own preaching engagements would allow. I speak not only for myself, but for some others of my fellow-students, when I thankfully acknowledge how much our spiritual life was deepened and quickened by his ministrations of Divine truth. His style of preaching became somewhat altered during these three years, in that he left the more abstruse themes to which his researches as a student often conducted him, and confined himself to the exposition of those grand spiritual truths which were the strength and joy of his own soul, and bore at once upon the religious life of his hearers. In proportion as he drew less from the material of his study, and more from the religious spirit in which he directed his studies, he came nearer to the hearts of his hearers, and spoke to them with greater directness and unction, and awoke gently but irresistibly their holiest feelings by the unaffected earnestness of his own. His sermons during this time gradually partook of a beautiful simplicity and intense spirituality, which adapted them to all classes of his hearers, and clothed them with a quiet but thrilling power, such as I have never felt to attend another preacher.

Recalling the hallowed impressions of these sermons, the memory of which yet lingers with me like that of some divine melody, I would state briefly some of the causes of that marvellous effect which I know resulted in other cases beside my own, from some of his sublimely simple discourses.

In preparation for the pulpit, he adopted what must be the happiest and most useful method when there is a fluent and ready command of language—that of only arranging the order of his thoughts. This preparation, however, was carefully made, and extended to the most minute subdivisions of his plan, and to the most careful selection of illustrations and appropriate phrases. Yet he was unshackled from the burden of repeating a composition, the zest of which had passed away in the writing. The energy of his mind was spent in securing the great points of a sermon—perfection of the plan, even in its details, and richly varied, luminous illustration; while in delivery there was the vivacity of a mind earnestly engaged in communicating by a present living impulse the thoughts over which it had so carefully brooded. For this style of preaching he had uncommon qualifications. His language was abundant and exquisitely choice. They who read his works need not be informed of this. Yet often in speaking, whether it was because it was set off by the grace of his manner or not, there seemed a fulness and rhythmical sweetness in his language, which even the finest passages of his writings scarcely evince. Doubtless, much of the charm of his preaching arose from the simple and almost magical way in which

the fullest and noblest words came to clothe and beautify his thoughts. Sentence after sentence fell from his lips clear and lustrous as crystal, revealing his thoughts in vivid distinctness, and riveting the attention of his hearers by their purity and compact energy. His manner was singularly quiet; one finger of the right hand occasionally extended, and moving with the rise and fall of successive sentences, being almost the only action in which he indulged. Neither did his voice rise and swell under deep passionate excitement. Not that his preaching was devoid of feeling, but his feelings seldom, if ever, in the pulpit, grew to the vehemence of passion.

Gentle and solemn pathos was the prevailing element of his discourses. His sympathies attached him to those themes which were congenial to his modes of feeling—love, pity, sorrow; and in his expression of these he touched at will, with a light or powerful hand, the hearts of all who heard him. Though his manner was so quiet, his power over an audience was indescribable in awakening pathetic emotions. The ballad-like simplicity of his language, the tones of his voice, and the changing expressions of his face, all showed the intense reality of his own feelings, and hence readily communicated them to others. He wanted the stern and stormy temper of the δεινότης, which is supposed to be essential to an orator, but there was a spell in his gentle and natural manner which was as powerful as the most vehement passion, and produced, as do the soft dews of morning and tempered light of day, the most healthful results. His preaching was distinguished by the abundant and happy use of imagery. Often his sermons were a series of pictures; but like his Lord's, his pictures were all brilliant with the light of heaven. Nature and life became transfigured as they were seen to reveal not only the physical but the spiritual laws of God. How often I have heard him, and his expressions yet dwell with me, thrill the heart by a home picture, in which the love of the child, and the yearning care of the parent, were made to typify the Divine relations of God's family. This imagery might have been excessive and wearisome, but for the artlessness and beauty of the language in which it was drawn. I have known no one who in this respect so followed the Great Teacher, whose sermons unveil the hidden things of earth and humanity, that we may see everywhere the kingdom of God which he preached, and whose language is divine in its perfect simplicity.

Those who heard Mr. Vaughan will remember yet one other characteristic which could never be forgotten by those who saw him: I refer to the pure and often seraphic expression of his countenance. When lit up with the ecstasy of holy feeling which his subject enkindled, his face shone with an effulgent light which awed me with its unearthly beauty. They who heard him preach his sermon on John iii. and second verse,—'Beloved, now are we the sons of God,

and it doth not yet appear what we shall be; but we know that, when he shall appear, we shall be like him; for we shall see him as he is'—they will remember the transcendent power with which every person in the congregation was entranced, not only by the words of his mouth, but by the unspeakable love and faith that were shadowed on his countenance.

As a theologian, it is not difficult to ascertain his views from his writings; but it may be necessary to show the rigid watchfulness with which he guarded himself against those theological errors to which his peculiar temperament made him prone. This is the more needful now, because many whose natures are like his, have rushed unthinkingly into those fallacies the snare of which he carefully avoided.

The two classes of mind broadly distinguished as the poetic and the logical must ever exist, and traverse with their differences the world of thought, the extreme of each constituting its opposite poles. The one class, by an instinctive sympathy, seeks out the resemblances that underlie things seemingly different, and presses toward that Highest Principle into which all things may be resolved. The other class marks off, and tenaciously defends, the distinctions that differentiate each individual person and thing. They, therefore, relate to each other as the centripetal and centrifugal forces of the mental world, and in their co-operation hold it in 'the mean' of its proper course. In theology these two tendencies of thought have been most conspicuously developed. Some men of catholic nature, seeking after the essential truth of religion, treat slightingly, or altogether ignore, the separate forms in which it may subsist. They anxiously exhibit the unity among different sects of Christians, and, in doing so, fritter away, as mere trifles, their distinctive creeds and institutions; while others, exalting these differences as the shibboleth of their party, and spending their utmost energy in their defence, overlook and ignore the common basis of the Christian faith. In no age have these opposite tendencies been pushed into more uncontrolled excess than in ours. Every one who knew my dear friend knows that by nature he belonged to the former class. His broad catholic sympathies brought him *en rapport* with whatever truth or excellence might be possessed by any party. His logical instinct was not so apt to seize upon their inconsistencies, nor did it necessitate to his own mind a clear systematized formula of the truth which he believed, and by which all others should be tried.

His sympathy with mysticism, which attracted him to that subject, sufficiently proves this to be the bent of his mind. Yet it is remarkable with what exactitude his sympathies are controlled by his judgment. Against his nature, he cultivated and matured his logical faculty, so that while he acknowledged and venerated whatever was good and true in these mystical doctrines, he was not carried away by that love to a blind acceptance of them. In analysis he was

expert in the detection of truth, and decided on the rejection of the falsehood which was curiously inwrought with it.

He was profoundly convinced that since no substance or essence can exist without form, so neither can any essential truth be really known, unless the formal declaration and embodiment of it be correct. Unless there be this logical completeness, even in detail—for such is the necessity of logic in the presentment of truth—it is only imperfectly known, error is mixed up with it; and hence its moral effects are either diminished or infamously distorted. Often, in conversation with him, has he expressed to me the difficulty he has felt in demanding, as it were, this exact doctrinal statement of his own beliefs, and in applying the test of formal consistency to the doctrines of others. I consider his work on Mysticism to be unexampled from the rigour with which one whose entire soul so plainly accorded with the spirit of Tauler and the nobler mystics, has balanced their creed and exposed its deficiencies. In this work, he set himself a task which disciplined the faculty that he confessed to be his weakest, and so perfectly has he done this that I know not another writer who unites such breadth of sympathy with such a correct and firmly pronounced judgment. From this tendency of his nature my friend was drawn to the study of religious history, in preference to dogmatic or abstract theology. He liked better to mingle with men, and to watch the influence of religion on their conduct, than to define terms and construct creeds, though he confessed the absolute need of the latter study as well as the former. Accordingly church history was the favourite home of his thoughts, and he purposed his *Hours with the Mystics* to be only a preparatory 'study' for a complete history of the Christian religion. To this *magnum opus* his whole energies would have been devoted, had he been spared; and we may faintly imagine from this first effort, a work crowded with recondite information, yet living with the intense interest of a drama, what his grander and later work would have been. That dream which once fired his aspirations, and which, if realized, would have been a sublime monument of his genius, and learning, and piety, has passed away, nor is there one left who can lift his pen to fulfil his plans. He possessed one eminent qualification for his self-appointed task as a religious historian, in his vigorous imagination, which placed him instantly in the scenes and among the men of whom he was reading. This quickness and clearness of fancy gave extreme rapidity to all his mental movements, and also strengthened his memory from the distinctness with which its images were imprinted on his mind. It was this faculty reproducing the past as a present reality, exciting his feelings, and impressing his memory by the vividness of his representations, which enabled him to accumulate his materials with such tact and speed, and to condense them in the bright and breathing pictures of his book. What might we not have expected if the same disciplined

powers had engaged in the sublime work of picturing the entire history of Christianity?

I cannot here portray the private character of my friend; and if I were to do so, I might be charged with representing an ideal and not a real character. So, at any rate, I should have judged Mr. Vaughan's character, had I merely met with it in a description, and not enjoyed the felicity of knowing it by long and intimate intercourse. As regards intellectual power, his books are a true reflex of that exhaustless memory, genial humour, and brilliant imagination, which shone in his conversation as well as in his writings. But there was a spontaneity and alertness in his turns of thought and *naïve* illustrations when engaged in conversation, which exceedingly enhanced their effect. There was no satire, because there was no bitterness in his nature, but humour—quaint, fantastic, happy humour, like Paul Richter's, only more elegant—overflowed his table-talk, and imparted to it the richest flavour. Yet over all his speech and manner there breathed a sacred tenderness, which flowed not from any earthly source, but was the fragrance of a heavenly spirit. His child-like faith in God gave the secret and sweetest charm to his life. His nature, which was trustful, affectionate, and given to meditation, seemed to be ground well prepared for the seed of God; and surely in it that seed so grew and fructified as is rarely seen on earth. He always appeared to me like the beloved apostle, whose head lay confidingly on the breast of Christ, and to whom were revealed the most glorious visions of the Beautiful Future of Christ's Church. The purity of conscience and womanly gentleness of feeling, the enchanting imagination and spiritual insight, the strong trust and ecstatic joy, which are especially attributed to that apostle, were all of them characteristic of my dear friend.

His religious zeal did not indeed take the form of intense practical activity. From physical weakness, and from a feeling of inaptitude fostered by his studious habits, he shrank from that conflict with men which public labour necessarily involves. But his zeal was none the less true. It was the mighty impulse that sustained him in his literary undertakings, and it never failed him. He was persuaded that his study was the proper sphere of his labour for Christ and the Church. The delights of religious meditation were to him infinitely sweet. He loved to bring Christ near to him, and to live, even as St. John would have done, with the assurance that his dearest friend and brother was never absent from him. The one religious theme which engrossed our conversation more than any other was the Brotherhood of Immanuel. To know him as possessing the power and wisdom of God, yet as being our elder brother, was the joy of his soul. To grow up into His likeness was his single desire. And to be with Him, as now he is, in His Father's home, was his abiding hope. To recall these conversations, held through so many years, imparts a joy

unspeakable and full of glory, for his child-like faith, his devoutness, his ardent longings after Christ, are the pledges I hold that now his desire and hope are fulfilled—that he is like unto Him, for he sees Him as He is. I mourn that our fellowship has been suspended. May it be renewed when we both shall see and worship Him for ever, who united our hearts on earth.

I am, yours respectfully,

The Rev. Dr. Vaughan. J. B. PATON.

The malady which came upon my son, and the issue of it as now known, have tended to cast an air of sadness over his history. But it would be a great mistake to suppose that his life was a melancholy one. His heart was too susceptible of gratitude, and accessible to enjoyment in too many forms, to allow of that as possible. He knew more of the lighter literature of our own time, and of past time, than most men who account themselves reading men, and who read scarcely anything beside. To the frequent defects of such literature, both in principle and tendency, he was fully alive. But he knew how to separate the chaff from the wheat, and that it belongs to genius to be often suggestive and instructive in ways which it does not itself contemplate. The gift itself he regarded as eminently divine. He deplored its abuses—but of its uses, whether tending to laughter or to tears, he was religiously observant. It was natural that such a man should have his alternations of feeling; but in general, his reflective habits were no more inconsistent with a genuine cheerfulness, than his exquisite sensibility was inconsistent with a real courage. In domestic and social intercourse his manner was characterized by a buoyancy, humour, and geniality which often seemed to take every one along with him. And with regard to courage—in so far as anything personal was concerned, he scarcely seemed to know what fear was. His writings, if I mistake not, while indicating so much seriousness and tenderness of

feeling, are expressive of as much vivacity and manliness of temper as was compatible with good taste. He had so little fondness for strife, that he certainly would not have committed himself to any broil about matters which seemed to him of small importance. But the thought of shrinking from consequences where great interests were at stake, was no thought to find entertainment for a moment in his breast. His habitual avoidance of every approach towards dogmatism, might lead some men to reckon upon him as a person not difficult to manage. But if the management was meant to make him a party to anything not in the strictest sense becoming, such wise persons were soon made aware of their mistake, and the rebuff administered would not be the less felt from its being tinctured probably with humour, quite as much as with resentment. In truth, he rarely seemed to be more at home than when attempting to show knaves that they were by no means so clever as they imagined. In a letter for which I am indebted to my old and valued friend, Sir James Stephen, there is a reference to that 'keen eye for the comedy of life,' which betrayed itself so often in my son's conversation. But on this point, and some others, I am happy to allow Sir James to speak for himself.

. . . My intercourse with your son was infrequent, and I being an older man than his father, he always when we met chose rather to listen than to speak, and to give me transient glimpses into the wakings of his mind, instead of making any exhibition of them. If I had not read his poetry, his reviews (or some of them), and his *Hours with the Mystics*, I should hardly have been aware of all that was meant by the few, the simple, and the modest terms in which he was accustomed to address me. But from his writings and his conversation, illustrating each other (to his preaching I never happened to listen), I inferred that the bright-eyed, intelligent, and picturesque-looking boy, whom I had so often seen immediately below your pulpit at Kensington, had grown up just to the very bloom of early manhood, rich in a large store of accurate and well-digested scholarship, with rather a keen eye for the comedy of

life, and with a taste which was gaining the mastery over that kind of luxuriance of fancy which so often attends the youth of those whom nature has marked out for future eminence.

I shall never forget the good-humoured archness with which he accepted my protest against some of the embellishments of his book on Mysticism, nor the cordiality with which he received my suggestions for giving a greater unity of design to his future literary labours. He was one of those wise men who welcome even an unfavourable criticism when pronounced in sincerity and good faith, and on whom not even the most insignificant kindness is ever thrown away. If it had pleased God to prolong his life, it is my firm conviction that he would have accomplished the wish which I think I have more than once expressed to you regarding that branch of the Christian church of which both he and you were ministers—the wish, I mean, that there might arise among you some men, who, in the loftiness and depth and compass of their inquiries, theological and philosophical, should forget that they were dissenters from any other religious communion, and should constrain their readers and their hearers to forget it too. He seemed to me formed to add another name to those of the great Nonconformists of the seventeenth and nineteenth centuries, and to throw over whatever he might undertake not a little of that more elaborate polish which the scholars of Oxford and of Cambridge have been accustomed to regard as their peculiar boast.

That so frequent disappointment, by a premature death, of such hopes as these, which seems to be a kind of habit in the providential government of the world, is doubtless prompted by reasons as just and profound as to us they are obscure. It remains for us all to adore them in silent acquiescence. For those to whom these mysterious dispensations bring some of the keenest of human sorrows, is reserved a far more arduous duty—the duty of meek resignation, which I think is imposed more often on the ministers of the Gospel than on other men, that they may learn by their own bitter experience a lesson which it so often falls to their lot to teach.

Ever, my dear Dr. Vaughan,

Most truly yours,

JAMES STEPHEN.

It is even so. Minds often come into this world to raise expectations which the providence that sent them has determined shall not be realized. But in the history of that providence, much of the seemingly unwise will no doubt prove to have been only some

of the profounder forms of the wise. When a mind of much penetration and fervent piety has laboured long in the track of religious thought, and comes to say—'I am tired of trying to know, seeing how little we *can* know,' it may be that the time has come when the imperfect web of the present should be woven into the richer web of the future. Certainly, what pertains to those who are left when such natures are taken should be very plain. Is it not that they should be at their work—careful that their own summons, whether coming soon or late, shall find them THERE?

ESSAYS AND REMAINS

ORIGEN.*

AFTER the capture of Gaza, Alexander the Great marched through the desert to Pelusium, and found himself master of Ægypt. In this country he resolved to build a city which should inherit the commercial greatness once possessed by the fallen Tyre. At the close of a day spent in examining the intended site, he retired to rest, filled with pleasing anticipations. As sleep came on, and his thoughts began to group themselves in that fantastical disarray so common to our dreams, his favourite scheme appeared before him completed. He saw the coast covered with magnificent buildings down to the edge of the sea, so that the blue waters of the harbour seemed to be lying in a basin of marble. Multitudes of vessels were passing to and fro; he heard the whistle and the shouts of the mariners, the rattling of the cordage, the noisy lading and unlading of the merchant-ships, and a thousand other busy sounds. Still he was at a loss to determine on what part of the coast the city stood. It was certainly not on the spot he had selected. While occupied partly in admiring the prosperity and grandeur of the place, and partly in endeavours to ascertain its exact position, his attention was arrested by the appearance of a

* ΩΡΙΓΕΝΟΥΣ ΤΑ ΕΥΡΙΣΚΟΜΕΝΑ ΠΑΝΤΑ. *Origenis opera omnia quæ Græce vel Latine tantum exstant et ejus nomine circumferuntur, ex variis Editionibus, et Codicibus manu exaratis, Gallicanis, Italicis, Germanicis et Anglicis collecta, recensita, Latine versa, atque annotationibus illustrata, cum copiosis indicibus, vita Auctoris, et multis dissertationibus. Opera et Studio Domini* CAROLI DELARUE, *Presbyteri et Monachi Benedictini e Congregatione S. Mauri.* Parisiis, MDCCXXXIII.

colossal figure which arose out of the sea. It was that of an aged man; in his hand he held the well-known trident, and as he came gliding onward, the attendant waves thronged about him with a joyous rippling. After glancing with serene satisfaction at what he saw going on about him, the god of the ocean fixed his eyes on the hero and repeated the following lines from the *Odyssey*:—

'There is an isle
Amid the billowy flood, Pharos by name,
In front of Ægypt.'

He then disappeared beneath the waves; a mist began to overspread the sea; it extended to the city; palace after palace, street after street, faded away, and the king of Macedon awoke. With Alexander, to resolve was to act. He called for his horse, sallied forth, and by the light of the moon reached the locality pointed out by the vision. Before him lay the island of Pharos, a short distance from the mainland, and on either side swept the dark lines of coast, stretching away with a slight curve to the right and left. The eye of the monarch was not slow to discern the advantages of such a position. He remained motionless, gazing on the scene and calling up the time when that desolate solitude should become populous as had been his dream. 'Glorious Homer!' exclaimed he, 'architect as well as poet!' The following day, on the neck of land which lies between the Mediterranean and the Lake Mareotis, the demarcations of the city of Alexandria were laid out with the customary solemnities.

The conqueror soon afterwards gathering his sea of human beings about him, poured the flood over the whole of the East, and dying there, left the world everywhere covered with the tide-marks of his greatness and his littleness. He bequeathed to the Orientals lasting remembrances of the terrible Iskander; to his followers a legacy of contention; but to Ægypt a city destined to become second only to Rome itself. At Alexandria literature and commerce were to flourish long after his great empire had fallen into decay. This beautiful city was thus the Venus that arose out of all that idle foam of conquest.

The Ptolemies spared no cost in adorning their chosen residence. Men of all nations were invited to a share in the privileges of citizenship, and the town was filled ere long with a dense population of Ægyptians, Greeks, and Jews. Every country was laid under contribution to decorate the rising favourite. All books of value that found their way into the city were seized by the government, carefully copied, and the transcripts sent to the owners with a liberal acknowledgment for the exchange. An extensive library was erected near the palace, and in connexion with the Museum, whose groves and porches became the resort of the most distinguished professors in literature and science. The gods of other nations were prevailed upon to bestow even their divinity on this Pandora, and forsook their old abodes to become the patrons of Alexandria. Serapis, yielded up at last by the reluctant Scydrothemis, was transported from the shores of the Euxine and installed in the Serapion, an edifice inferior only to the Capitol in its extent and grandeur. Whatever might have been the faults of the Ptolemies, they were at all times ready to throw their shield over literature, and to lavish treasure on the famous library. Even that monster of cruelty, Ptolemy Physcon, was a munificent patron of letters, and himself an author. In the luxurious Alexandria, Antony and Cleopatra found a fitting place for their memorable revelries. Here it was that he,

> 'Who had superfluous kings for messengers
> Not many moons gone by,'

forgot defeat in feasting his faithful veterans through the night, till he forced 'the wine peep through their scars;' and in decking one last festival with every splendour that love and royalty could bring,—as though to hide the form of coming death with flowers, or to disperse by the brilliance of that artificial scene the gloom that was thickening about him. After the death of Cleopatra, the last of the descendants of Ptolemy Lagus, Ægypt became a Roman province. To the Alexandrians the change was slight. They followed their gains and pleasures as before. Situated as their city

was, the floodgate through which passed all the traffic between the east and west; while that was undisturbed in the constancy of its ebb and flow, Alexandria must be rich; and the revolution which substituted the prætor Gallus for the high-born Cleopatra, put no check upon its growing prosperity.

A traveller in the early part of the third century, on approaching Alexandria from the west, would enter the harbour of Eunostus, passing on his left the island of Pharos, with the celebrated light-house on its eastern promontory. This island was connected with the mainland by a causeway and a bridge of unusual height, beneath which he sees vessels passing to and fro between the harbour of Eunostus and the larger one on the other side. He lands on the spacious quay of Port Cibotus, and proceeding southwards, about half way down the broad straight street which ran the whole width of the city, beholds on his right the Serapion. After ascending its hundred steps, and passing through exterior buildings occupied by the priests and the devotees of the god, he finds himself within a vast quadrangle adorned with porticoes; and in the centre rises the temple itself, in which the massiveness of the old Ægyptian architecture derives new beauty from an admixture of Grecian elegance. In the interior he sees the colossal statue of Serapis, the extended hands touching the walls on either side, the serpent, the symbol of eternity, coiled about him, its head resting on his hand. Here he meets worshippers of almost every creed, for all, except Jews and Christians, adored Serapis. Ægypt raised temples to his honour as the beneficent deity of the Nile, while the Greek and the Roman recognised in him another impersonation of Jupiter, Pluto, or Æsculapius. The traveller would probably feel desirous next of visiting another range of buildings within the verge of the temple—the library, with its 300,000 volumes.* If he mounts to the summit of the fane, an extended prospect presents

* If Cleopatra deposited here the books from the Pergamean library with which Antony presented her, the total amounts to 500,000.

itself. On his right, as he looks towards the south, lie the crowded dwellings of the poorer classes, in the ancient quarter Rhacotis; and beyond them the Necropolis, with its catacombs reaching as far as the coast. Directly in front stretches the Lake Mareotis; its shore next the city forming a second harbour, filled with the vessels that have arrived from the east through the Nile, and the canals which join that river to the lake. More distant, the surface of the water is traversed in every direction by gaily-coloured pleasure-boats, that, with music playing and streamers flying, glide across its blue like aurora-borealis lights over a northern sky. The shores of this little inland sea, covered with vines (the 'Mareotides albæ' of Virgil), are studded with the suburban villas of the merchant-princes. In the line of the horizon lies a dreary expanse of desert, the refuge at first of many a persecuted Christian, and afterwards the chosen wilderness-Eden of multitudes of dreaming Eremites.

Our visitor descends, and quitting the temple, enters the great street extending the entire length of the city, from the gate of Necropolis to that of Canopus.* Passing the Gymnasium, with its porticoes six hundred feet in length, he reaches the eastern quarter of the city, the northern half of which was occupied by the palace of the Ptolemies. Here he enters the Musæum, the residence of the royal society of literati. He sees them walking in the peripatus, or sitting in the shady retirement of the exhedra, discussing their theories in ethics, astronomy, or medicine. In another department of the palace once stood the Bruchion, a library of 400,000 volumes. These were consumed when the ships in the neighbouring harbour were burnt during Cæsar's Alexandrian war. A third division, called the Soma, was set apart as the burial-place of the kings; and here lay the body of Alexander in its sarcophagus of glass. Leaving the city by the gate of Canopus, he has before him

* Ἀπὸ δὲ τῆς Νεκροπόλεως ἡ ἐπὶ τὸ μῆκος πλατεῖα διατείνει παρὰ τὸ γυμνάσιον μέχρι τῆς πύλης τῆς κανωβικῆς. *Strabo.* l. xvii.

the circus for the chariot-races, and in the distance the commencement of the suburbs of Nicopolis, which, with Eleusis and Canopus, formed a chain of towns along the shore.

Such was 'the golden Alexandria,' whose growth the commerce of all climes combined to nourish, causing it to send out its roots and its branches both wide and deep. Not only were the boughs laden with wealthy fruit, but vocal in every leaf, like those of the singing tree in the *Arabian Nights*, with a perpetual song—full no less of gaiety than of riches. All the fowls of heaven lodged in the branches of it. Not a phantasy in religion, not a chimera in politics, or hypothesis in science, but might there soar or flutter, sing its song, or display its plumage. That there should at times be discord in the notes, occasionally much mutual pecking and acrimonious chatter, was not surprising. To the Alexandrians, in their laughter-loving moods, this was delightful. It was all so much in the way of *vive la bagatelle*. The traveller of whom we have spoken might enrich himself with all the lore of the literary and scientific world, without stirring beyond the city walls. He might become initiated in the philosophical Judaism of Philo, and learn to find in Plato the 'Attic Moses.' Large store of fantastical subtilties and an edifying contempt of the body he might acquire from the Neoplatonist Plotinus. Sitting in a mingled auditory of Christians and Pagans, he might be taught from the lips of the eclectic Ammonius Saccas how to patch up a coat of many colours with scraps stolen from every system of philosophy and religion. He might be inducted by the lectures of Clement into a knowledge of Christianity through the gate of the Platonic philosophy. With the Gnostics he might lose himself in a labyrinth of æons, becoming profound in the history of the strife waged by Oromasdes and Ahriman; and achieving the finishing stroke in the subterranean chambers beneath the Rhacotis, become a candidate for admission to the unrighteous mysteries of Serapis.

But he need be a careful observer of the signs of the times, for he treads a soil where massacres and riots are indigenous. The Alex-

andrians were disposed to carry their jests to a length somewhat inconvenient to themselves and others. They were once honoured with a visit from that indefatigable traveller Adrian. He restored them old privileges and conferred new ones. When his back was turned their wit could content itself with no less royal a whetstone than himself and his son Pius. The emperor inflicted no punishment, but in a letter to Servian expresses, with the utmost naiveté, a wish, 'that this city, by its grandeur and riches the first of all Ægypt, were furnished with better inhabitants.' A Caracalla displayed less forbearance. Deformed and imbecile, this prince longed to be thought an Alexander, or a swift-footed Achilles. The *popularis aura*, however, responded from beneath, like the wind among the reeds in the old fable, to the tune of 'Midas has ass's ears.' The enraged prince, in the midst of the festivities with which he was welcomed, gave orders for an indiscriminate slaughter of the inhabitants. So notorious was their proneness to sedition, that, with the exception of the prætor and his retinue, no Roman citizen of rank was allowed to reside among them without a special permission from the emperor. The elements of this miscellaneous population were in contact but not in union. No asperity of prejudice was worn away by the attrition. A thousand gods were worshipped—interest was the one deity sincerely served. The application of this test would instantly precipitate the repugnant particles held for a time in solution. A large proportion of the lowest classes, foreigners, sailors, and needy artisans, were ripe for any outbreak that promised the confusion favourable to plunder. The commerce to which the Alexandrians owed their wealth brought this dangerous evil along with it; thus resembling their own river, that, while fertilizing the country by its overflow, leaves, after subsiding, large tracts of mud which, according to our old travellers, became prolific beneath a burning sun in every species of venomous reptile. In an atmosphere thus charged, the first glimmer of steel was conductor sufficient at any time to attract the whole fury of the tempest,—the shops would be shut, the streets barricaded, the mob out, divided into parties, and

skirmishing in the great thoroughfares, or crowding to besiege the house of some Christian teacher, some wealthy Hebrew, or obnoxious official.

We are told that the seagulls of Abyssinia are wont to baffle the attacks of the hawk by vieing with their assailant himself in the height to which he must soar for the success of his stroke, thus preventing him from attaining that elevation above them which may enable him to make the fatal swoop. Somewhat similar were the later efforts made by philosophy in Alexandria. It was assailed by religion, and it aspired to become itself a religion. The religious spirit of Platonism was drawn forth, arrayed, and eulogized by Plotinus. Founded on his metaphysical system, there arose under the hands of Porphyry and Iamblichus a kind of philosophical church. While Christianity and philosophy were thus weighing in the balance, Constantine threw the sceptre into the scale of the former. Like King Pedro, who disinterred and enthroned the body of his beloved Ines de Castro, Julian afterwards extorted homage from all to the lifeless form of the eclectic philosophy. The unnatural pageantry was soon over. It was left for Proclus to weep over the remains and to pronounce the funeral oration. The reign of Justinian witnessed the complete interment. The philosophical school of Alexandria had become extinct, and there was no apotheosis.

We cannot wonder that the Christianity of Alexandria should have sought in some measure to adapt itself in its turn to the mode of encounter by which it was assailed. He who professed to inculcate the principles of the Christian religion in this city must be no illiterate man. To instruct the children of Christian parents was but a part of his duty. The principal of the catechetical school was constantly called upon either to teach or to confute those who had been educated in every variety of philosophical creed. Pantaenus and Clement, accordingly, were men of learning equal to the demand of their office. With the writings of Plato, and of the later Platonists, they were perfectly familiar. The active mind seldom

fails to evince a strong attachment to those subjects which have long employed its powers. The work of necessity becomes the labour of love. For this reason the philosophy in which the Christian catechist had become a proficient was used, ere long, as something more than a means to an end. The servant was raised to the rank of an intimate associate. Philosophy was not merely the medium through which he reconnoitred the position of the enemy; it was a glass with whose services he thought it impossible to dispense even when Christian truth was the object of his contemplation. This weapon was not only assumed at the cry of assault, and powerfully wielded in the heat of controversy, but worn constantly as a part of the every-day dress. The reproach cast at his rival by Cleon,

ἀλλότρια τοίνυν σοφίζει,

might have been applied to the Christians by their antagonists with considerable justice. The advocates of Christianity thought to secure it from the attacks of philosophy by making it philosophical—much as swimmers have protected themselves against crocodiles by smearing themselves with their grease. It was this policy which furnished vantage-ground to a system like that of Ammonius Saccas, and which became, moreover, the source of much that was corrupt and contentious among the friends of religion themselves.

The pupils of Pantaenus, and of Clement his fellow-labourer and successor, were instructed in a Christianity thus modified by the prevailing spirit of eclecticism. Under their able management, the Christian school at Alexandria was numerously attended. They imparted instruction to their succession of classes in a manner much more familiar and colloquial than is customary with ourselves. Among their younger scholars one might have been distinguished as remarkable for his piety, his thirst after knowledge, and the acute and searching nature of the questions which from time to time he addressed to his superiors. It was Origen.

The childhood of this celebrated person was not without its

tokens of that which was to come. A pious father taught him to commit to memory, daily, a portion of the Scriptures. To him this was no uninteresting task. There must be some meaning in what he learnt beyond that of the letter. This hidden sense he longed to reach. Leonidas, often unable to satisfy the inquiries of his son, admired while he sought to check this inquisitive spirit. There is a well-known story concerning him, which relates, that oftentimes, when leaning over his sleeping boy, as he lay with his breast bare, the father would reverently kiss that bosom as a chosen temple of the Holy Ghost. The instruction of home was early exchanged for that of the school. Origen appears to have attended the instructions both of Pantaenus and Clement, and some years subsequently, the lectures of Ammonius Saccas.*

A time of trial was now at hand. The persecution opened by Severus in the tenth year of his reign made fearful havoc in the church at Alexandria. Its ravages were spread throughout the city, the Thebais, and the whole of Ægypt. Leonidas was thrown into prison. The youthful Origen burned to win a crown similar to that now suspended over the head of his father. He could do and endure, as well as learn and speculate. The enemies now about him cared as little for his most cogent argument as did the spirits in the valley for Christian's sword. But his armoury was not exhausted. Persecution, like the wind that sometimes blows away the tent of the Arab, removed the peaceful covering which had concealed him in his

* According to Huet (*Origenian.* lib. i. § 5), Clement was the sole teacher at this time, having already succeeded Pantaenus. The accuracy of this statement is questionable. Alexander, the schoolfellow and intimate friend of Origen, mentions both Pantaenus and Clement as his masters (Euseb. *Ecc. Hist.* vi. 14), and the account of Eusebius would lead us to regard the mission of Pantaenus to India as prior to his election to the office of catechist, which is spoken of as among the concluding events of his life (Euseb. *Ecc. Hist.* v. 10). It is the opinion of Guerike that Clement was associated with Pantaenus as his assistant, and that both fled from Alexandria at the commencement of the persecution in the year 203, returning thither in 206.

retirement, but displayed an interior bristling with arms, and the hero himself fearless of peril. In vain did his mother exhaust all her powers of persuasion, and with tears entreat him not to cast himself into the arms of this fiery Moloch. She was compelled at length to resort to the more practical expedient of hiding his clothes. We need hardly remind our readers of the letter he wrote at this time to his father, entreating him that he would suffer no thoughts of his family to shake his purpose of being faithful unto death. The good old man was led out to execution, and might console himself with the thought that as the father of such a son he had not lived altogether in vain. The holy cause was bequeathed to no degenerate advocacy. Truly had he judged of the heart which beat beneath that bosom he had been wont to kiss.

The property of the martyr was confiscated. Origen was now left, in the seventeenth year of his age, with his mother and six brothers, in a state of extreme want. A wealthy lady extended her assistance to the widow and her family, and received Origen under her own roof. For a short time he proved, to use the words of Dante—

> 'How salt the savour is of others' bread,
> How hard the passage, to descend and climb
> By others' stairs.'

But he found a companion in his dependence that he liked not—one Paulus of Antioch—a heretic, whom this lady had adopted as her son. Possessed of an insinuating address, and of considerable power as a speaker, he filled the house with an admiring auditory, composed both of heathens and Christians. The new comer was neither to be dazzled nor softened by the light of this popular luminary. The man was a ringleader of heretics, and Origen refused to join with him in prayer. It is not improbable that this want of complaisance cost him the favour of his protectress. We find him soon after gaining a subsistence by his own efforts as a teacher of the Greek language and literature.* As he began to

* Euseb. *Ecc. Hist.* vi. 2.

attract notice in this capacity, many among the heathens who were distinguished for their learning thought it not beneath them to become his hearers.

The persecution was shortly afterwards renewed with increased violence under Aquila, who succeeded Laetus in the government of Ægypt. The teachers of the catechetical school had sought safety in flight. Demetrius, the Bishop of Alexandria, in looking around him to see whom the desolation had spared, could find none so fit as Origen to supply their place. Accordingly, the stripling of seventeen was raised to the post of eminence in the very height of the danger. Nor did he quail. Among the friends of the accused, Origen was the most conspicuous. He stood by the side of the martyrs during their trial, supported them in the dungeon, and accompanied them to the place of execution. Eusebius gives the names of six of his converts who suffered martyrdom. His life was repeatedly endangered by the fury of the populace, and he was compelled incessantly to change his place of residence. All saw in his escape a something miraculous. The meetings of the school were held in his house, and, notwithstanding the persecution, the number, both of hearers and proselytes, continued to increase. The instructions he had given in letters were now discontinued, and he resolved to devote himself for the future to his growing duties as catechist. A library of ancient authors, which he had been enabled to retain in his possession, he sold, the purchaser agreeing to pay him four obols (about fivepence) daily for his support during several years. The day was occupied in teaching, and the greater part of the night in reading. His fasts were protracted, his slumbers short, and his body systematically inured to the severest privations. He abstained from wine and every delicacy, seldom wore shoes, and slept most commonly on the bare ground. Of him it was true, as Eusebius justly remarks, 'that he taught as he lived, and lived as he taught.'

In this energy of the will, this resolute endurance and self-sacrifice, commonly lies the secret of greatness. All great men might bear for their device, with the black knight in *Ivanhoe*, the fetterlock

and the shackle-bolt azure, declaring them the bondsmen of a great purpose. The motto of the veritable hero is '*Ich dien*,' thus fulfilling the language of a much higher authority—'He that would be the greatest among you, let him be your servant.' The voluptuary, exulting because after his fashion he has enjoyed existence, sums up his triumph in the word *vixi;* the man whose life has been consecrated to a noble object, may, in memory of the mastery achieved over himself, write without presumption at the close of it, *vici.* There is a morbid yearning after distinction, a vain thirsting after fame, which desires and does not; which sits still and dreams, without fortitude to endure the required discipline, or courage to brave the siege. An idle longing to do some great work must not be mistaken for true passion in that direction; nor a querulous fretting against what cowardice may describe as unfavourable circumstances. One man sits on the bank to wait till the stream of events shall take a turn adapted to his wishes. 'Labitur et labetur per omne volubilis ævum.' For him there is no hope. Another makes events, forges weapons out of the very obstacles that lie in his path; stand still he will not; better be struck down than lie down; go forward he must. The indolent look up and gaze in amazement on results which they attribute to the good luck of a rival. We should never have heard of Ferguson or Davy if the one had waited for a telescope, and the other for a laboratory; but astronomical observations, made with a string of beads, and experiments tried with an old French syringe for an air-pump, were beginnings pregnant with promise. Unfortunately for the lovers of indulgence, who still pine to be conspicuous, man is not like the eastern deity described by Coleridge—

> 'Who floats upon a lotos leaf,
> Dreams for a thousand ages, then awaking
> Creates a world, and smiling at the bubble
> Relapses into bliss.'

True it is, that 'our little life is rounded with a sleep,' but not, as such persons seem to think, at both ends of it. Woe be to us if

there is nothing like point and reality about its commencement. To be blown into the air is a method of ascent long ago acknowledged to be more picturesque than pleasant; but the ungoverned fancy of the visionary elevates him in a manner scarcely more serviceable and almost as disastrous. By the expansive force of dreams this aeronaut rises in a blaze of light and floats above half the world, then wakes, and finds himself, alas! on this dull earth, fallen from such a height that his limbs were never less at his service. Animal substances commonly become phosphorescent only when decomposition has commenced; and when once a man begins to find his great delight in this castle-building, in dwelling upon the visions of this anticipated greatness, investing himself with this fancied halo, his powers, if he have any, exhibit the natural signs of decay. The price must be paid, or we should be content to go empty away. Let who will choose the level ways, the short cuts, and the royal roads, men who have in them something of the spirit of Origen will take the rough road, if they once see it to be the path leading fairly and honourably to their object. It was this spirit of independent onwardness which supported Origen through a life of so much toil and peril, which gained him his surnames of Adamantius and Chalcenterus, and made him one whom our forefathers might have been proud to designate as Origen *Ironside*.

Jean Paul Richter has finely observed, that 'no one deserves the name of a *man* who makes a greater fuss about the wounds of poverty than a girl makes about those of her ears, since equally, in both cases, hooks whereby to suspend jewels are inserted into the wounds.' In the case of Origen, however, the adornment was increased twofold; for poverty, in most instances the mere ring on which to suspend the ornaments, was with him voluntary, and therefore in itself a jewel. His zealous friends would have placed him in comparative affluence, but the rule of life which he had chosen was not to be relaxed. We find him thirty years afterwards in the same circumstances, and distinguished still by a virtue commonly found the first to forsake those who make such sacrifices—poverty of

spirit. The man who had done thus much thought he had done nothing.* The men who have embraced such voluntary humiliation have too commonly accounted it quite proper to indemnify themselves by deriving from the meagreness of their diet supplies whereon their self-righteousness may fare sumptuously every day, and from the spareness of their apparel abundant reason for compassing themselves with pride as with a garment. Their humility has been less that of the violet than that of the willow, which, while it bends its head with a graceful submissiveness, seems to be constantly employed in contemplating its image in the stream. We may think the austerities of Origen excessive, but it is impossible to withhold our admiration from the ardent piety which gave them birth. The subsequent imitation of this mode of life is sufficient proof that such was the form in which sincere devotion had been wont to make itself known in the country, and in the times of Origen. It always belongs to the hypocrite that he should ape that which is most esteemed. Like the insect which takes the colour of the leaf upon which it feeds, he assumes the appearance of the excellence whose beauty he fails not to waste and destroy.

Origen at length found it necessary to divide the labour which devolved upon him. The instruction of the younger catechumens was assigned to Heraclas, while he himself confined his attention to the more advanced, and to the distinguished men of learning who became from time to time his hearers. Among the heretics whom his high reputation had attracted, one of the most conspicuous was the wealthy Ambrosius. The discourses and the conversation of Origen induced him to renounce the Marcionite errors into which he had fallen, and a lasting friendship was formed between him and his instructor. Ambrosius plays the part of Deuteragonistes in our drama. It was his to call forth and incite to enterprise the genius of his friend. His labours in this secondary capacity were abundantly productive. His question would often call forth a difficulty;

* *Ori. Exhort. ad Mart.* p. 284. *Ori. in Gen. Hom.* xvi. pp. 104, 105.

the difficulty demanded research; the result of the research was frequently embodied in an elaborate disquisition. At their meals, during their walks, in their morning and nightly studies, the sacred volume was the subject of laborious investigation, the theme of protracted discussion.

These occupations were interrupted by a visit to Arabia, undertaken by Origen at the request of a prince of that country. He had no sooner re-entered his native city, than the massacre which raged there under the orders of Caracalla compelled him to seek shelter for awhile in Palestine. It is to the year 218, the third after his return from Palestine to Alexandria, that his journey to Antioch is with the greatest probability assigned. He was sent for on this occasion by Mammaea, the aunt of the reigning emperor, that she might obtain from the lips of the famous teacher the information she desired respecting the Christian religion. In compliance with the importunity of Ambrosius, Origen, now in his fortieth year, entered on the composition of his celebrated *Commentaries*. This faithful friend was not content with having thus contributed to the commencement of so great an undertaking. He spared no pains in order that the richly-freighted vessel whose course he had directed might be well manned for its arduous voyage. All that wealth could supply he furnished; the expenses of Origen were defrayed to the paper upon which he wrote; seven notaries, an equal number of transcribers, and several females who gained a livelihood as copyists, were employed under his directions. During the interval between the commencement of the *Commentaries* and the departure of Origen from Alexandria, in the year 229, a period, at the utmost, of about five years, he completed the first five volumes of the Commentaries upon John, eight out of the twelve on Genesis, his Commentary on the first five-and-twenty Psalms, and that on the Lamentations of Jeremiah. He had also written previously to the period just mentioned, his Four Books on Principles, the Ten Books of the *Stromata*, and a Treatise on the Resurrection.*

* Euseb. *H. E.* vi. 24.

In the year 229, his presence was demanded in Greece by the prevalence of heresies in that country. On his way thither he passed through Palestine, and made a short stay at Cæsarea. Here he was ordained a presbyter by Theoctistus, the bishop of the city. The ceremony was honoured by the presence of Alexander, Bishop of Jerusalem, his old friend and schoolfellow; and by that of many other bishops from all parts of the country.

The exuberance of vegetation in tropical countries covers every tree in the forest with so profuse an intermixture of parasitical plants, that the botanist is constantly liable to mistake the flower or fruit of one species for that of another. An abundance of varied and conflicting evidence not unfrequently involves the researches of the historian in similar perplexity. At present, however, we would gladly encounter any difficulty which such superfluity might bring along with it, could we make some addition to the scanty data of which we are in possession. 'He's a cunning coachman,' says an old dramatist, 'that can turn in a narrow room.' The statements relating to this period, concerning which we may feel certain, are contained in so small a compass, as to cause us fully to sympathize with the inconvenience of a position thus straitened. Conjecture of course lies open, and offers, as is usual in such cases, so wide a scope, that to enter upon it would be like starting our coach and four in the centre of the Zahara desert. Such heavy travelling, however, would prove but little grateful, we apprehend, to our readers, whose comfort, as in a manner our inside passengers, we are bound supremely to consult. It is beyond doubt that at this juncture threatening clouds began to show themselves above the horizon, and the season of sunshine was at an end. Had Origen been transported from his study in Alexandria to the deck of a trireme in the Bay of Biscay, the contrast could not have been more complete. So effectually had the thorns been fixed in his nest during his absence, that a residence in his native city was no longer possible. This banishment was effected by the hostility of Demetrius. But what were the motives of this same Demetrius? Was his en-

mity the result of jealous feeling, or are we to suppose him actuated by a more worthy impulse? Here lies the *quæstio vexata.* This is the mine in which we have found ourselves compelled to labour, dimly enough, and with such illumination as may be afforded by one or two of those flickering lights which time's fire-damp has not yet extinguished. The testimony of Eusebius and Jerome is decisive, as far as it goes, against Demetrius.* Mosheim has a lengthy disquisition on this subject, in which he endeavours to find some defence for the conduct of the bishop, but with very moderate success. To Demetrius we have before alluded; it is now necessary that this person should receive a more formal introduction.

He sustains the part of Tritagonistes, the personage through whose intervention principally the scene becomes occupied with its more tragical events. One of those doors in the labyrinths of Ægypt which, when opened, caused peals of thunder to reverberate from the walls, would have made him an appropriate entrance; for the prominent part he took in the affairs of our narrative was attended by a commotion agitating the whole Christian world. Demetrius possessed the power to discern and the will to assist merit, within certain limits; but the tree he fostered must be cut down, should a too-vigorous shoot hide from the view of others a single branch of his own stately foliage. If to profess large and liberal views on any matter would be favourable to some purposes of his own respecting it, Demetrius could then be the generous patron. In such case he was not likely to be troubled by nice distinctions, nor would any trifling obstacle be suffered to impede the course on which he had determined. But a moral difficulty, which was speedily disposed of when lying in his own path, was magnified to a mountain when it lay in the path of an opponent. His mind was like that curious mirror described by Aulus Gellius, which gave a distinct image in one place, but lost its power of reflection if removed to another. The moral law was always strangely subservient to his selfishness. It

* Euseb. *H. E.* vi. 8. Hieron. *Epist.* xxxiii. 4.

seemed to speak or to be silent at his pleasure. The *actinia* is a polypus so sensitive, that, though it has no eyes, not a cloud can cross the sun without its evincing, by contraction, that it feels the change, and withal so voracious as to swallow three or four mussels for a breakfast. This creature is a fair representative of a class of men in whose ranks we think Demetrius should take his place,—men who are singularly voracious in the pursuit of their own advantage, and wonderfully shrewd in detecting the slightest shade of moral delinquency when it may be used as an impeachment of a rival. A violation of the rule of charity by themselves is venial, while the neglect of a mere form by their neighbour becomes a sin which justice must visit to the full.

During the former visit of Origen to Cæsarea, the clergy there had invited him, though still a layman, to preach in their pulpits. The father of gods and men was not more wrathful when he discovered the 'mortal-aiding service' of which Prometheus had been guilty, than was our Alexandrian Jupiter on learning that Origen had ventured to preach, unqualified by ordination. The friends of Origen at Cæsarea defended their conduct, by adducing several precedents which showed that such permission was not unsanctioned by ecclesiastical usage. Demetrius was not to be convinced, and Origen was peremptorily recalled. The coldness which ensued on the part of the former gave Origen his first indication of the quarter from which danger was to be apprehended, much as the diminished temperature of the sea affords the earliest warning to the mariner that he is approaching a shoal. After a time, matters went on smoothly once more, and Origen set out on his second journey to Palestine, carrying with him letters of recommendation from Demetrius. In his absence, a letter is put into the hands of the bishop. It informed him that the very office to which he had feared the former step might prove but a preliminary, had now been conferred on Origen. As teacher of the school, Origen was not in a position to become the rival of Demetrius; on the contrary, his brilliant reputation reflected much credit on the man who had so

early appreciated his merit. But Origen, as a preacher, drawing crowds after him in Alexandria, sitting in council with the other presbyters, exerting over them all that influence with which his commanding talents would invest him, and possibly dividing the supremacy with his bishop in the very heart of his power—this was a consummation by all means to be averted. Demetrius dispatched letters in every direction, and made Christendom echo with his reproaches against the contumacious catechist who had thus stolen into the sacred fold of the presbytery, by the aid of the bishops of a foreign diocese. On the other hand, Theoctistus and Alexander, with the presbyters of Palestine, were ready to justify what had been done. Origen came among them strongly recommended by his bishop. Demetrius had complained because he preached there without ordination; they had resolved to remove all ground for such complaint, by themselves conferring a rite from which the jealousy of the bishop had alone debarred him.

The newly-made presbyter returned shortly afterwards to Alexandria; but whether to confront his enemies, or to make some attempt at reconciliation, is uncertain. What had been done in Palestine could not as yet be undone in Ægypt. Origen was now both presbyter and catechist. As it was impossible for such a man to remain long inactive, and as his activity in both these capacities was adding daily to his popularity, Demetrius resolved on a second attack. He summoned a council of bishops and presbyters, before whom he repeated his charges against Origen, declaring him unfitted for his office by that voluntary act which doomed him to a life of celibacy,—the very act which Demetrius himself had once praised.* This assembly passed a decree, which required the accused to leave Alexandria, but which fell so far short of the wishes of Demetrius as to allow Origen to retain his position as presbyter. Either unwilling or unable to prolong the struggle, Origen retired from Alexandria, probably before the period when the sentence rendered

* Circa an. 206, corpus suum evirare Origenes ausus est.—Euseb. *H. E.* vi. 8.

his departure necessary. His school was committed to the superintendence of Heraclas, and the exile was received with open arms in Cæsarea. The decision of the first council wore too much the air of an attempt at compromise to satisfy the angry Demetrius. His acrimonious feelings urged him to further efforts. He called a second council, consisting this time of bishops alone. The courage of Origen's supporters must have cooled greatly in his absence, or the accusations brought against him by Demetrius were of a more serious nature than before, for we find the bishops who favoured his cause on the former occasion now acquiescing in his condemnation. Apprehensions, which the bishop would not be slow to foster, concerning the heretical tendency of some of the writings of Origen, had, perhaps, gained ground. This latter sentence deprived him of the sacred office, and excluded him from communion. Circulars were sent to the various Christian churches to acquaint them with the decree, and containing a statement of the grounds on which it had been passed. The churches of Palestine, Phœnicia, Achaia, and Arabia refused to acknowledge its authority.

At Cæsarea, Origen not only found shelter, but honour and regard even more abundant than before. He was surrounded by friends who had identified themselves with his cause. He was no longer in the centre of the conflict, and harassed by its daily anxieties. His wants were few, and to take with him those household gods, his books, and to colonize some other country with his busy commonwealth of thoughts, was a change effected with as little inconvenience as that of some South American hamlet, when, at the bidding of some Spanish ecclesiastic, its buildings of clay, reeds, and palm-leaves, have to find their place in some other site. He wrote a final letter to Alexandria, complaining of the treatment he had received, and repelling the accusations brought against him.

Soon after the settlement of Origen in Palestine, Athenodorus and his brother Theodorus (afterwards well known as Gregory Thaumaturgus) became his auditors. Gregory speaks in glowing

terms of the eloquence with which Origen eulogized the study of philosophy, and describes the strange fascination he exercised over him and his brother, rendering it impossible for them to leave him, and kindling love in their hearts first for those discourses so 'unspeakably winning, hallowed, and passing lovely,' and afterwards for the speaker himself, whose mild and persuasive manner attracted them no less forcibly. They remained with him five years, and not only received instruction in divinity, but travelled the entire round of philosophy, logic, natural science, geometry, astronomy, and ethics—the last taught them, says the same authority, not by words only, but by example.* During this interval, Origen repaired to Jerusalem, that he might examine the localities connected with the history of our Lord. In the meanwhile, Demetrius died. Heraclas succeeded to the see, and Dionysius to the school. Twenty years of peace had greatly increased the number and influence of the Christians when the persecution broke out, under Maximinus, in the year 235. Its main fury was directed against such as were most eminent in the Christian world. Athenodorus and Theodorus took their departure for Alexandria, and Origen withdrew to Cappadocia. Even there he owed his safety to the kindness of the pious and learned Juliana, who secured him an asylum in her house for two years. He here enjoyed the use of the library bequeathed to his protectress by Symmachus; and during this period of concealment he was engaged in the compilation of his celebrated *Hexapla*, a work which would have been alone sufficient to immortalize the name of Origen. Ambrosius, together with Protoctetus, a presbyter of Cæsarea, had been thrown into prison, and Origen, full of sympathy for their sufferings, wrote from Cappadocia his *Exhortatio ad Martyrium* to strengthen and console them. After the murder of Maximinus, Origen made a second journey to Athens, visiting Ambrosius on the way, who was now residing with his family at Nicomedia. During his stay at Athens, the Commentary on Ezekiel was finished, and Five Books of that on the Canticles.†

* Greg. Thau. *Paneg. Orat. in Ori.*, § 6—9. † Eus. *H. E.* vi. 32.

Origen returned to Cæsarea about the year 239. Here his pupil Theodorus joined him; and, after pronouncing a public oration in praise of his master, departed for Cappadocia, where he was ordained bishop of Neocæsarea. In the next year, Origen was invited to attend a synod held at Bostra concerning the opinions of Beryllus, the bishop there, who had fallen into errors similar to those afterwards more fully developed by Sabellius. Beryllus was convinced by the arguments of Origen, and returned to the orthodox belief. Though now more than sixty years of age, Origen still laboured with all the ardour of youth, as his work against Celsus, his twelve Commentaries on the Prophets, those on Matthew, and a multitude of epistles abundantly testify.* He wrote a letter to the Emperor Philip, and another to his consort. Both, however, are lost, and the occasion on which they were written is unknown. It was now for the first time that Origen suffered those extemporaneous homilies, which he delivered in the church, to be taken down by notaries. While his fame was loudly bruited in some quarters, voices were lifted up as loudly against him in others. He complains that some of his works had been interpolated so as to give a handle to the designs of his enemies; and that others, unrevised, and intended only for the eyes of a few, had been incautiously given to the world by his friends. A last journey to Arabia was undertaken for the purpose of attending a council which had been summoned to oppose a party there who held that the soul died with the body, and that both were resuscitated at the resurrection. Origen, we are told, was again successful in inducing his antagonists to abandon their errors.

It is sometimes said, that the most auspicious preliminary to a hearty friendship is a hearty fight. The notion holds good of English schoolboys, but not, we fear, of religious controversialists. The blows which combatants of this latter class give and take are not mere fisticuffs. The poisoned Damascus blade of controversy

* Huet. *Origenian.* lib. i. c. 3, § 12.

inflicts wounds far too serious to admit of being removed by schoolboy remedies in such cases. The venom must be sucked out of the wound as out of Sir Kenneth's. The lips of charity alone can perform this delicate operation, and Origen appears to have possessed the charity necessary to that office. Hence the fact, that so many whom he defeated as disputants, became his fast friends after the war of words had closed. It is unusual for the controversialist to acknowledge defeat, but far more so that he should cherish sentiments of regard towards his conqueror. The admirers of Origen's learning compared him to a sun. The similitude holds yet further. Like that luminary, he must have been the centre of a double force —the centripetal as well as the centrifugal. While he repelled the heresy, he attracted the heretic, who, once within the circle of his influence, seemed to move ever after in a friendly orbit about him. Not a few in our own day, who look back upon the worthies of these primitive ages as a race of well-meaning Orsons, stalwart enough, but lamentably uncouth—or a race of antiquated duennas, very respectable, but very tiresome withal—might take instruction in the meekness of the Christian, and the courtesy of the scholar, from the barefooted presbyter of Cæsarea. Controversy, as commonly conducted, reminds us of the quarrel between Copelius and Spalanzani, in Hoffman's tale of the *Sandman*, concerning their respective share in an automaton they had constructed in imitation of a beautiful female. The strife waxed hot; they uttered horrible imprecations; they ended by tearing the exquisite structure limb from limb, and belabouring each other with the fragments of their workmanship. And thus fares it with poor Truth. Each combatant calls heaven to witness that she is his alone; and, in the struggle, she is torn in pieces, the rivals having each for his weapon only a bit of her. The more protracted the conflict, the more complete, of course, the dismemberment. It is clear, that the course of Origen, as a controversialist, was generally the reverse of that pursued by Hoffman's combatants.

The danger from which Origen had been so often saved was now

at last about to overtake him. The Emperor Philip was slain. It generally happened, that the successor of a prince who had persecuted the Christians was disposed to favour them; while the sovereign, whose predecessor had treated them with mildness, became a persecutor. Could a Christian have lived only in the alternate reigns, he might have enjoyed comparative safety. This rule was not reversed at the present crisis. Philip had shown himself by no means hostile to Christianity. Decius distinguished himself from his predecessor by commencing a violent persecution. Origen was at once marked out as its victim. The aged man was cast into a dungeon at Tyre, and cruelly tortured in the stocks for many days together. His life was spared, only that his sufferings might be prolonged to the utmost. Decius did not live to complete the second year of his reign; and, with the accession of Gallus and his son, the persecution closed, and Origen was released. After his liberation, he received a kind letter from Dionysius, bishop of Alexandria, full of such consolation as he himself had offered during a previous persecution to Ambrosius and Theoctetus. The fact is worthy of observation, as it refutes those who would have us believe that Dionysius trod in the steps of Demetrius, and became a violent opponent of Origen. Many of the faithful friends of Origen, who had stood by his side in every time of need, were now removed. Alexander had perished in a prison at Jerusalem, Ambrosius was no more, earthly ties were dissolving, earthly expectations were reaching their close; the letters he penned at this time were such as a good man would write who felt that he must soon enter upon the unknown future; the frame of adamant at length gave way; two or three years of languishing completed the work of the torturer; and, in the sixty-ninth year of his age, Origen breathed his last. His remains were interred in the church of the Holy Sepulchre at Tyre.*

* We are not aware that any particulars are known concerning the personal appearance of Origen. The argument of Tillemont, to prove that he could not have been a tall man, is too ingenious to be omitted :—' Eusebe parlant des ceps

The works of Origen are of two kinds—those which have for their object the elucidation of the sacred writings, and separate treatises on various subjects. The former, and more numerous class, includes homilies, commentaries, and scholia. The scholia are entirely lost to us, together with a great part of the commentaries and homilies. Such portions as have been preserved exist for the most part only in the Latin translation of Rufinus. Unfortunately, this translator was one of an order to whom the 'nec verbum verbo curabis reddere' was an injunction wholly superfluous. We are completely at his mercy. In the prologue to his version of Origen's Commentary on the Romans, he coolly assures us that he has abridged it by above one-half. He piques himself on having supplied many deficiencies in the homilies, which, he says, were delivered by Origen, 'with a view rather to edification than to a full explanation of the text,' and on completely discussing many points upon which Origen had merely touched. Thus, in the absence of the original Greek, we know not whether Origen speaks, or whether we are listening to the voice of his too officious admirer. The translations of Rufinus contain allusions to matters of discipline subsequent to the time of Origen, and many words and phrases which either bore a different signification, or were not introduced in his day. Some have concluded, for this reason, that nearly all these versions are spurious; but this opinion cannot be sustained by sound criticism. In a treatise, *De Adulteratione Librorum Origenis*, Rufinus gives an extract from a letter written by Origen to his friends at Alexandria, in which he complains of the conduct of a heretic who had procured the minutes of a public disputation in which Origen had taken part, and, making additions and erasures as suited his purpose, triumphantly put it in circulation. Another, with a similar view, wrote a pretended account of a disputation which had never taken

de bois, où il fut mis sous Dece, dit qu'il y fut étendu jusqu'au quatrième trou; et nous voyons que plusieurs martyrs ont esté étendus jusqu'au cinquième.' Origen himself observed that Ambrosius gave him no time to rest his little body (σωμάτιον).—Tillemont, *Hist. Ecc.* tom. iii. p. 548.

place at all. Such practices were not uncommon. The gross corruption of the sacred writings by the Marcionites has been fully exposed by Tertullian, whose own writings suffered much from the hands of such men. According to a story told by Rufinus, the excommunication of Hilary was procured by a similar artifice. The writings of men whose name had become an authority were falsified to a great extent during their lifetime, but still more after their decease. The notorious prevalence of this description of fraud is the only admissible defence of those corrections to which Rufinus has confessedly resorted in many places where he found, in the writings of Origen, opinions at variance with the orthodox faith. In the prologue to his translation of the περὶ ἀρχῶν, he states, that expressions in that work concerning the Trinity, contrary to the orthodox opinions on that subject elsewhere maintained by Origen, he has either omitted as interpolations, or reduced within the received rule of faith; and adds, that where his author was obscure, he made additions from his other compositions, 'introducing nothing of his own, but only restoring to Origen what belonged to him.' Jerome denies that these additions were taken from the writings of Origen; and accuses this translator of making arbitrary alterations, and introducing matter from the scholia of Didymus.*

By far the larger proportion of the writings of Origen have been lost, together with the catalogues of them by Eusebius and Jerome. Epiphanius and Rufinus state that he wrote six thousand volumes, a number utterly incredible, did we not remember that the separate homilies and the parts of the larger treatises, were each reckoned as a volume. We shall enter on a brief review of the principal fragments and versions which have survived. There are now extant seventeen of the homilies on Genesis in the Latin of Rufinus. We have no reason to suppose them spurious. The only objection to their authenticity is the fact that Jerome, in one of his letters, describes Origen as speaking of Melchisedek in the first of these

* Hieron. lib. i. *adv. Rufinum.*

homilies, while, on reference, no such mention is to be found. But we are also aware, from the same source, that Origen wrote two books of *mystical* homilies, and Huet, who believes that the homilies we possess were not a part of them, supposes that they are the homilies to which Jerome alludes. Even if we adopt the opinion that what we have belonged to the mystical homilies, we know that there existed several different collections of the homilies on Genesis, a fact which furnishes another explanation of the difficulty. We possess thirteen homilies on Exodus, and sixteen on Leviticus, in the Latin of Rufinus. Their genuineness has not been disproved. It is true that, in the *Philocalia*, there is a Greek fragment from the second homily on Leviticus, to which there is nothing corresponding in the second Latin homily; but it must not be forgotten that the homilies were arranged in different collections by various translators, containing some a larger and others a smaller number of homilies. In some collection, now lost, the fragment preserved in the *Philocalia* may have been the second. Jerome has given the homilies he has translated an entirely different arrangement from that observed in the Greek MSS. Rufinus has translated twenty-eight homilies on Numbers, which he has mixed up with his translation of the scholia of Origen on that book. It has been thought suspicious that we should find the distinction between *excudere* and *excidere*, marked out as it is in the second homily; but, for this piece of information, we are of course indebted to the munificence of the translator. In forming an estimate of the relative value of the versions we possess, according to the reason we have to believe that they contain more or less the real opinions of Origen, it is of importance to bear in mind that, in the translations of the twenty-six homilies on Joshua, the nine on Judges, and the nine on Psalms, xxxvi., xxxvii., and xxxviii., Rufinus assures us that his great aim has been to give a faithful rendering, and that he has taken no pains to supply what appeared deficient. A part of the twentieth homily on Joshua, which we have compared with a fragment of the original, preserved in the *Philocalia*, is by no means a

close rendering, but it gives correctly Origen's general scope. We have a similar profession of fidelity, on the part of Jerome, in behalf of his version of two homilies on Canticles, and of fourteen homilies on Ezekiel. The same writer has translated fourteen out of the forty-five homilies which Origen composed on Jeremiah. Of these, nineteen have been preserved in the Greek, and, on comparison with the original, we find this version by Jerome much more accurate than those of Rufinus. The homily *De Engastrimytho* has come down to us in the Greek of a MS. in the Vatican. Its genuineness is attested by the quotation of Eustathius, the opponent of Origen in the controversy concerning the raising of Samuel. The commentaries in Latin on the book of Job are deservedly rejected as supposititious. Origen was the first who wrote commentaries on all the Psalms. Doubts are raised by Erasmus, both as to the author and the translator of the nine homilies on the three Psalms just mentioned, and Perkins has rejected the two on the thirty-eighth Psalm; but their authenticity has been defended, and as it appears to us, satisfactorily, by Genebrard and Huet.* Numerous Greek fragments have been preserved, containing expositions of the Psalms, some of them certainly Origen's; but the authorship of many, though assigned in the catenæ to Origen, is justly open to question. In addition to Jerome's translation of two homilies on Canticles, which we have good reason to regard as comparatively trustworthy, the Latin of Rufinus presents us with the prologue, the three first tomi of the commentaries on this book, and a part of the fourth. The internal evidence in their favour is strong. Erasmus would reject them, however, on the ground of the translations given to the words ἔρως and ἀγάπη, and contends that they must be the work of some Latin author. Pearson has replied to his objection. For a full account of the question we must refer our readers to the *Origeniana* of Huet, lib. iii. c. iii. sec. 3, § 7. Nine of the homilies on Isaiah are found in the Latin of some anonymous translator.

* Huet, *Origenian.* iii. c. ii. sect. 3, § 6.

We now pass to the New Testament. A portion of the commentaries on Matthew, from the tenth to the seventeenth tomus inclusive, has come down to us in the original, accompanied by the Latin version of some old translator who has performed his task infamously. His translation extends nearly to the end of the book; but we lose the Greek in the midst of the twenty-second chapter. The seven homilies on Matthew are rejected by the best authorities. Jerome translated thirty-nine homilies on Luke, which still remain. Rufinus charges him with many omissions and alterations; and the fact, that this translation was so far open to censure, furnishes an answer to some verbal objections which have been brought against the version by those who deny that it is a translation from Origen.* Of the commentaries on John, we are in possession of nine tomi in the Greek. A translation by Rufinus, of fifteen tomi of the commentaries on Romans, compressed, as he confesses, within half the length of the original, together with a few Greek fragments collected from various quarters, is all that remains to us of the commentaries on the Epistles. The *Philocalia* is a valuable series of selections from the works of Origen, made by Basil and Gregory Nazianzen.

Among the works of Origen which are not exegetical in their character, the most famous is his reply to the Ἀληθὴς Λόγος of Celsus. None of his writings have suffered less from the alterations introduced by friends or enemies. Here we have Origen as he is; and in no part of his works has he displayed a greater amount of learning, both sacred and profane. His treatise holds deservedly the first place among the Apologies for Christianity. The work is valuable, not merely as thus trustworthy, but as presenting us with the opinions held by the writer in the later years of his life. Of the περὶ ἀρχῶν, and of the little reliance that can be placed on our version of it, we have already spoken. The small fragments of the Greek yet extant, only serve to show how ill the translation sup-

* Dupin, i. p. 103.

plies the loss of the original. The whole of the treatise on Prayer and of the *Exhortatio ad Martyrium* has fortunately been preserved in the Greek. We possess only a few fragments of the two books on the Resurrection, and of the *Stromata;* and some of these are of questionable authenticity. The Dialogue *De Recta in Deum Fide,* or, as it is sometimes called, *Contra Marcionistas,* and the *Philosophoumena,* are beyond doubt spurious. Of his letters, which were collected by Eusebius, scarcely anything remains. The fragments admitted by De la Rue into his edition are well attested. A number of other works, ascribed to Origen, have been so generally rejected as not to require mention.

Our readers must pardon thus much of dry detail. The importance of such an investigation cannot be too highly estimated as a preliminary to the formation of correct views concerning the opinions of Origen. Possessed of data wherewith to discover the genuine footmark, we may now track the course of our author. We have examined the title-deeds, and ascertained the rightful boundaries of the estate. It remains to determine its value by a survey of the arable and pasture land, the mines or the timber which it contains.

But this part of our labours is not without its difficulties. On many subjects the opinions of Origen resemble the moving statues of Dædalus, now here, now there; they are not to be fixed on a pedestal and identified by a name. It would be easy to force an appearance of consistency by culling one set of passages for the purpose, and keeping the rest out of sight, imitating in our criticism the time-honoured custom of the Abyssinians, who imprison all the princes of the blood-royal except the reigning one. As it is, however, we find statements so irreconcilable, so devoid, not only of harmony, but even of any analogy among themselves, as to make us almost desirous of calling in the aid of those naturalists whose shrewdness in the detection of similitude amidst apparent diversity has been such as to discover a close analogy between pigs and humming-birds.* The distinction between the esoteric and the exoteric

* The Quinary System. See *Swainson.*

systems of Origen should be borne in mind, as some explanation of these inconsistencies. The great truths of the Gospel he taught plainly to the many; but very different was the exposition of such truth with which he favoured the initiated and the scientific few. The elaborate treatise and the commentary abound accordingly in philosophical speculation, and in hazardous attempts to explain the inexplicable. It was from works of this character principally that his enemies derived matter for their charges against him, while his partisans have resorted in his defence to his exoterical writings. Those who have assailed him have too often forgotten the diffidence with which he put forth his opinions on more abstruse and difficult points, delivering them commonly as so much hypothesis, as views which he desired others, after examination, to adopt or reject as they pleased, and which he himself was ready at any time to abandon for such as should be found more in accordance with truth.*

In the opinion entertained by Origen concerning the connexion between philosophy and religion, we see the basis of his entire system. Philosophy, when elevated above the grosser forms of error, with which it had been long connected, might be advantageously admitted to a union with Christianity. The doctrines of the Christian religion, though incomparably more sublime and excellent than any philosophy, might, nevertheless, be explained by its aid; and in philosophy, accordingly, we should always seek for the reason of these doctrines. Such was the instruction which Origen had received from Clement. When a disciple of Ammonius, he had listened to a dogma more directly opposed to the spirit of Christianity—the compatibility of a purified polytheism with the worship of the God of the Christians. The heathen divinities, according to this teacher, were the vicegerents of the Supreme, and to do them reverence was at once to please God and to secure the powerful services of those subordinates in behalf of the worshipper. The

* The statement of his opinions concerning the Trinity, the Incarnation, and the Nature of the Soul, are severally prefaced by modest cautions to this effect. *V. De Prin.* i. 6, ii. 6, 8.

beautiful visions of Plato were also present to the mind of Origen. The gods travelling round the world in their winged chariots, nourished by the contemplation of the real intangible Existence; feeding on pure knowledge, and gazing on things above the heavens, which even the eye of the poet never saw. In these dreams he beheld the human soul struggling to follow the immortals in their course, but weighed down by sin and by forgetfulness, losing its wings, its divinest part, and sinking lower and lower till it alights in some earthly body, and commences its terrestrial life. On earth, the abstract ideas of the soul are but the recollections of its ante-natal state: and the devout researches of philosophers yearnings after the lost happiness. All that was venerable in antiquity was in favour of fancies like these, and when we remember the cast of Origen's mind, our wonder should be, not that he erred, but that he did not err yet more than we find him doing in his endeavour to lay the treasures of these wise men at the feet of the 'child Jesus.' Turning from the pages of the philosopher, he looked forth upon his fellow-creatures. He saw some sinking under the burthen of life, others surfeited with the profusion of its enjoyments; wealth and beauty lavished on one—indigence and helplessness the lot of another. Without previous merit or demerit, some born to claim honour, to extort submission, to be courted like a deity for a smile, and to see that their frown was to those about them as the bitterness of death,—others, to an obscurity from which there was no escape, and to sufferings which there was none to relieve. He saw these things, and while he sorrowed, he longed to justify the ways of God to men. The gloomy fate of Æschylus, and the predestination of the Stoics, were repugnant to a heart of such a temperament. How was the difficulty to be solved? Philosophy had indicated a way. From the point assumed in the answer to this question he viewed the wide range of things human and divine. This answer involved his two great doctrines—the pre-existence of the soul, and the inalienable freedom of the human will. The mode in which he formed his system will now be readily perceived.

He believed that the Divine Being created, in ages far past, multitudes of minds, all equal in dignity, and with bodies of an ethereal rarity—for God alone is incorporeal. These minds possessed, and always must possess, an equal power of choosing good and evil. The freedom thus granted was abused by nearly all in a greater or less degree. The mind, thus cooled in its love to the Supreme, became a *soul* (ψυχὴ, which he derived from ψῦχος, cold), and was inclosed in a material body of greater or less density, according to the measure of its offence. To form bodies for some of these souls whose sin had been less deep, the stars were created. Each soul inhabits a star, whose brightness or dimness bears an exact proportion to the moral position of the spirit which animates it. The belief that the heavenly bodies were animated natures may appear strange to some of our readers, but in the time of Origen that faith was almost universal. It had been handed down from superstition to philosophy, and from one philosopher to another, from time immemorial. Thales, who gave to everything a soul, did not deny it to these luminaries; Pythagoras had called them gods; Plato also declared them divine; and Philo and Clement regarded them as pure and rational existences. Those souls whose sin had been of a more heinous description were sent to inhabit the successive generations of mankind, and our health and sickness, beauty and deformity, prosperity and adversity on earth, are proportioned to the degree of this supposed failure in a past state of probation. Thus did Origen account for these diversities of condition, and attempt to retain the justice of God unimpugned.

In accordance with his views concerning the freedom of the will, he regarded the angels as the appointed helpers of good men, in their efforts to become fitted for a better state; while evil spirits, those who in a former condition had sinned more than man, sought to hinder him in the use of these means of improvement. But neither the good nor the evil could exert over him any power of compulsion. By the use or the abuse of this liberty, all souls, whether those of angels, men, or dæmons, may progress through a succession of stages, and become more holy or more depraved. Thus Satan himself

might become virtuous, had he the desire. 'The last enemy that shall be destroyed is death.' This passage Origen understood with reference to Satan, believing that his enmity to God would be destroyed, and he himself at last be restored to the favour he had forfeited. Probably it was not because, like Sir William Brown, 'he could never bring himself heartily to hate the devil,' that Origen embraced this opinion;—his system required that the lost should possess at least the power of amendment. As these exiles might return to heaven, so those already there might, by subsequent sin, forfeit for a space their blessedness. Such spirits would again be imprisoned in earthly bodies. For them a new world, or worlds, would be created. An endless succession of worlds had preceded our own, and an endless succession would follow it. In this belief Origen took his position, as it were, half-way between the philosophy of Ammonius and the statements of Scripture. The former maintained the eternity of matter; the latter, on the contrary, described the creation of our globe; and this doctrine of a series of creations might be reconciled with either. On this subject he approached the cosmology of the Stoics.

Our earth, as Origen viewed it, was a spot made awful by the constant presence of what is unearthly. Nothing was mean, or of trivial import. The most obscure event was always the decline or the dawning of something momentous. The seen was lost in the unseen. By a vast theory, as by the lever of a spiritual Archimedes, the world seemed to have been moved to the very threshold of the infinite. The angel, the dæmon, and the man were ever in closest intercourse. Did the Christian faint beneath the heat and burthen of the day, a cloud of heavenly witnesses hung over him, and sought with their wings to shelter him under the scorching noon of his affliction. To the guardian angels of the good—the 'little children' of the gospel—it was alone permitted to behold the face of our Father who is in heaven. Did the wicked man return from the error of his ways, his emancipated guardian ascended nearer to the Deity; and as his charge grew to the stature of the man in Christ Jesus, presented

himself, radiant with joy, at the throne of God—an earnest of one more soul redeemed by the blood of Christ. Thus the good man and his angelic guide were united by the strongest ties, and lived in the constant interchange of service. That flower of the field, the life of man, was the prize for which mighty agents of good and evil entered the arena of our world. Each day of each mortal's history was the strife renewed. Love aided man to win a new jewel for his future crown, hatred sought to make him forge another link of his fetters. The enemy of man sent the worm to the root beneath, his friend sent the dew and the sunshine from above. Did a night's tempest spread terror, and strew the earth with the pride of some mountain forest—a dæmon, exulting in the power granted him for awhile, had passed that way in his flight, his heart full of the wantonness of evil. Did morning break, and earth, in the fresh sunlight and singing of birds, seem to forget the past—good angels were at hand, smiling, as they saw the children go forth to gather in the fallen branches that would be fuel for their hearths through the winter, and rejoicing to behold an emblem of the joy, which, under the eye of their Father, they had so often caused to spring out of sorrow. As Origen gazed on the stars, shining with the intense brilliance peculiar to the nightly firmament of the orientals, he felt that their strange sympathy with man was no mere poet's fiction. They, like man, were clothed in material bodies. Like him, they longed to be unclothed, and to rise to a higher life. But they had seen their Lord, the Creator of all things, assume humanity—they had beheld him suffer, were sharers in the blessings that followed, and so they patiently fulfilled their courses till the time of release should come.* The stars were the letters of flame, the hieroglyphics, wherein was prophecy concerning the rise and fall of nations written out upon the heavens as on a scroll.† But the record could not be deciphered by man. It had no influence on

* Ambros. *Ep.* xxxviii., ad Horontianum.

† Ori. *Com. in Gen.* tom. iii. num. 5-9.

the freedom of his will. It was the written language of the angels. On mountain summits, which seemed to the eye of mortals all solitude, sat those sons of God, reading the history of the future. A futile and presumptuous science, called Astrology, had arisen from a few words and broken sentences of this celestial language which fallen spirits had communicated to bad men. Thus, man was never alone. Empires, provinces, cities, and families, had their guardian angels. It was the office of some to watch over the succession of animal life, of others, to superintend the ripening of the seed and the budding of the flower. Every locality, every art, every science, was held in charge by those who watched it unseen. As Origen traversed the scenes once hallowed by the presence of our Lord, he longed for the removal of that veil of flesh which hid from his view the angels who still walked there in holy converse, pointing out to each other place after place, where the miracle had been wrought, the tears had fallen, and the blood been shed. All these spirits would at last give in the account of their watch to God, and be promoted to a higher rank, or removed to a lower, according to their vigilance in this service. At the final restitution, the most malignant of the enemies of God would exchange enmity for penitence. All suffering was designed to heal rather than to punish. When it had done its purgatorial work, and cleansed away the love of sin, the lamentations of the lost would be at an end, and over the new heavens and the new earth all creation would rejoice. Some would again sin, and must pass through new trials. The rise and fall of immortal souls, the creation and dissolution of other worlds, their places of abode, would continue for ever. But if the happiness of none was secured beyond possibility of change, neither was the suffering of any to be prolonged without end.

The people of Nuremberg were wont to hang a small bell under their tables, which was sounded when an expression escaped the lips of any guest which transgressed the limits of propriety—and would that, amid these high festivals of his imagination, this great man could have been recalled by some warning sound within the

boundaries of truth and soberness. His toilsome research was on many subjects so much labour to supply fuel to enthusiasm. He appeals to Scripture, quotes the very passage that seems to destroy his position, and enrols it in the train of his argument, as his fancy, like a hawk which breaks loose from the fist of the falconer, soars away, carrying her trappings along with her. To his theory, as to the music of Orpheus, the whole universe must move in harmony. Reason was the knight-errant of speculation, and was sent to the ends of the world in search of adventures, to return and lay the trophies at the feet of that fair visionary. He seems at times to have said with Faust, when following the ignis-fatuus:—

> 'The limits of the sphere of dream,
> The bounds of true and false are past,
> Lead us on, thou wandering gleam!
> Lead us onward, far and fast.'

The opinions of Origen with regard to the sufferings of Christ and the extent of his atonement became the subject of much controversy. He believed that the atonement was the source of blessing both to good and evil angels, as well as to man. He was falsely charged with maintaining that Christ would again suffer in some form for sin. It is easy to see that this accusation is founded on an unwarrantable extension of a part of his system. It is Origenism caricatured. He thought, also, that the blood of every righteous man had power to expiate a part of human guilt, and that this was especially the case if prayer in our behalf was offered by the sufferer, that his death might be made efficacious to this end. While the blood of the saints derived its efficacy principally from such intercession, that of Christ atoned for sin solely by the merit of the sufferer. He fancied that, as the offering of a lamb under the Jewish dispensation was typical of the sacrifice of Christ, so the other victims represented that of the saints.

We have seen that Origen looked on the body with the eye of a Platonist, as a mere prison-house to the soul. This belief in the evil of matter induced him to resort to the most complicated of

hypotheses, in order to explain the doctrine of the incarnation. He regarded philosophy as the means placed in his hands, wherewith he must labour to elucidate this among other mysteries. His belief was, that the most perfect of the created minds was united to the eternal Word, and was thus the medium whereby it became possible for the Son of God to assume a mortal body. It could never, he thought, be the desire of the Son of God to become united to a form of flesh. This mind of Christ it was which, first longing to become united with the Son of God, was afterwards prompted by love for us to become incarnate. The Son of God was in the body of Christ, but the movements of the human body were directed by the volition of Christ's soul alone. To nearer contact with materiality the Son of God would never have condescended. Into such absurdities was Origen carried, by seeking to accommodate everything to what he thought an undeniable principle—the essential evil of matter. It cannot, of course, occasion wonder, that statements such as these, however carefully worded, however prefaced by expression of the hesitation with which he advanced his conclusions, should be misunderstood and misrepresented in a thousand ways, both by friends and adversaries. He was made the subject of the most contradictory imputations. Some declared him a Humanitarian, others were quite as certain that he favoured the views of the Docetæ. According to many he maintained the existence of two Christs. That he was no believer in what was afterwards called Arianism, the important place assigned him by Athanasius among the authorities who supported his great doctrines, is alone sufficient proof. Priestley has rightly observed, that though Origen was thought to favour the Arian principles, he did it only in words, not in ideas.

Though a firm believer in the Unity of God, his language on the subject of the Trinity is such as might appear, in isolated passages, to separate the Father and the Son into two distinct beings. This is accounted for by the fact, that the opponents he was called to combat on this point were mostly those who had espoused the heresy

of Nöetus. He held the notion of the emanation of the Son; and in an Alexandrian we should have been surprised to find it otherwise, but he expressly asserts his co-eternity and co-equality with the Father. In his reply to the argument founded by Celsus on the worship paid to Christ, he says, 'We worship, therefore, as we have now shown, one God, Father and Son, and our argument remains as impregnable as before. We do not regard with an excessive veneration one who has but lately appeared, as though he had no existence before. We believe his own word, when he tells us, 'Before Abraham was, I am,' and when he says, 'I am the truth.' We are none of us so stupid as to think that the essence of Truth had no existence before the time of Christ's appearance.'* In his Commentaries on Matthew, he remarks on the brevity of all time, 'as compared with the duration of God, of Christ, and of the Holy Spirit.'† In his eighth homily on Jeremiah, he says, 'If the soul have not God the Father, if it have not the Son, saying, 'I and my Father will come to him, and will make our abode with him,' if it have not the Holy Spirit, it is desolate.' In his commentary on the seventeenth chapter of Matthew, speaking of the transfiguration, he says, 'for the bright cloud of the Father, of the Son, and of the Holy Spirit, overshadows the true disciples of Jesus.'‡ The following passage, while it clearly establishes Origen's belief in the divinity of Christ, affords also an example of his fanciful mode of interpretation. He is speaking of the wise men who came from the east, 'bringing gifts,' he says, 'which they presented to one compounded of God and mortal man, as symbols, if I may use the term, gold as to a king, myrrh as to one who was to die, and incense as to God. These things they offered when they had discovered the place of his birth; but since the incarnate Saviour of the race of men, who was above the angels who give their assistance to man, was God, an angel

* *Contra Cels.*, lib. viii. num. 12. Ἕνα οὖν Θεὸν, κ.τ.λ.

† *Com. in Mat.* tom. xvi. 31.

‡ Tom. xii. in *Mat.* num. 42. Φωτεινὴ γὰρ Πατρὸς, Υἱοῦ, καὶ τοῦ ἁγίου Πνεύματος νεφέλη ἐπισκιάζει τοὺς γνησίους Ἰησοῦ μαθητάς.

rewarded the piety of the magi in thus worshipping Jesus, by warning them not to return to Herod, but to go back to their own country by another way.'* He calls Christ, in one place, 'second God,' and asserts the superiority of the Father as the *source* of power; but expressions like these are no proof that his views on this subject were other than Trinitarian. His language is not to be tested by the forms of speech which came into use after the Council of Nice. In his day nothing had been decided respecting the use of terms on this topic. The words *Hypostasis* and *Ousia* had not yet given rise to their memorable contest.

On the allegorical system of interpretation of which Origen was so distinguished a patron we need say little, as we have recently called the attention of our readers to that subject. While, however, it is true that Origen erred in this respect, as so many had done before him, it is not less true that his division of the sense of Scripture into verbal, moral, and mystical, assigned to grammatical interpretation a separate and important place. The comprehensiveness and the vigour of his mind embraced both modes of interpretation, and gave a strong impulse to each among various of his successors. While eager to reach what he called the *soul* which dwelt within Scripture, he was scarcely less solicitous concerning the *body*. That careful treatment of the letter of Scripture which had been displayed by the compiler of the *Hexapla*, was afterwards closely imitated by Pamphilus, and many others of his admirers. It is partly to the exertions of Origen we must attribute the rise of that school of interpretation so much more trustworthy than his own, which subsequently flourished at Antioch. If his speculations were often productive of mischief without intention of his, it must not be forgotten that his labours in this respect and in others were indirectly the source of great benefit. A flower in the hand of the poet suggests at once some fanciful analogy. If the dewdrops are clustered within it, he sees in them the jewels of some

* Ori. *c. Celsum*, lib. i. § 60.

fairy, which she left behind her when startled by morning from her slumber in the cup. If the plant be withered, he fancies that, in the odour which still remains, the soul of the flower yet lingers fondly about the lifeless body. The botanist, on the contrary, subjects every part to the closest inspection. He numbers the pistils and stamens, he examines the conformation of the corolla, the structure of the leaves, and assigns to the specimen its place. Origen, on the spot dearest to him—the garden of Scripture, was both the poet and the botanist. If his interpretations were exuberant in fancy, none had subjected the text to a scrutiny more rigorous. To the word of God he constantly refers. He quotes its authority on every occasion. His error was one of reverence rather than of presumption; his very anxiety to do it honour, to lose no part of its precious lessons, led him often astray. He resembled a faithful servant who, striving to obey, not merely the spoken commands, but the slightest look of his master, sometimes gives to his glances a meaning they were never intended to convey.

It was our intention to have touched on the opinions of Origen with regard to a few less important topics, but our limits forbid. His doctrine on other subjects is so perfectly consistent with his views of the leading points to which we have adverted, that the reader will conjecture its complexion without difficulty. It remains to give a brief account of the fate of these speculations.

Towards the close of the third century, we find the question concerning the orthodoxy of Origen dissolving the union of the three friends—John, bishop of Jerusalem, Rufinus, and Jerome. The latter, dreading any imputation on his orthodoxy, became the bitter opponent of his once favourite author, and aided by Epiphanius, took the field against Rufinus and John. Rufinus, repairing to Rome, translated the *De Principiis*, and introduced the writings of Origen among the Italian churches. In the year 400, however, Anastasius, bishop of Rome, departing from the milder policy of his predecessor, Siricius, condemned the writings of Origen as heretical.

In this step he followed the example of Theophilus, under whose influence a similar sentence had been passed by the Alexandrian synod the preceding year. The monks of Ægypt were divided into two parties. Many of the Origenists held opinions which the departed Origen would never have sanctioned. The attack and defence were maintained with immoderate zeal. Theophilus strained every nerve to crush the Origenists. Those who refused to acquiesce in his condemnation of their master were sent into banishment; many fled to Constantinople, and there besought the intervention of Chrysostom. This bishop was then in favour with the empress. Theophilus was cited to appear. But the upright and pious Chrysostom was no match for the wily machinations of his rival. Chrysostom had not feared to rebuke the vices of that most licentious of courts. Theophilus saw his advantage, and rallied about him the courtiers who were hostile to the bishop. He contrived to exchange the position of the accused for that of the accuser. Chrysostom, though summoned by an imperial legate, refused to appear before the bar of a synod convened by Theophilus, and composed of his enemies. He was excommunicated, and banished to Bithynia. An earthquake, and the outbreak of the people in favour of their beloved prelate, produced a temporary re-action; he returned in triumph, but his adversaries gave him no rest. Eudoxia again became his enemy. A second banishment was the result, and he died a few years afterwards in exile. In all this it is evident that the original cause of the dispute had been lost sight of early in the contest. In the hands of Theophilus it became a personal quarrel, and was protracted until the complete overthrow of his rival had left the field open to his ambition.

The controversy respecting Origen was revived in the sixth century. The monks of Syria and Palestine, together with several bishops, laboured zealously in defence of his doctrines. Nonnus, Leontius, Domitian, and Theodore, were distinguished by their activity in the cause. Some of the more violent of the Origenist party assembled in arms, for the purpose of pulling down the

monasteries of their opponents. A system of reprisals was commenced. The matter was at length brought before Justinian, who, in a letter to Menas, the patriarch of Constantinople, declared Origen a heretic, and commanded the suppression of his works. The circumstances connected with the condemnation of the memorable three chapters were favourable for awhile to Origenism. At the fifth œcumenical council, however, summoned by Justinian in the year 553, the bishops of the East finally condemned these chapters, and also, as is commonly believed, the tenets of Origen. The controversy was now at a close. The name and the writings of Origen have been regarded with detestation by the Greek church down to the present day. Among the Latins, his doctrines were defended by some and attacked by others. His works were first printed by Merlin, early in the sixteenth century. Erasmus was a great admirer of Origen; he wrote his life, and translated some of the Commentaries on Matthew into Latin. Luther's opinion concerning him is well known: 'Origenem jamdudum diris devovi.' That of Beza was scarcely more favourable. Genebrard published a corrected edition of his works, containing several which had not previously been made public, and in his Collectanea had spared no labour in defending his author from the various imputations cast upon him. That mystical tendency which forms so prominent a feature in the doctrines of Origen, has been revived in more than one connexion in modern times.

Of the merits of Origen we must judge in the spirit of charity. His labours entitle him to no less at our hands. Of this victim of unmeasured censure—this idol of indiscriminate praise, we can now form a dispassionate estimate. The uproar of the contests which ensued upon his death has died away. Those funeral games are ended. We are not, like his contemporaries, applauding now Jerome, and now Rufinus, as they strain and turn in their grapple of hatred. Let not the evil which was no part of his design be laid to his charge. Let his love to the Most Holy, whom he wished to serve,

be present with us when we think on the multitude of his errors. His whole life he offered up as a sacrifice to his Maker—calumny alone would snatch the offering from the altar. 'I shall know after death,' said he, 'whether those stars are indeed animated.' We believe that he now does know—in heaven. As we judge of him, so should we be concerned to judge of others. It is good to evince fairness towards the dead; it is better, because often more difficult, to cherish a like spirit as regards the living. Would that we saw less among ourselves of that temper which is blind to great excellence because of small faults: which makes one point of difference of more account than many of union: and would deny the conqueror his laurels because his victory was not gained according to a certain pet system of tactics. The wise do not expect to find a union of opposite qualities in the same person. The same caution which would have disposed Origen to stop short on the brink of the errors into which he plunged, would also have taught him to regard the *Hexapla* as a task too gigantic for one mind, and the refutation of Celsus as a labour which so old a man might well leave to others retaining more of the vigour of youth. The very ardour which led him wrong was indispensable to his going so far as he did aright. The Christian army which employed this giant to do battle in their van had no great cause for complaint if their hero was not always subject to the strictest rules of discipline. The utility and the inconveniences of such an ally were not to be separated. Yet nothing is more common than to hear distinguished men blamed for the want of qualities which are hardly compatible with the stronger forms of excellence which give them their distinction.

We have seen, in the course of this inquiry, somewhat of the evil which follows from assigning to human reason undue authority in matters of religion. Christianity was not sent into the world to go the round of the high courts of our philosophy, and thankfully to accept the place which might be allotted to her in a verdict from that quarter. It is not an imperfect system which the later wisdom of the world has been left to correct and mature—no temporary edifice which

a future age might pull down, and reconstruct in adaptation to new principles of taste. If we may credit some of our sophists, it descended from heaven like some of the deified stones of antiquity, in a shapelessness which the superstition of a ruder age only could have consented to worship; and it has been reserved to them to give it symmetry and soul, so as to render it worthy of the homage of a more enlightened race. Christianity has not fallen so low as to be thankful for such services. The transcendentalist bestows upon it his lip-homage, but it is given as to a sovereign whose power has been secured for the most part by usurpation. For ages men have lived under the influence of its sublime fictions, and thought them real. Reason is now to deliver them from the thraldom of its fascinations, and disclosing the object of their veneration in its true qualities, to show them how simple is the fare which men have mistaken for angels' food. Our philosopher invites us to his Canaan, but has first dried up the milk and honey which flowed there. Nor will any man be attracted towards the promised land of these speculators by the bright light resting upon it. They provide not a little against attack by taking care not to be understood. The force of the enemy advances with the more formidable appearance from coming upon you in a fog. When the Duke of Anjou was besieging a castle on the coast of Italy, a potent necromancer promised 'to make the ayre so thicke, that they within shal thynke that there is a great bridge on the see;—and whan they within the castell se this bridge, they will be so afrayde, that they shall yelde them to your mercy.' German metaphysics can perform its feats of this kind upon occasion. Favoured as they are by obscurity, these heroes fight like the soldiers of Vespasian, who were indebted for the victory in a night engagement with the Vitellians to the long shadows which the rising moon threw before them. It has been a common policy with powerful nations, when entertaining designs on the liberty of a neighbour, to pretend that the weaker state stands in need of their assistance, and then to exact subserviency as the price of protection. This has been too much the

course pursued by the philosophy of the schools towards the religion of the Scriptures. Sound philosophy and sound theology are one, and the best means of protecting Christianity against the mischiefs of a false philosophy is to demonstrate its just relation to the true.

SCHLEIERMACHER.*

TWO countrymen, says the fable, were walking in the fields when they saw a cloud approaching, huge and dark. Ah, cried John, there comes the hail; our crops will be ruined, a famine in three months, then a pestilence, then——Hail! interrupted Thomas, that cloud carries rain, the very thing we want, we shall make a fortune this summer. The dispute grew warm. Meanwhile the wind had carried the cloud almost out of sight. They had neither rain nor hail. So the appearance of some new system has been frequently observed to awaken expectations the most opposite. Such principles, exclaim some, are the evil portents of the age, fraught with mischief to religion, to morality, to the nation at large. Such principles, it is rejoined by others, are our happiest auguries for the future, they make an epoch in the progress of enlightenment. But the phenomenon in question, having made its way to the zenith, is presently seen drifting rapidly off towards the horizon. It accomplishes its transit without leaving behind it on the earth any result whatever, whether disastrous or benign. This process has been more than once exemplified in the case of our German neighbours. From time to time some speculation of unusual boldness, some perversion of singular ingenuity, raises its head above the rest, awakens general attention, and then subsides, without realizing either the hopes of one party or the fears of the other. Not unfrequently when such

* *Der Christliche Glaube nach den Grundsätzen der Evangelischen Kirche im Zusammenhange dargestellt, von* Dr. FRIEDRICH SCHLEIERMACHER. Vierte unveränderte Ausgabe. 2 Bde. Berlin, bei Reimer. 1842.

an appearance has begun to excite notice in England, it has nearly ceased to exist in its native country. The good people there who ran out to see the strange meteor have already returned to their repose, while we are clustering about some man loudly reading from his hand-bill all about 'the wonderful new comet!' Lest the practical good sense of our English readers should apprehend any such profitless consumption of their time, and so decline at once what might be possibly a *post festum* invitation, we must be permitted to remind them, at the outset, that the writer whose opinions we propose to examine has exerted an influence on German theology of great extent during his lifetime, conspicuous at the present day, and likely to endure in its results for a long period to come.

Friedrich Schleiermacher was one of those comprehensive minds who assume an independent position between two extreme parties, and are consequently disowned by each, yet powerful in modifying both. His services are to be estimated not merely by what he himself accomplished, but scarcely less by the activity he infused into others. The result of his efforts does not lie within the definite compass of a certain measure of detail. He did not desire to form a school. His aim was, as he himself expressed it, 'to stimulate individuality.' Accordingly his influence is traceable, not so much in particular opinions, as in general modes of thought, and in the beneficial change he effected in the spirit and direction of inquiry. Neander, the pupil and colleague of Schleiermacher, announced the intelligence of his death in these words,—'We have now lost a man from whom will be dated henceforth a new era in the history of theology.' That ideal of the church which Neander has developed with such skill and learning was derived from Schleiermacher. Among the Germans he was the first to make so near an approach to the scriptural conception of the Church of Christ.

Rationalist criticism has always been content with the endeavour to destroy. In the time of Schleiermacher a second reformation in the theological world was needed to construct. In this movement he took the lead. Orthodoxy had, for a long period previously, substi-

tuted the letter for the spirit. Rationalism broke down in every direction the empty framework. It was the aim of Schleiermacher to revive the spirit of Christianity, while he retained that freedom of inquiry, and that independence in criticism, which the law of progress was thought imperatively to demand. The youth of Schleiermacher was passed in a stormy period. In politics, in literature, in religion, all was commotion. He emerged from the quiet seclusion of the Moravians, the Essenes of modern times, to take his place among these conflicting elements. What he found among the brethren of Herrnhut was inadequate to satisfy the demands of his understanding. But a somewhat of their spirit of love and of their pious mysticism he found ever afterwards indispensable to his heart. The requirements of his feeling constituted throughout his mental history a wholesome counterpoise to the rigorous demands of his dialectics. He displayed a keen power of analysis in separating those independent provinces, theology and philosophy, faith and speculation. At the same time he maintained their intrinsic harmony. A faithful pursuit of each must have for its issue agreement not discord. Schleiermacher was not the first to detect the error and the evil of the attempts which had been made to unite the two. But others, when they became aware of this incompatibility, had decided too hastily that one of them must be false, and sided therefore with the religionist or with the free-thinker exclusively. Schleiermacher, while devoting himself to theology, could look with complacency on the efforts of the philosopher at his side. He stands, like a second Boethius, between the heathen philosophy of the Rationalist and the Neologian, and the Gothic zealotry of the extreme orthodox. Too philosophical for the pietists, he was too credulous for the philosophers. That comprehensiveness and impartiality which united in one person the contradictory tendencies of the age, was not likely to have place among all his disciples. Very many, after a period of subjection to his influence, passed onward to more sceptical or more orthodox opinions. When his hand was removed, the equilibrium was destroyed, and the scale, which had

been more heavily laden from the first, would immediately preponderate. Averse to extremes, he was not among those who dread diversity of opinion, and can find nothing to hope in the collision of honourable controversy. He rejoiced when he had imparted an impulse; it was not his desire to prescribe a course. His lectures, his sermons, and his writings, influenced numbers of every grade of opinion. While, in many quarters, they infused into the old supranaturalism a youthful vigour, they were not without a beneficial influence, even upon the extreme sceptical party. His theology may be said to have given the first impulse to that improved spirit of theological inquiry which has become conspicuous in Germany of late years. He made manifest, as no German had hitherto done, the distinction between essentials and non-essentials in religion. We should not draw the line precisely where he has drawn it, but he rendered eminent service to his countrymen, in directing so many able minds among them to that union of a reverent temper with an impartial research, on which are based their most valuable contributions to theological science. An acquaintance with his system is indispensable, in the case of any one who would trace the origin, or apprehend the character of German theology in its more praiseworthy efforts. Like the Libripens of the old Roman law, Schleiermacher has been the personage without whose presence no compact could be concluded. His influence is invariably to be presupposed in the acquisition or the transfer of that precious commodity, theological opinion, during the greater part of the last half century. The present representatives of a liberal orthodoxy were, with scarcely an exception, his scholars. Among these are found the distinguished names of Julius Müller, Tholuck, Nitzsch, Bleek, Lücke, Dorner, and Twesten. The last named has succeeded Schleiermacher in the chair of divinity at Berlin, and advocates a theology identical in its main positions with that of his predecessor.

Schleiermacher was born at Breslau, in the year 1768. His earlier education was received in the Moravian school, at Niesky. He pursued his theological studies at Halle. Entering college,

the subject of considerable religious conviction, his faith was unsettled by the study, first of Spinoza, and afterwards of Fichte. It is remarkable that nearly every distinguished sceptic since the days of Spinoza has dated his departure from Christianity from the perusal of his writings. The philosopher of Amsterdam attracts the perplexed inquirer by his semblance of exactitude, and obtains credit accordingly. By this implicit surrender of faith to the first comer, it would seem that each new deserter to the quarters of infidelity has believed in the German popular superstition, that the first dream dreamt in a new house must be true. From 1796 to 1802, Schleiermacher occupied the post of chaplain to the hospital at Berlin, and in 1803 became professor of theology and university preacher at Halle. On the occupation of that place by the French, three years subsequently, he repaired to Berlin, where in 1810 he was appointed theological professor in ordinary. Here he continued until his death in 1834. In addition to his theological lectures he was accustomed to deliver courses on philosophy, embracing all its branches, excepting that of natural science. The name of Schleiermacher is well known to many classical students as the translator of Plato, and the author of much valuable criticism on the *Dialogues*. His labours in this department were directed with considerable success to separate the spurious from the genuine writings, and towards the introduction of a more adequate principle of classification.* He wrote also monographies on Anaximander, Diogenes of Apollinaria, and Socrates. But it is with his services as a theologian that we have here to do. His first work in this

* His principal fault is too great a reliance upon his own estimate of the internal evidence, furnished by the *Dialogues* themselves. If one of them is thought to fall much beneath a certain standard of excellence, or to advocate opinions inconsistent with those supposed to be Plato's, it is rejected. See, as an example, the remarks on the criticisms of Schleiermacher and Ast on the *Ion*, in the *Prolegomena* of Nitzsch (quoted in Bekker's *Plato*, vol. ii. p. 423), and, in general, the very just observations of Mr. Lewes, on this school of criticism, in his *Biographical History of Philosophy*, vol. ii. p. 40.

department appeared in 1799, without his name. Editions were subsequently published in 1806 and 1821, the last accompanied by numerous apologetic and explanatory notes, with a view to harmonize certain expressions which had been thought to savour of Pantheism, with the more evangelical views of his systematic theology, which appeared the same year. The book was entitled *Discourses on Religion, addressed to the educated among those who despise it.* We cannot here do more than briefly indicate the object of these essays, but even for this, it will be necessary to review the state of parties at the time when Schleiermacher thus entered the arena.

The experiments upon which men have ventured with religion resemble those which the curiosity of the chemist has led him to try with light. The sunshine, or white light, is best adapted for vegetable growth. But what, asks the man of science, if we subject plants to the influence of only one of the prismatic colours of which the solar ray is composed—to the red, for instance, the yellow, or the blue? Plants have been reared, accordingly, under glasses of these several colours. Experiment shows that the yellow, while yielding the largest amount of light, prevents, as might be expected, the germination of seed; the red produces the most heat, but the plant is unhealthy; beneath the blue the strongest chemical effect is realized, but under this influence the strength of the plant fails to keep pace with its growth. It is thus that men have separated in religion those influences which ought to be combined. One class of religionists will admit only light for the intellect, another only warmth for the heart. Under the influence of the first the good seeds must remain dead; subject to the glowing rays of the second, growth is artificial and diseased. A third class, again, are less concerned either about the light or the heat, about religion as a mere idea or religion as a mere sentiment, than they are about the security of that merely chemical result—an established orthodoxy. These three forms of religious one-sidedness have been frequently repeated in the history of the church. They were all in existence in Germany when Schleiermacher commenced his career as a theo-

logian. The Rationalism of Semler, and the philosophy of Kant, had sought to reduce religion to mere morality. French infidelity and English deism had contributed more or less directly to an exaltation of natural religion at the expense of revealed. Semler had propagated the notion that it mattered not what views a man entertained of Christianity, so that he made it serviceable in some way to his moral improvement. Rationalism was not the result of a more laborious and impartial criticism of the Scriptures. On the contrary, the doctrinal opinions of these men determined their mode of interpretation. They endeavoured to remove from Christianity all that was peculiar to it. In retaining only the common, they arrived at natural religion as the residuum. Such were the despisers of religion whom Schleiermacher principally addresses in these discourses. He shows the inefficacy of the mere religion of nature. Something positive, he urges, is indispensable. If Christianity be anything, it must be the one religion. The scepticism he thus assailed was widely spread. It was the prevalent opinion with a large class of cultivated minds, among whom a contempt for Christianity was accounted the finishing stroke of a liberal education. The utmost they were prepared to admit in behalf of evangelical religion was its utility in the hands of the state for the maintenance of morality and subordination among the lower classes.

Schleiermacher was almost farther removed, on the other side, from the extreme orthodox party than from the rationalists themselves. For a long time previous the Lutheran clergy, jealous of the Calvinists, and fearing as much as they hated the sceptics, had shown themselves equally destitute of the prudence requisite for a judicious concession, and of the necessary ability for an effective attack. Schleiermacher aimed at both. He combated their enemies, though not on their behalf. He contended on a ground, and with tactics, to which they could never have become parties. The advocates of religion had injured their cause, he thought, by attempting to defend too much. Could he but succeed in maintaining the citadel, he was content to abandon many of the outworks. The

creed by itself is useless as a sundial after sunset. These men were necessarily inadequate to the emergencies of the time. Bigotry cannot advance. The very weapons it employs make retrogression unavoidable. It resembles the Garamantian oxen, of whom Herodotus gravely tells, that they were compelled by the length and position of their horns to graze backwards. The preaching of the Lutheran clergy was more commonly declamation against what they regarded as false, than proclamation of what was true. What they extolled was not so much the Gospel, as their creeds and confessions of faith—those symbolical books, so numerous, so complex, and, in many points, so erroneous. There was too much of that unfortunate connexion between preaching and castigation which obtained at Bridewell, when the criminals were whipped immediately on the conclusion of the church service. Their sermons commonly exhibited, not a Saviour crucified, but a heretic anathematized. Under the name of orthodoxy, the very spirit of the papacy had crept into the church of Luther. In one of our old English Moralities, the seven cardinal virtues are represented as besieged by the seven deadly sins; and there is a serviceable lesson in the discovery made, that the roses thrown by Caritas beat her adversaries black and blue. But the Lutheran clergy refused to admit within their walls an auxiliary so gentle and so formidable. There is no little truth even in the overcharged satire of Jean Paul in the *Greenland Lawsuits*. He makes one of them say—'since the world has been smitten with such blindness that it begins no longer to be able to see in the dark, which every owl can do, it is but proper that we should strike light into its eyes with fisty-cuffs.' Men of this class had risen *en masse* against the devoted Spener, as did the doctors of the Sorbonne against the anti-Aristotelian Ramus, and the clergy of England against the founders of methodism.

There existed a third order of minds with whom Schleiermacher possessed much more in common. These were the Romanticists. The epithet, romantic, has recently been somewhat changed in its application. It is now employed as a term of reproach by the

extreme Left of Germany to designate piety, orthodoxy, or conservatism. Nearly every opinion which runs not to their own excess is stigmatized as redolent of the Middle Age. About as justly might the socialists call every man who shrank from communism a tractarian. At the time to which we now refer, the Romanticists, in the true sense, were more numerous and more influential than at present. They were men who are better represented among ourselves by Mr. Carlyle than by any other writer. They aspired to become philosophers; they were seldom really more than artists. Smitten with a visionary admiration of the past, they were so far from desiring, like our Puseyites, its practical resuscitation, that they claimed a foremost place among the advocates of improvement, and the scornful assailants of prejudice. This school could boast of Tieck, Novalis, the Schlegels, and Fouqué as their poets and men of letters; and of Schelling as their philosopher. To the Lutheran of the old school, philosophy was what the malignant fays of their mythology were to the Northmen. To young Germany, what was thus regarded as a dark and treacherous power appeared, on the contrary, the benign priestess of nature. As the gayer imagination of the south of Europe transformed the gloomy personages of northern superstition into kindly enchanters, so the romance of the new school wooed as divine that speculation which the old had proscribed as Satanic. The richness of fancy, the allegory, and the mysticism, which, derived from the East, became the soul of the troubadour poetry in the twelfth century, was revived with higher powers in the romantic poets of modern Germany. Their spirit is expressed in the dreamy wish of Keats—

> 'O for a draught of vintage, that hath been
> Cool'd a long age in the deep-delved earth,
> Tasting of Flora and the country-green,
> Dance, and Provençal song, and sunburnt mirth!
> O for a beaker full of the warm south,
> Full of the true, the blushful Hippocrene.'

The pursuit of truth was carried on by them as a kind of chivalrous

adventure. Philosophy held the secret of life, that wealth which would enrich all coming time. The successful aspirant might win it. 'Divine philosophy' alone could raise a palace in our desert with a word, and cause groves of perfume, and fountains of freshness to spring, where man had found before only sandy barrenness or a blasted heath. The old romance says that Ogier the Dane, when he had received a crown from the Fairy Morgana in her castle of Avalon, forgot his sovereign, his compeers, his exploits, his vowed adventures, and was bound by the spell to be mindful only of her love. So has it too often happened that these enamoured paladins of modern times have forgotten, while lost in their passion for the speculation they adore, how many grievances call loudly for redress, and how many giant wrongs still stalk abroad with none to do them battle. Heinrich Heine says, 'For my part I divide all things into two great classes—the things which can be eaten and the things which can not.' In the philosophy of Kant, and in the earlier philosophy of Fichte, the universe was parted off between the subject and the object in a manner deemed satisfactory. All things were either the outside or the inside passengers of the human vehicle. Schelling pronounced the subject and object identical in the absolute. The deity, according to his system, is the negation of all such antitheses—as real and ideal, spiritual and natural, me and not-me, &c. This notion may remind us of the ancient pantheism of the Buddhist, where Sansara, the appearance, and Nirwana, the spirit, become one in the perfection of consciousness. The infinite, with Schelling, is the *unio correlata* of either series of the finite. For the solution of the great problems of existence, the romantic philosophy found neither in logic nor in psychology an adequate instrument. By the speculative method alone could any satisfactory result be attained. It discovered its organum in the faculty of intellectual intuition. This is described as the gift indispensable to the philosopher as to the poet—the insight of genius. The element of mysticism in the philosophy of Schelling found a partial echo in the temperament of Schleiermacher. He was more affected by it

at first than afterwards. Though he separated so carefully the departments of philosophy and theology, he could not wholly escape the influence of the speculative philosophy. He addressed a public who had hailed the discovery of the intellectual intuition with rapture. The youth of Germany hastened at the call of Schelling to merge their individuality in the All. Impatient genius must abandon the laborious induction for the flight of a neo-platonist abstraction. This instrument, which was to achieve such wonders, was applied in every province of inquiry. In natural science, where these efforts were most futile, they were most strenuous. A modern Aristophanes would have represented the youthful speculatists as repairing from all quarters to the workshop of Schelling, to be furnished with wings by the great Dædalus of the day. There is reason to believe that the ascents performed were seldom more real than that of the worthy knight of La Mancha, who, while seated on the wooden horse in the garden, believed himself traversing the regions of upper air. This discovery of Schelling's may be ranked, in point of utility, with the boastful philosophy of the empiric Paracelsus, who recommended, in place of toilsome research, a genial glance that should pierce the mysteries of nature; who extolled an intuition which was to behold the divinity whom nature held in solution; and who held the doctrine of a correspondence between the macrocosm of the world and the microcosm of man, somewhat like the identity of the real and the ideal in Schelling's system. These ill-directed speculations damaged at the outset many minds fitted for better things, much as the vain fancies of the Cabbala seduced and wasted the enthusiasm and the learning of Reuchlin and Pico of Mirandola. The powerful logical faculty in the mind of Schleiermacher prevented him from erring greatly on the side of mysticism. His dialectics rendered him the same service in his own province which scientific study did to Jean Paul, when it prevented him from falling a prey to the prevalent sentimentality induced by the *Sorrows of Werther.*

At the time when he wrote the discourses, Schleiermacher associated but little with his clerical brethren. His friends lay

principally among a coterie of young Romanticists, talented, capricious, and dogmatical, who waged perpetual war with prose and conventionalism in the pages of the *Athenæum*. This periodical was edited by the two Schlegels, Tieck, and Novalis. The party it represented despised all who were not of their school as men who, like the fabled dwellers about Mount Atlas, had never any dreams. They were the devotees of taste. Morality with them was subordinate to æsthetics. By the love of beauty, man was to arrive at his religion. The inward purity of the worshipper of the beautiful was untainted, though the social relations might be set at nought. The spiritual and the sensuous must be cultivated together, and the weaker power ought to yield to the stronger.

Schleiermacher is known to have received an impulse also from the writings of Jacobi, the contemporary and opponent of Kant. His opinions were similar to those of Hemsterhuys and Hamann, though approaching much less nearly the evangelical standard. Like Kant, he began with the study of the mind itself, and, inverting the old process, advanced from the inward to the outward. But his results were very different. Jacobi denounced philosophy altogether, and opposed equally the barren ethics of the sage of Königsberg, and the speculative philosophy which succeeded. Schleiermacher was not prepared to go so far. Repudiating every theological dogma, Jacobi placed the essence of religion in devout sentiment. In the eyes of the faith-philosopher, as he was called, an ideal Christ eclipsed the historical. According to him it was neither requisite nor possible to prove the truth of Christianity. His position was a false one on either side. To overlook the facts of Christianity, and to appeal solely to the feeling, is as much to oppose it as to reject the facts—appealing solely to the reason. Religion is degraded when assigned to faith to the exclusion of knowledge—this is to remove it from the region of certitude at once, and to concede almost all for which the infidel philosopher is concerned to contend. On the other side, it is not true that philosophy has existed altogether in vain, though it can never accomplish all that its votaries antici-

pate. These alchemists will never find their wondrous stone or distil the desired elixir; but, as they have in the past, so will they in the future frequently stumble upon what is useful in their search after what is impossible.

The *Discourses on Religion* appeared at the close of the eighteenth century. It may not be uninteresting to see how some of Schleiermacher's distinguished contemporaries were employed during this border period between the two centuries, when he came forward to take his place among them. Goethe, laborious and methodical, having dieted himself for hard work, was busy at Weimar with his *Faust*. Schiller was there also, hastening the decay of his constitution by immoderate draughts of coffee and malaga; writing *Mary Stuart* in his sickness, and seen often wandering in solitary reverie about the park, meditating works which he was destined never to complete. Wieland, in the enjoyment of literary leisure, wearing about his head his favourite red scarf, thought and wrote, and conversed, not without affectation, of himself and of his works. Herder was engaged with his *Metacritik:* he was now in his sixty-sixth year. His residence at Weimar contributed to embitter his declining days. The exertions he made in the cause of education and ecclesiastical reform, his attempts to check the growing imitation of the licentious infidelity of France, ended in disappointment. He was preparing to withdraw from the field as Schleiermacher entered it. Jean Paul, Herder, and Jacobi, were to have united in conducting a literary periodical entitled the *Aurora*, which, among other objects, was to oppose the transcendental egotism of Fichte, and advocate that positive Christianity to which a common sentiment, partly religious and partly poetical, had attached them. But Herder was losing hope, Jacobi was now ill, and the project was abandoned. Fichte was in the height of his popularity, not the less so that the year 1799 saw him driven from his chair at Jena on a charge of atheism. Booksellers paid him six louis d'ors a sheet for his lectures, a greater sum than even Goethe could command. His system was attacked in 1801 by Jean Paul, in his *Clavis Fichtiana*.

The boldness and humour of the caricature drew general attention. Thus these two noble-hearted Iconoclasts, Schleiermacher and Jean Paul, employed almost simultaneously, the one his eloquence and the other his satire, to tear down those images of the Ego which philosophy had set up. In 1800, Jean Paul repaired to Berlin, and, occupied as he was in suing vainly for a prebend's place, and successfully for a wife, found time to commence an intimate friendship with Schleiermacher, whose discourses he styles, 'An inspired and inspiring work, a chaste and fair temple, wherein is carried on a veritable divine service.'*

In these essays Schleiermacher meets the rationalist objector on his own ground. In what aspect, he asks, have you considered religion that you so despise it? Have you looked on its outward manifestations only? These the peculiarities of an age or a nation may modify. You should have looked deeper. That which constitutes the religious *life* has escaped you. Your criticism has dissected a dead creed. That scalpel will never detect a soul. Or will you aver that you have indeed looked upon religion in its inward reality? Then you must acknowledge that the idea of religion is inherent in human nature, that it is a great necessity of our kind. Your quarrel lies in this case, not with religion itself, but with the corruptions of it. In the name of humanity you are called on to examine closely, to appreciate duly what has been already done towards the emancipation of the true and eternal which lies beneath these forms,—to assist in what may yet remain. Schleiermacher separates the province of religion from those of action and of knowledge. Religion is not morality, it is not science. Its seat is found accordingly in the third element of our nature—the feeling. Its essential is a right state of the heart. To degrade religion to the position of a mere purveyor of motive to morality is not more dishonourable to the ethics which must ask than to the religion which will render such assistance. It is

* See *Life of Jean Paul Fr. Richter*, vol. ii. c. 6.

worthy of remark that the vain and frivolous Semler, educated, like Schleiermacher, in the bosom of Pietism, derived a conclusion the very opposite of this from a similar study of the fluctuation and variety in religious opinion. Morality, with Semler, was the sole aim, with Schleiermacher, the necessary attendant of religion. The feeling Schleiermacher advocates is not the fanaticism of the ignorant or the visionary emotion of the idle. It is not an aimless reverie shrinking morbidly from the light of clear and definite thought. Feeling, in its sound condition, affects both our conception and our will, leads to knowledge and to action. Neither knowledge nor morality are in themselves the measure of a man's religiousness. Yet religion is requisite to true wisdom and morality inseparable from true religion. He points out the hurtfulness of a union between the church and the state. With indignant eloquence he descants on the evils which have befallen the church 'since first the hem of the priestly robe swept the marble of an imperial palace.'

This work excited notice, not more by the brilliance of its style than by the independence of thought it displayed. It may not be difficult to detect here and there the influence of a study of the Greek philosophers, of Spinoza, of Jacobi, and even of Fichte. But as a whole, the book affects the reader, as do all those works which embody strongly a man's own character. The tendencies it combines were all existent within himself, the result of his previous history. Schlegel called it, in genuine German phrase, 'The most characteristic of books, a work of infinite subjectivity.' In his endeavour to take as comprehensive a view of religion as possible, that he may show its nature to be the same, though its manifestations have been so diverse, he fails to keep adequately in view the distinctive truths of Christianity. Some loose declamation on this subject, and the use of many expressions more in accordance with the philosophical cant of the day than with either Christianity or common sense, laid him open to the charge of Pantheism. He writes an apology for religion in general rather than for Christianity

itself. He defends positive religion against a mere negative deism. He seems to have forgotten that because the altar without the flame is worthless, it is not therefore of little consequence upon what altar the flame is kindled. The discourses produced less effect on the Rationalists for whom they were more immediately intended, than on the Romanticists of the Fichte and Schelling school.

The mind of Schleiermacher was partly dialectic, partly mystical in its composition. In this point he strikingly resembles Hugo of St. Victor, who, half schoolman, half mystic, united with great advantage the feeling of the one and the erudition of the other. In another sphere a Sydney represented in himself with similar success both the chivalry and the learning of his day. Schleiermacher and Hugo were alike in the combination of a high idealism with a subtle power of analysis. The intellect and the feeling were almost equally vigorous. The position of Schleiermacher in the nineteenth century was more original than that of Hugo in the twelfth. William of Champeaux, the founder of the institution of St. Victor, had set an example to the French mystic which Schleiermacher did not find in Jacobi. It is true, also, that Anselm had already uttered his *credo ut intelligam*, and Bernhard had taught the interchange and reciprocal action of love and knowledge. Yet the faith intended by Hugo had more resemblance to that definition of the term which Schleiermacher would have given. With the theologian of St. Victor faith was the devout condition of the entire inner life. With his predecessors it was more equivalent to the necessary orthodoxy, that historical belief which was at once the foundation and the prescribed limit of the labours of scholasticism. The schoolmen held their busy mart upon a frozen river; the spring came, and their occupation was gone. In these discourses the twofold power of which we have spoken is signally displayed. They read throughout their greater part much like a dialogue in Plato. The same quiet irony, the same alacrity to make all due concession, even to argue for the adversary or to warn him of an approaching

dilemma, a similar well-arranged yet apparently casual succession of interrogations and of topics. We seem to hear Socrates perplexing Gorgias, or confuting Hippias, on each position he successively assumes. In many passages, again, the disputant becomes the orator; the language and the thought are vehement and glowing. There are passages in the book which, in point of beauty and force, will stand comparison with any prose composition in the language.

After the interval of a year, there appeared from the pen of Schleiermacher another small volume, entitled *Soliloquies*. In their highly-wrought and impassioned style, these essays possess, as a work of art, a greater charm than even the *Discourses*. In truthfulness they are inferior. The space of time between the two publications was short, yet there appears a wide gulf between the opinions advocated in each. The *Discourses* proclaim the excellence of a sense of dependence. The *Soliloquies* are devoted to the praise of independence. The explanation is obvious: the former indicate his theological, and the latter his ethical position at that period. Absolute as is our dependence in relation to God, as regards man and nature we reciprocally act and are acted upon—we are free. The same man who in devotion loses himself in the Divine, in moral action manifests the autocracy of his will, creates or governs circumstance, and forms himself by collision with his fellows. These ethics are of the school of Fichte. The truly moral man is the 'imperator' of Cicero's *Paradoxes;* he enjoys the ataraxy and 'apathy sublime' of the stoic philosophy. The man of virtue may be said to know the hereafter, for he constructs within himself his own future. Age has no power over him, for he can keep his heart young. The great office of morality is the development of character. The words of the poet convey the leading maxim of the theory—

> 'Thou within thy world art monarch,
> Hast thyself?—then thou hast all.'

These essays are sparkling extravaganzas in praise of individuality. 'What they call world,' says Schleiermacher, 'I call man; what

they term man is to me the world. In my view, mind stands first and stands sole. What I recognise as the world, is its fairest work, its self-made mirror.'

The *Soliloquies* were received with enthusiasm. They were in exact accordance with the spirit of the age. Literary coteries were in their glory. The correspondence and the soirées of these little circles all tended to nourish that egotism which Schleiermacher's book ennobled. The fashion of the day fully realized his definition of friendship as 'the enjoyment of another's individuality.' The reciprocal admiration of friends was subservient to the display or the completion of what was characteristic in each. A refined cultus of individuality was the favourite worship of society. The association of literati at Weimar was only the most luminous among a number of similar systems. The aged Gleim, patriotic, benevolent, and vain, with his gifted niece Gleminde, were the centre of a literary circle at Halberstadt. Jacobi, at Nürnberg, spoiled by his two aunts, Lehna and Lotta, shut up, like Southey, to the society of admirers and of women, carried about with him constantly the favourable reviews of his books, neatly wrapt up in paper. The correspondence between him and Wieland is largely occupied, like that contained in Forbes' *Life of Beattie*, with the traffic of compliments. Their works passed continually to and fro for criticism—that is, for commendation. When Jacobi could not praise, the friendship of Wieland cooled. The periods of indifference and the epochs of reunion appear to have been regulated by the abundance or the scarcity of the praise secured.

In attempting to furnish an account of an author's works, a writer is destined not unfrequently to find himself in a position of doubt similar to that of the topographer, who, in his description of a city, arrives at some house rendered famous by the birth of a great man, and hesitates as to whether he shall proceed to describe at once, in that place, the other localities and mention the other incidents relating to this personage, or wait till he reaches them, one by one, in his prescribed route. In the present instance, the

choice. lies between a violation of the order of time or of subject. But as the *Soliloquies* have introduced the subject of ethics, it may be most advisable briefly to indicate here the ethical method finally adopted by Schleiermacher. His Moral Philosophy in its latest form was published six years ago by Jonas, a distinguished preacher in Berlin, warmly attached to the principles of his master. Schleiermacher had made successive improvements in these lectures, consisting partly of an alteration in the arrangement, as well as a more extensive elaboration of particular sections; and had intended to lay his ethical system finally before the public in a form similar to that of his *Outlines of Theological Study*. But his life was not spared, and he bequeathed to Jonas the task of editing the papers he left behind. None of his academical courses conveyed so strongly the impression of his extraordinary powers of mind as did that on ethics. The contrast is even more striking than could be anticipated between the rhapsodical fervour of the *Soliloquies*, and the logical sequence, the depth, and the comprehensiveness of the system matured in his later years. He has invented a novel terminology, to which an English rendering can hardly do justice. The work is entitled, *A System of Christian Ethics on the Principles of the Evangelical Church*. It was the office of moral philosophy, he thought, to carry out systematically and to apply with greater minuteness, the ethical precepts of the Scriptures; and also, in some measure, to supplement the sacred writings with a view to meet the requirements of the present day. Such a system, he observes, must be understood as resting on a strictly Protestant basis, since we do not recognise that duty of obedience to the church which occupies so prominent a place in the casuistry of the Romanist. The Scripture must furnish the moralist with his standard; though he should refer for subordinate direction to the symbolical books and the usage of the church, where such creeds and such practice are in harmony with the principles of the New Testament. Christian ethics may be defined as a description of the various kinds of action which result from the supremacy of the devout consciousness in the Christian.

In the consciousness of every man the opposites, movement and repose, must have place. These two conditions furnish the impulse towards the two great classes of actions which divide between them the system of Schleiermacher. These are realizing actions and actions of manifestation. The Christian life is one of process. Our happiness as members of Christ's kingdom is not absolute, but relative. This condition of imperfectness is manifest in the alternations of pleasure and pain. When we feel that we cannot do as we would —that our devout convictions are not effective as they should be—a sense of dissatisfaction arises. A painful consciousness of this kind impels us towards a species of realizing action, which Schleiermacher terms reinstative or purifying. Again, the pleasure consequent on actions of this kind supplies the impulse towards those which constitute the second species of realizing action—viz., expansive action. The gratification which follows the willing surrender of the lower to the higher nature, awakens the desire to realize more fully what has thus been commenced. Hence our efforts after moral self-preservation; the educating process of the spiritual and temporal association with which each individual stands connected, and the desire to disseminate truth among others. Under this division fall those actions which make a part both of the interior and the exterior advance of the church towards perfectness and universality. In this department, also, he treats of the ethics of marriage, as the germ of that social connexion which is implied in expansive action, and of the casuistry of social progress in the community at large. These two species of action are called realizing, because it is their immediate aim to accomplish an improvement in man's condition. But between the emotions of pleasure and of pain, with their resulting actions of realization, lies an intermediate state of *satisfaction*. This, of course, is only relative, it is associated with impulse, and must find its expression in action. But the action it induces is not intended, like the two former kinds, to realize any process in ourselves or in others. Schleiermacher calls it, therefore, manifestive. By actions of this class a man seeks simply to express, and, as it

were, to fix by an outward action a certain inward frame of mind. This department includes Divine worship in the ordinary sense, and, in a wider signification, the Divine service which the Christian seeks to render throughout his entire life. Here Schleiermacher ranges the four Christian virtues, Chastity, Patience, Long-suffering, and Humility. The province of manifestative action embraces also the ethics of art, church festivals, popular amusements, play, &c. Art and worship are alike the expression of emotions and ideas within, independent of a purpose to produce a change in any sphere of life. Thus, pleasure or pain, or the indifference of either, determines the consciousness whence every impulse and every action must proceed. It will be obvious that this threefold division, strictly understood, must be a mere abstraction. Schleiermacher was quite aware of this. He does not mean to say that in actual experience any of our actions will be found to arise simply from one of these three impulses, to the exclusion of the other two. But in some actions one, and in some another, determines the predominant character. Every manifestative action contains a realizing element, and *vice versa*. So, in our social feelings, there is contained a minimum of the personal, and similarly in the actions in which they result.*

The cultivated mind of Germany traversed three philosophical stages in an astonishingly short space of time. The rapidity of

* In an accusation he brings against the pretension and clamorous party-spirit which characterized a large portion of the criticism and the literature of the day, Jean Paul praises the modesty and candour of Goethe and Schelling. He continues—'The same encomium is due to the few works we possess by the acute, ironical, and comprehensive mind of that great-great-great-grandson of Plato—Schleiermacher.' He then adds in a note, in his grotesque manner—'His work on ethics will found a new epoch in moral philosophy; it is full of luminous and glowing *foci*, rich in the antique spirit, in learning, and enlarged views. Here we find no Fortune's wheel turned by a man who cannot see, and giving us a jumble of notions at haphazard, but the fiery wheel of a great system makes its revolutions.'—*Vorschule der Aesthetik*, p. 104. *Sämmtliche Werke*, vol. xix. This was written in 1812, and refers to the earlier edition of the *Sittenlehre*.

their transit from the moral rigours of Kant and Fichte, to the æsthetic libertinism of Schelling, surprised even themselves. Some Saturnalian extravagance might be looked for. Labours like those of a Hercules had once been thought necessary to raise a mortal to a place among the stars; but now the doctrine of the 'intellectual intuition' invited every fisherman Glaucus to take his leap, and become a sea-god in the ocean of thought. About the same time that the *Soliloquies* appeared, Frederick Schlegel produced a clever and licentious fiction, called *Lucinda*. That Schleiermacher could approve of the practical tendency of the book was impossible; but, influenced partly by personal friendship, and partly carried away by some of its theories, he attempted an anonymous defence of it, intitled *Confidential Letters on Schlegel's 'Lucinda.'* He endeavoured, in a manner, to spiritualize it; to indicate a possible application of its principles more moral than the obvious one, and produced an apology rather for a parallel theory than for the work itself. To have done even thus much was a great disgrace. Frederick Schlegel carried the subjective idealism of Fichte to an extreme which that high-minded philosopher must have regarded with abhorrence. His fundamental principle is the Immanent Infinity of the Ego, a favourite tenet of the romantic school. In answer to the question, How shall we maintain in practice the sense of this infinity? Schlegel replies—'By abstaining from strenuous action, by separating ourselves from contact with the finite.' That which is finite does not really belong to us, it is but the vanishing appearance of the Ego. Work is the flaming sword that debars man from his paradise. It is in repose that we should serve the cause of science, of art, and of religion. Man should claim the Olympian quiet of the gods of old. These are his words:—'The more divine a man or his work, the more will they resemble organic nature; of all the forms of existence, that of the vegetable is the most moral, the most pure. The highest and most perfect life would be, therefore, that of simple vegetation.' The book was directed principally against the 'English prudery,' and tended to increase the corruption

of society, already too regardless of virtue. The social restrictions on the intercourse of the sexes are denounced as provocations to vice. But the philosopher, it will be said, must conform in practice to the laws of his country, and yield a something, at least, to the opinions of society. True, Schlegel would answer, but the enlightened man accommodates himself to such prejudice with a secret irony. By irony he preserves himself intact within the consciousness of his own infinity. Such absurdity and such wickedness Schleiermacher could hold up to admiration. We believe that his friends have omitted these *Letters* in the posthumous edition of his complete works.

In 1806 he wrote the *Christmas Eve*, the last of these works of the more popular and romantic cast. After this he became the theologian exclusively, and abandoned his ornate style for one more scientific and strictly argumentative. The *Soliloquies* contained a theory of friendship; the *Letters on 'Lucinda,'* a theory of love. Schleiermacher had adopted successively the various forms of the discourse, the monologue, and the epistle; he attempted next the dialogue. The book opens with a description of Christmas-eve, and then follows a conversation suggested by the season. The various speakers represent shades of opinion which had each of them their place, more or less prominently, in the belief of the author. Leonhard represents the sceptical; Ernst and Edward advocate the mystical view of the Gospel narrative. The first speaker pronounces the synoptical gospels untrustworthy; the other two claim homage for what is called the Christ of John. In the Gospel of this evangelist, Schleiermacher thought he perceived a unity of aim and an elevation of spirit in which the others were deficient. In the *Commentary on Luke*, written some years afterwards, he endeavours to show how Luke proceeded when he undertook to weave into one narrative the many anecdotes and scattered memorabilia, of unequal authority, which were current among the Christians. Objective as his criticism professed to be, the very reasons he assigns for the preference given to the narrative of John, show that his depreciation

of the others rested on grounds subjective and arbitrary. The myths which Strauss subsequently introduced throughout, were admitted by Schleiermacher at the commencement and the close of the synoptical narratives. He was disposed to explain in this way the miraculous conception and the ascension. Strauss was an auditor of Schleiermacher's *Lectures on the Life of Christ*, and he may possibly have derived from them the idea of applying universally a mode of interpretation which Schleiermacher restricted to those parts of the scriptural account which he deemed non-essential. Within a year after the publication of the *Christmas Eve*, his *Critique of the so-called First Epistle of Paul to Timothy* issued from Halle. Schmidt in Giessen had previously ventured to express some doubts as to its genuineness, but even Semler had not denied its authenticity. Schleiermacher endeavoured to prove that the train of thought and cast of expression were altogether unpauline.

In 1810 the University of Berlin was established, with Schleiermacher as its head in theology, as Savigny was in law. Shortly after this appointment, Schleiermacher published his *Plan of Theological Study*, a small volume intended as an introduction to his theological course. This outline was succeeded, after an interval of ten years, by the larger work containing the complete development of his system. The first edition was intitled *An Account of the Christian Faith on the Principles of the Evangelical Church.* Subsequent editions of the *Glaubenslehre*, or, as we should term it, systematic theology, appeared in 1830 and 1831. This book marked the epoch of a general reform in doctrinal theology. In historical importance, says Dr. Lücke, it can be compared only with the *Institutes* of Calvin. We shall now proceed to indicate the main points of this system.

For the less definite term religion, the word piety is substituted by Schleiermacher; and piety he defines as in itself neither knowledge nor action, but a certain condition of the feeling, or immediate self-consciousness. By the term immediate, he designs to distinguish from the consciousness of ourselves which we have through

the medium of reflection (*e.g.* self-condemnation or self-approval) that consciousness which, like the simple feeling of joy or sorrow, is independent of any such intermediate process. Of the three provinces, knowledge, action, and feeling, the last is the seat of piety. Not that devotion is excluded from the other two; it should be their constant accompaniment, though distinct from them. Piety must pervade the entire nature. The devout man is one who may say,

> 'I've made my heart a Holy Sepulchre,
> And all my land of thought a Palestine.'

The ideal at which the theologian should aim, is to combine the deepest feeling with the highest knowledge. The inalienable characteristic of devout feeling, how manifold soever its manifestations, is this—that we are conscious of ourselves as completely dependent. To be conscious of ourselves as absolutely dependent, and to be conscious of ourselves in our relation to God, are one and the same thing. Our self-consciousness, as partly free and partly dependent, is the sense we have of our relation to the world. In respect to it we have no complete feeling of dependence excluding all possibility of reaction; nor, again, so complete a sense of freedom as precludes influence from without upon ourselves. The subject, for example, is dependent on the state, and the child on the parent, but neither so completely so as to exclude all reaction from the subject-quarter. With regard to God only can our dependence be said to be absolute; and therefore, with Schleiermacher, to be conscious of our relation to God, and to be conscious of absolute dependence, are convertible terms. That to which the mind refers as the determining, in this its consciousness of being absolutely determined, is God. This feeling constitutes the highest stage of human consciousness. So far from degrading man, as the philosophers (the Hegelians principally) have objected, this sense of dependence is the spring of all true power and joy within him. Here alone the opposition between subject and object disappears. Knowledge supposes the distinction between the person knowing and the object known; and action, that

between the doer and the object acted on, but this sense of absolute dependence is the *simple oneness of the self-consciousness.* This feeling is the divine element in our constitution; that whereby we are capable of fellowship with the Infinite. In this aspect of Schleiermacher's fundamental proposition, the influence of Schelling's philosophy of Identity is apparent.

Here, perhaps, some of our readers are ready to exclaim, this is mysticism undisguised. What else can be meant by reducing piety to an absolute, changeless condition of the mind, which is independent of time, ignores the external world, and is in effect a blank? It would seem that we are sent back at once to the fourteenth century, to the doctrines of Eccard and Henry of Basle, of Suso and Tauler, who define devotion as an essential reception of the Deity, so that the worshipper, without thought, will, or action of his own, loses himself in the abyss of the Infinite. But another step restores us to the world of reality. This higher self-consciousness, Schleiermacher is quite prepared to admit, cannot in itself be realized, or become an object of cognizance at all. It exists, for us, only in connexion with a feeling of an inferior order. This lower feeling serves, as it were, to embody and reveal the higher. It operates somewhat as the material chill of the earth, to condense and make visible the more ethereal dew. Schleiermacher calls it our sensuous consciousness. By it he understands the sense we have of our condition as respects the world about us, as one of action and reaction, modified and conditioned in various ways; a state of subjection in some respects, and of freedom in others. The term includes also those feelings which come nearest to our sense of absolute dependence—viz., the moral and the social, because these fall within the sphere of the individual, are subject to vicissitude and interchange. Both these kinds of feeling are necessary to us. On the one side, experience denies the possibility of our being wholly lost in a sense of absolute dependence. On the other, the conscience God has given us, forbids us to live, as independent, only for the visible and the finite. In the association of the two lies our religiousness. The feeling of the infinite cannot

be realized but through the feeling of the finite. The latter, which awakens, is always present to modify it. But that man is most religious, in whom the higher is most completely and most constantly predominant over the lower consciousness. The higher, or infinite feeling, which in itself is unchangeable, is linked with the successive and changing forms of the lower or finite. Thus our devout emotions are at one time joyous, at another sad. Hence the different ways in which different minds describe their consciousness of God. The sense of absolute dependence common to all takes definite shape in one form with one temperament, or in one age, and assumes a different aspect in another. The most religious man is accordingly the most charitable.

The substantial truth of the principle thus laid down is acknowledged by many, who would fail to recognise their own belief in this more speculative shape. The Gospel is designed to enlighten the mind, and to sanctify the life. Between these two departments lies the central province of the feeling. Here are located those hopes and fears, those joys and sorrows, without which neither correct notions nor correct actions partake of a devout character. Feeling is thus the heart of our mental system. Whether our movement be operative or acquisitive—extensive in action, or intensive in knowledge—out through the arteries of the one, or back through the veins of the other, the centre of circulation is the feeling.

From this fundamental idea of our consciousness of God, Schleiermacher proceeds to develop, step by step, his entire system. His Philosophy of Religion divides the various religions of the world, first, into different grades of development; and, secondly, into certain species within these genera. In the inferior grade of development, the lower and higher consciousness are not yet distinctly separated. The finite feeling, the mere sensuous consciousness, with its manifold and mutable affections, is confounded with the infinite, is deified. Hence polytheism. Again, there are religions of different species, but of the same grade. The polytheism of India and of Greece, for example, are distinct species of the same lower stage of

development. In the higher grade, the separation between the consciousness of absolute dependence and our finite feeling is effected. The former rises into a distinct and influential existence. In this evolution of the higher feeling, result the various forms of monotheism. The monotheistic religions are divided into the teleological and æsthetic species, or, as they might more appropriately be designated, the ethical and the fatalistic. In the former, the moral predominates over the natural; in the latter, the converse. In Judaism, the prevailing consciousness of God is that of a commanding will. In Mohammedanism, the passive prevails over the active; responsibility is lost in necessity. Christianity is the most perfect species of the higher stage. It is related to other religions, not as the true to the false, but as the perfect to the imperfect.

Schleiermacher does not, like Hegel, assume a methodical progress of religions. Hegel takes us from the religion of Fetichism, or magic, to Llamaism; thence to the Indian religion, that of fancy; next to the Persian, that of light; and then to the Egyptian, which he styles the religion of riddles. In another and higher class there follow, first, and therefore lowest, the Jewish religion, that of Sublimity; the Greek, that of Beauty; and the Roman, that of Utility. According to this philosopher, the transition was made, not from the Jewish to the Christian religion, but from the Stoical philosophy of Rome to the doctrines of Christ. And the parallel is certainly very close between *his* idea of Christianity and the philosophy of the Porch. The Hegelian employs the facts of the Gospel as the mere outward symbols of his philosophical ideas. In the same way, the Stoics of Rome sought to harmonize the popular religion with their necessitarian Pantheism. The Hegelian adopts the ordinary religious language, with a sense of his own beneath the words. So did the ancient Stoic. He believes that all individual existence has flowed from, and will return to, the All-Spirit. So did the Stoic. The Deity of the Hegelian devours his own children. So did the Jupiter of Stoicism. According to the Hegelian, evil is determined; an immanent necessity of reason governs all. This is the Heimar-

mene of the Stoics revived. In order to make it appear that the mind of the world has passed through the kind of process in which Hegel would have us believe, the sequence of history must be distorted to accommodate a system. If, however, you point the Hegelian to the vices of Grecian antiquity, and to the ignorance of the dark ages, as facts militating against that systematic advance necessary to his method, he will reply, those were periods of retrogression previous to a fresh advantage; the world-soul retreated, as it were, some paces, to gain purchase for another spring, a renewed onset into self-consciousness! The various religions are ranged by Hegel in procession; they advance like the pageantry of a Roman triumph, the victor of the day last. Schleiermacher groups his religions at various elevations; they stand, like the philosophers of Raphael's School of Athens, in disarray upon the temple steps. Another point of contrast should be noticed. With Hegel, the individual is the embodiment of a period, the expression of its consciousness. With Schleiermacher, the individual is the founder of a faith. According to Hegel, influence from the many centres on the one, the religious hero: Schleiermacher represents it as radiating from the one to the many. Schleiermacher was directly opposed to the philosophers of the day in the importance he attached to the historical, to individuality in religion. They resolved Christianity into an idea. But according to Schleiermacher, every religion takes its rise, in the first instance, in the religious views of some individual: it must begin with a personal founder, externally; and it must possess a character and individuality of its own, internally, in its subsequent social development.

It is the peculiarity of the Christian Monotheism that everything in it has reference to the redemption accomplished by Jesus of Nazareth.* This, amidst all diversity of opinion, is the common ground of Christians. By the word redemption is understood deliverance from a previous evil condition, or state of bondage. The

* *Glaubenslehre*, § 11–14.

evil of this state consists in our want of power to develop the consciousness of God. It does not come out into union with our finite consciousness, with the varying phases of our daily life. It is deficient in freedom, authority, and application. Like King Arthur's sword, Excalibur, the blade of celestial temper lies buried in a mass of rock; he only who has the right to reign can withdraw it from this unwieldy scabbard. The Redeemer possessed this power. In him was the 'absolute facility' of such development; by union with him we become similarly endowed. Thus, inability in man, redemption in Christ, constitute the essential and centre of the Christian faith. In other religions, the idea of redemption has only a partial place in certain purifications and sacrifices. In the Christian system it is all-important, it is all-pervading. In other forms of Monotheism the founder is not the object of faith. But the Christian believes in Christ as did no Jew in Moses, as does no Mussulman in Mahomet. Another man might have occupied their position, Christ stands alone, and in contrast to the rest of humanity, as not needing, and as bringing, redemption. Christianity is the absolute religion. Could an advance be made beyond it, the appearance of Christ would be reduced only to one among many transition-points. There would then be a redemption from Christ, as well as a redemption by him. Strauss has shown what is the only position which can be acceded to the Redeemer consistently with the Hegelian philosophy: he was a religious genius; he should be introduced into our worship only on the ground that the progress of the world now demands a worship of genius in place of the worship of a religious mediator. Sinlessness is not to be attributed to him, since through sin only could he or any other arrive at perfection. According to Schleiermacher the religion of Christ will be extended, but cannot be improved. Christ displays the perfected life and power of the religion he has founded; all divergence from that standard must be for the worse. Religion has nothing higher for man on earth than that which has been displayed in the person of Christ. The Hegelian maintains, on the contrary, that his principles may be more fully realized by

us than they were personally by himself, and that advancing science will add depth and fulness to the imperfect commencement.

Judaism and Paganism are regarded by Schleiermacher as equidistant from Christianity. The elevation of Paganism by the loftier Monotheism of the philosophers, and the gradual incorporation of foreign elements into the Jewish system, had reduced the two to much the same level, and rendered the greater proximity of Judaism to Christianity more apparent than real. Thus Schleiermacher was prepared to say with Clement of Alexandria, 'As the Jews had their law, so the Greeks had their philosophy, until the coming of Christ.' Yet he is well aware that to admit Christianity to be a mere modification of either would be to deny it altogether. Hence, in his view, the comparatively slight deference due to the scriptures of the old economy. He thought that the Christian must seek there in vain for any reflection of the feelings peculiar to his belief. Unless he will spiritualize and underlay passages with a meaning they had not, he has nothing there left him which is serviceable to his piety, except those general truths which are applicable to humanity at large, and of such ethical maxims he may find a store scarcely inferior in the pages of the classic moralists. What Marcion is said to have done literally, that Schleiermacher does virtually in his system: for 'I am not come to destroy the law and the prophets, but to fulfil,' he reads the converse. Both saw in Judaism one idea, that of retribution. The system of rewards and punishments there set forth appeared to them radically defective. Like Schleiermacher, Marcion regarded redemption as the great central truth of Christianity. With a quick eye for differences, he was slow to detect an analogy. The impetuous and practical theologian of Sinope could see God only in Christ; beyond the religion of Christ there was but the Demiurge with his imperfectness, and Satan with his kingdom of enmity. Marcion, in the second, and Schleiermacher, in the nineteenth century, were one in their dislike of the views prevalent among many of their contemporaries in Asia Minor, and in Germany respectively, which, as they thought, Judaized Christianity and

Christianized Judaism. Both, therefore, placed these dispensations in strong contrast. Beyond this point they differ as might be expected. According to Marcion the two economies were different in their origin; according to Schleiermacher they were different in their species. Schleiermacher had reverence for the 'wild olive,' as Clement calls it, of pagan truth and pagan virtue. Marcion found no witness for God in nature or in reason—only in Christ. The Asiatic mind could dispense altogether with any principle of development; the European could rest satisfied with nothing thus sudden and inexplicable. This dread of everything Jewish, the general characteristic of gnosticism, has been carried to its extreme in modern times by Baur of Tübingen, who has misspent no ordinary learning and ability in the attempt to show that the history of early Christianity is that of a struggle out of a Judaized atmosphere into a purer element; and that when the Christian religion shall have been entirely freed from that Jewish prejudice which narrowed the minds of our Lord and his immediate followers, its work will be accomplished, and the law of love universal. This *Judæophobia*, as we may call it, has been exemplified among ourselves of late in *A History of the Hebrew Monarchy*.

Faith in Christ is described by Schleiermacher as the conviction that our spiritual need has been supplied by Him as our Redeemer. It is the certainty of an event within us. It has its commencement not with ourselves, but in an influence proceeding from Him. To preach Christ is to bear witness to our individual experience, and to endeavour thus to stimulate others to seek a similar confidence for themselves. Unbelievers are blameworthy, not as deaf to argument, but as deficient in self-knowledge. The necessity of redemption cannot be demonstrated. He who is content to live without the blessing will always find some sophism to deny the duty. Rationalist criticism had been laborious in its endeavours to explain away the evidence from miracle and prophecy. Schleiermacher thought he rendered Christianity a service by showing that the faith of the Christian would remain the same had he no miracle or prophecy to

which to appeal. An argument on such grounds, he says, presupposes, and cannot, therefore, awaken faith. Such evidence may serve to confirm belief when already in existence as matter of experience. If there be no faith previously existent, one of two replies will be made; either the facts will be denied, or their explanation deferred;—they will be consigned to that daily diminishing number of marvels which are vanishing before the path of science. Inspiration may be acknowledged and yet no inward conviction result. All that concession to argument can produce, even if sincere, is an impulse to self-examination, an effort after a more adequate apprehension of Christ; and that is a preparation for faith and not faith itself. As Bernhard of Clairvaux sings in the old hymn,—

> 'Nec lingua valet dicere
> Nec litera exprimere,
> Expertus potest credere,
> Quid sit, Iesum diligere.'

Schleiermacher makes the words of Anselm his motto,—'qui non crediderit non experietur, et, qui expertus non fuerit, non intelliget.' It was in a similar spirit, and with more justice on the whole, that Tertullian, when he saw many of his brother apologists rivalling each other in 'the dark dexterity of groping well;'—searching into Trismegistus, Hystaspes, and the Sibyls for latent prophecy;—fell back on what he called the *testimonium animæ*. This distinction, however, should not be overlooked, that the testimony alluded to by Tertullian is equivalent to what we should term the moral sense, whereas that to which Schleiermacher appeals is identical with Christian experience.

Schleiermacher parts off from the Christian faith what is heretical in the following simple and striking manner. Our Christian consciousness refers all in our devout experience to the redemption effected by Christ. That which contravenes this fundamental proposition is heresy. Such error may arise in two ways. A false view of man may deny the possibility or the need of redemption,—a false view of Christ his power to redeem. Both as regards man and as

regards the Redeemer, the possibility of error is twofold. The fallen state of man may be so conceived of as to preclude all capacity for receiving redemption, or his corruption be so explained away that he shall have no need of it. The various modifications of these two extremes constitute heresies of the Manichæan and Pelagian class. Those, again, with regard to Christ, are such as tend either to resolve the Divine into the human nature, or the human into the Divine. These are classified as the Ebionitic and Docetic heresies. All heresies fall under one of these four divisions;—opinions which do not are no longer merely heretical, they are Anti-Christian.* The difference between Protestantism, and Roman Catholicism is thus ably defined: in Protestantism Christ is the Mediator; in Catholicism, the church. The former makes the relation of the individual to the church dependent on his relation to Christ. The latter makes the relation of the individual to Christ dependent on his relation to the church.

Schleiermacher separates his theology into two leading divisions, the first having reference to man's consciousness of God prior to any experience of the opposed conditions of sin and grace; the second recounts the facts of his devout consciousness when aware of this opposition, *i. e.*, first as the subject of sin, secondly as the recipient of grace. This twofold division, with a subdivision of the second branch, is equivalent, as far as the method is concerned, to the old triple arrangement which sets forth, first, the state of innocence, secondly, that of sin, and, thirdly, that of grace. Through each of these three leading departments there runs a counter-division into three, describing the condition of man, the attributes of God, and the constitution of the world, as they have relation each of them to these three states of humanity respectively. Thus the attributes of God, instead of being considered in sundry introductory chapters, are distributed throughout the successive divisions of the system. To the state of innocence he assigns the attributes of eternity,

* *Glaubenslehre*, § 22.

omnipresence, omniscience, and omnipotence; to that of sin, those of holiness and justice; to that of grace, love and wisdom. In his view, the attributes denote not particular characteristics of the Divine nature, but only so many modifications of the way in which we refer our feeling of absolute dependence to God. They express the varying relations of the devout consciousness in its successive stadia to the Divine causality. They have only a subjective existence, they indicate changes of relation in us; much as (if we may adduce a material analogy) the common phrase, the rising or setting of the sun, expresses phenomena produced by the rotation of the earth; the change being not in his position, but in ours. Omnipotence he defines as the living causality of God. He denies the possibility of that self-limitation in the Supreme Being so necessary, as it appears to us, if the theologian would not virtually destroy the freewill of man. Abelard reasoned thus, God is able to do all that it becomes him to do, that which he does not do it would not become him to do, *ergo*, he can only do that which in any case he does. The conclusion of Schleiermacher is equivalent to this dictum of the schoolman—'id tantum facere potest quod quandoque facit.' The holiness of God is with Schleiermacher, as it were, the *reflection* cast by the light of conscience when it shows us that we are sinners. The love of God is the divine causality in redemption; his wisdom, that love in operation,—the *art* of the Divine love. The doctrine of the Trinity is dismissed in a few pages of appendix at the close of his book. In its ecclesiastical shape, he declares it no immediate expression of our Christian consciousness; it is rather a combination of several such. Our faith in Christ and our life in him would have been the same had we never received intelligence of this transcendental fact, or if the fact itself were otherwise than the received belief regarding it. It is still, in his view, an open question whether the passages adduced in support of the Trinitarian doctrine are not all fairly explicable on the Sabellian hypothesis. 'The Godhead is the absolute causality, that which corresponds to our sense of absolute dependence, and is,

as the Father, everlasting in creation, as the Son in Christ, and as the Holy Spirit in the Church.' Hegel, on the contrary, assigned to this doctrine the foremost place in the Christian system, employing theological terms as symbols for his philosophical ideas.

In accordance with the philosophical objections of the day, and not unsupported by some great names in the history of the church, Schleiermacher assumes the eternal duration of the world. He cannot conceive of God as causality without a something caused. He maintains the immanence of God in the universe. This is not necessarily Pantheism, it stands midway between the rationalist deism and the scriptural doctrine of the supranaturalist.

Schleiermacher did not regard the fall of man as an historical epoch terminating a period of sinlessness. In his view the Mosaic account of Paradise, and the universal tradition of a lost golden age, are significant as expressive of an idea which finds its realization in the heart of every man. By our original perfection he understands that inalienable substratum of good upon which God raises in every believer the edifice of redemption. In other words, it is that without which we should be incapable of receiving what grace has provided; and it has not been annihilated, but only disordered and obscured by sin.* Thus original righteousness and the corruption of the fall denote, with Schleiermacher, not two conditions of the race, but two elements within each individual. Adam was the first of a series of sinful creatures, not the head of the race entailing corruption on his posterity. He was the first-fruits of sin, he did not introduce it. The individual can never alter the nature of the species in which he is included. Again, if Adam were not one of the species, his transgression could not affect its condition. The Redeemer, as possessed of a nature both within and without the pale of humanity, could change its state. Christ is the founder of the kingdom of grace; Adam did not found the kingdom of sin, he was merely its earliest subject.

* *Glaubenslehre*, § 68.

The unhindered development of the higher consciousness was peculiar to the sinless Jesus. In man the sensuous consciousness stands opposed to the divine as so much disinclination. The flesh lusteth against the spirit; this is sin. Our sensuous consciousness, in itself, is not sinful; manifested in opposition to our consciousness of God, which ought to control it, it becomes so. As long as we possess only the lower consciousness, sin is not realized within us. It enters first with the awakened consciousness of God. Then the latent hostility to good becomes apparent. By a universal law of our nature the sensuous consciousness is the first to develop itself. The consciousness of God enters therefore at a disadvantage; the ground is pre-occupied. The start which our lower consciousness has thus obtained, is the cause of the effectual hindrance made to the influence of the higher. In our state of sin, therefore, the consciousness of God exists within us as a something 'becoming' rather than fully realized. It is there *in posse*, not *in esse*. When this possibility becomes actual, we are in a state of grace. We arrive at this condition only through faith in Christ. Thus it will be seen that in the system of Schleiermacher, sin is the result of the disproportionate development of our higher and lower consciousness. In other words, it is the unequal growth of discernment and of will. Our corruption is not complete, in the orthodox sense. Sin is man's wintry side, the inclement aspect of his nature, which tends to wither the growth of goodness. On the other hand, he is prepared fully to admit that without Christ we can do no good thing. He opposes the speculative philosophy which makes the sinful identical with the finite. He is equally averse to the Rationalistic or Pelagian view, which attributes to man the power to be virtuous if he will, and assigns to Christ the office of an assistant, who confers the requisite quantitative addition of goodness which enables virtue to preponderate. Schleiermacher adopts the usual division of sin into original and actual, understanding by the former the sin of the race as a whole, by the latter the sin of each individual. Original sin is a universal sinful habit, which lies at the

root of the particular sins of the individual: it is the act and the guilt of the race as a totality.* The Catholics have their *thesaurus bonorum operum.* Schleiermacher appears to suppose a kind of *thesaurus peccatorum,* the common property of the human race, on which each man draws, and to which each in turn contributes.

The advent of Christ he regards as an event partly supernatural and partly not so.† It was supernatural in this sense, that mankind possessed nothing in itself, the natural development of which could have resulted in such perfection. The incomplete could not supplement itself. The coming of Christ was the consequence of a divine creative act. By the divine act to which he thus refers the appearance of our Lord, he means the implantation by the Deity of a certain germ of divine life in man. This commencement is supernatural, but the development of the principle thus imparted up to its perfected manifestation in the person of Christ took place according to a certain natural law of progress. In this sense, the coming of Christ was not a supernatural event. When the divine activity had given the first impulse, it followed a certain organic development. The ultimate cause, therefore, is God, the resulting effects are the offspring of what is immanent in humanity.

This notion will remind some of our readers at once of the *Logos Spermaticus* of Justin Martyr. The ancient apologist believed that the Word, who had become incarnate a hundred and fifty years before his time, had revealed himself in the mind of man from the beginning, by certain scattered seeds of the truth; that he had thus originated, in fact, a moral consciousness to which the message concerning himself, as manifest in the flesh, might, in the fulness of time, be commended. In Christ we behold the concentration and perfection of all those dispersed germs of the good and the true, which had been committed to the bosom of humanity. According to Schleiermacher, this divine element was appointed to develop itself gradually in the history of our race, till it bore its appointed

* *Glaubenslehre,* § 71. † *Glaubenslehre,* § 93–99.

fruit, and realized its consummation in the person of the Redeemer. Of supernatural origin, it was of natural growth. As will be expected, Schleiermacher denied the personal pre-existence of Christ. The Redeemer he considers to have been actually, what the rest of mankind are only, *potentialiter*. 'A perfect in-dwelling of the Supreme, constituted the peculiarity, the inner self of Christ.' By the residence of Deity he understands a perfect consciousness of God. The divine consciousness in Christ was unhindered, absolute. His human nature was merely receptive, this was the vehicle which contained, the organ which was moved by the divine Potency. Fearful of erring on the side of Docetism, he will exempt Christ from none of the ordinary laws of humanity. He regards him as the realized ideal of humanity solely in its religious and moral aspect. He criticises with much acuteness the ecclesiastical formula of two natures in one person. For 'divine nature,' he proposes to substitute 'being of God.' With Schleiermacher, God in Christ is a divine activity in humanity, not an eternal person. This activity becomes personal only in the historical Jesus of Nazareth. In this opinion he resembles less Sabellius than Beryllus and Marcellus. The modification of Monarchianism which Beryllus introduced, is described in language strikingly similar to that employed by Schleiermacher.*

In his views concerning the work of Christ, Schleiermacher leans toward that aspect of it which partakes most largely of the character of mysticism. Here all is resolved into the mystical union of Christ with his members. The Redeemer draws the soul of the believer to himself, receives his life into his own, and communicates his own life to him. In the church of Christ, we have visible proof that the Lord 'is not dead, but risen.' In his members, his earthly life is yet perpetuated. The Christ of the true believer is a Christ within

* 'This divine nature of Christ had, prior to the incarnation, no personal existence (*μὴ προϋψεστάναι*); it then first possessed a personal individual existence' (*ἰδία οὐσίας περιγραφή*). See the well known passage, the *locus ecclesiasticus*, for the opinions of Beryllus, in *Euseb.* vi. c. 33.

him. Only through union with Christ can we appropriate the blessings he came to bestow. Schleiermacher is averse to that isolation of the sufferings and death of Christ which would centre in them alone the work of our salvation. The whole life of the Redeemer was a redeeming act. His death was the necessary consummation of a complete obedience. The peculiar constitution of his nature rendered it unavoidable; it perfected the manifestation of his oneness with God. The entireness of that self-surrender on our behalf which could become obedient even unto death, constituted the sufficiency of his sacrifice. That conception of our Lord's mission which regards him merely as a teacher and a pattern, is most repugnant of all to the theology of Schleiermacher. He differs from the orthodox opinion concerning the vicarious satisfaction made by Christ. In his view, Christ is our substitute as the head and representative of his people; God beholds them in him; and in this way his fulfilment of the Divine will even unto death was an obedience on their behalf. He made satisfaction inasmuch as he brought in an eternal redemption. But this satisfaction was not a substitution. The death of Christ was vicarious, inasmuch as suffering could be endured by the sinless only when he stood in the place of the sinful. But this substitution was not a satisfaction. Schleiermacher inverts the theological formula; for vicarious satisfaction, he would employ the terms, satisfactory substitution.*

The attendants of conversion are repentance and faith. We are not justified by imputed righteousness. The believer, as one with Christ, becomes an object of the Divine love. Not that he was before an object of wrath. Under the Christian dispensation, we can speak no longer of the wrath of God. The sinner, prior to conversion, is overlooked, and is not in this respect a *person* at all in the eyes of God. He is a particle of the mass, out of which the continued operation of the same creative act of God which gave us the Redeemer, does, through Him, call him into personality.

* *Glaubenslehre*, § 104.

Augustine employs similar language concerning a *massa perditionis* (*De Pecc. Or.* 36), though far from merging individual responsibility in the common evil, as the language of Schleiermacher would seem to do. Nothing in man himself, apart from the means of grace introduced by the Redeemer, can change his condition, or effect his justification. Thus Schleiermacher denies the existence of merit on the part of man in every sense of the word. He retains the fundamental proposition of justification by faith alone in this sense—that by faith alone are we united to Christ, and, in that union, justified. We bring with us no works of our own: all that we possess by nature is the capacity to receive the grace thus freely given. The views maintained by Schleiermacher on the subject of justification are little else than a revival of the doctrine of Andrew Osiander, which called forth so much opposition in the days of Melanchthon and Calvin. Like Schleiermacher, the Königsberg professor denied the common doctrine concerning imputed righteousness. According to Osiander, salvation is accomplished, and man is justified, by the indwelling of Christ within him (Christus justitia nostra inhabitatione essentiali). Regarding faith as a regenerating principle, he rejected the notion of a separate and abstract *actus forensis*, on the part of God, as a mere theological refinement. Such an opinion, though tending to confound justification and regeneration, certainly did not merit the harsh judgment of Calvin, who said of Osiander, 'Ego semper inter dedecora nostra eum numeravi.'*

On the question of election, the opinions of Schleiermacher amount to a combination of Predestination and Universalism. The doctrine of election should be regarded, he thought, as a form of expression for the Divine Omnipotence. The predestination believed in by Schleiermacher is unconditional as that of Calvin, but it is not an election of some to salvation to the exclusion of others, but of some to salvation at an earlier, and of others at a later period of

* Henry, *Leben Calvins*, vol. iii. p. 297.

time. This opinion has been farther carried out by Schweizer, one of his distinguished followers, who lays it down in his theology as the necessary development at which Calvinism must arrive in the present day.

In the theology of Schleiermacher the Holy Spirit is that common spirit of love and holiness which actuates the entire body of those who are born again, which makes them one, and renders them the image of the Redeemer. His opinions concerning inspiration are modified accordingly. To the Old Testament he assigns none of that normative authority which all Christians are agreed in ascribing to the New. The Jewish Scriptures are indebted to the quotations in the New Testament for a mere historical significance. The New Testament occupies a twofold position. In one respect, it is the first member in the series of those successive expressions in which the common spirit of Christians has found utterance; in another, it is the rule for all such manifestations in the future. It is not requisite that all later expressions of the Christian spirit should be equally deducible from the canon, so that we can point to them there as in the germ. Since the Spirit has been poured out on all flesh, every age has a flow of Christian thought peculiar to itself. Yet no subsequent production can be regarded as the faithful and unmixed utterance of the Christian spirit, if it fail to harmonize with these primitive records. Nothing written since their appearance can rival them in authority to decide, in all cases, whether a doctrine be Christian or the contrary.

His theory of church polity appears somewhat indistinctly through the rhetoric of his *Discourses on Religion*, and the wavering statements in the elucidations appended to them. It amounts to a somewhat extreme ideal of Independency. Individuality is all in all. Christian churches should be associations of devout persons finding their bond of union in the similar character of their religious feeling, and choosing their own instructor in one found most adequate to supply their spiritual wants. The relation between pastor and people should be rendered easily dissoluble, and the

churches themselves should be free to dissolve, to amalgamate with others, or to reorganize themselves, at the will of their members. The example of America called forth his admiration. Yet he is not quite sure, on second thoughts, whether the happiest effects do not result from the existence of a large established church surrounded by a number of dissenting communities, as in England. The consequent ebb and flow, the absorption now of separatists into the larger body, and again, the secession from it of some new society, would act as a preservative, he thought, against the lethargy of formalism.* To the surveillance of the State in religious matters he was decidedly opposed, justly remarking, that such a course is as though the Emperor of China should consent to tolerate Christianity, and should appoint a board of mandarins to watch over the purity of Christian doctrine. The refusal of one department of the visible church to hold communion with another he condemned as contrary to the law of Christ. By 'the church' we are not to understand any one merely of the visible associations of professing Christians. Schleiermacher rendered essential service by raising this great truth from the oblivion to which party spirit had consigned it.

Such is a brief outline of this remarkable system. No one can rise from the study of Schleiermacher's theology without admiration for an intellect so sagacious and so comprehensive. To deduce thus ably his entire scheme of religious faith, from the one fundamental idea of our consciousness of God, was a feat for no mind less than commanding. To a scholarship concerning most questions of ancient philosophy and theological research profound, even for the learned leisure of Germany, Schleiermacher added a keen power of analysis, detecting the discrepancies of arguments seemingly compact, and the secret of distinction where others had confounded things which differed; as the eye of the geologist detects the crevice that promises the fossil where others could only see the

* *Reden*, p. 230.

surface of a solid mass. He possessed, beyond this, a faculty yet more rare, that which discerns the deeper harmony where most perceive only discord, and compatibility where prejudice, that will search only in one direction, and indolence, that will not search at all, can see only things incompatible. The tribute of such homage is our debt towards an inquirer after truth so sincere, and towards an opponent so conscientious and so fearless of all he deemed erroneous. But there is much, also, in the perusal of his system, to affect painfully the mind accustomed to turn with simple reverence to what comes to us from Him who spake as never man spake.

In all our theological systems we must presume on the existence of some 'hay and stubble,' though the foundation may be the true one. In the theology of Schleiermacher the worthless is found in contact singularly frequent with the gold and the precious stone; as in some great metropolis, squalidness and splendour stand in startling neighbourhood. That some things should be so clearly seen, and others so perversely overlooked, might well surprise us, were the infirmity as novel as it is glaring. We see in this edifice many a stately pediment resting, not on Doric columns—on a few reeds merely. It could stand only in a dream. It should not, however, be forgotten, that, in his amount of belief and the quasi-evangelism of his doctrine, Schleiermacher was much in advance of the majority of his readers. A large proportion of the theologians to whom he addressed himself, were more ready to wonder at and to mistrust him for believing so much, than to blame him for believing so little. While eagle-eyed to discern the weak point in the adverse line, he appears seldom to be aware that his own position has its quarters no less vulnerable. Ecclesiastical dogmas are passed through a rigorous ordeal. Philosophical assumptions are treated with far more deference. The days of the Centuriators of Magdeburg, of Illyricus, Baronius, and Rainaldus, are gone by. Theologians no longer think it incumbent upon them to ascribe all truth and piety to the orthodox, and to exaggerate to the utmost the

mistakes and the sins of heterodoxy. This is well. It is high time that the persecuted memory of many a sincere and earnest thinker should be rescued from the reiterated slanders of several centuries. But the opposite extreme is not less to be avoided. The ecclesiastics of other ages are not to be judged by our own more enlightened standard of tolerance. We must not assign all the virtue to the champions of speculation, and all the bigotry to the heroes of the church. We may admire Vigilantius without anathematizing Jerome, and pity Servetus without detesting Calvin. The theological systems of the reformers, the polemical *loci communes* of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, were, it is true, no more fit to be the boundaries of religious thought in Schleiermacher's time, than city walls, built in the middle ages, to pen the teeming population of some prosperous municipality in the present day. But this theology would subject us to the opposite evil; it carries us from the pains of constraint to the perils of isolation. The individual is in danger of forfeiting the benefits, while he escapes the evils, of association. The common bond of Christians is so reduced as to become scarcely tangible: it is the undulating reflection of a truth in the feeling, rather than the solid objective truth itself. It is no more equivalent, in point of serviceableness, to the scriptural standard of faith, than a general notion among a number of scattered settlers that they are located east of a certain forest or lake, which no one of them ever saw, is comparable, in practical utility, to the scrupulous exactitude of a legal deed of conveyance.

The question may already have occurred to our readers, how can Schleiermacher consistently write a system of theology at all, when he lays such undue stress on the *individual* in religious matters, and carries to such an extreme the truth that religion must be felt to be understood? It is undeniable that he is inconsistent here. If true to his principle, he must ignore the universal in the province of religion, and find the sole basis of his system in a something *common*. His aim was to shelter religion from the attacks of philosophy. By withdrawing it into the province of the heart, and denying in this

sphere the argument, current elsewhere, from the universal to the particular, he did so far effect his purpose. But he did so in a spirit partaking, only too largely, of the temper of that very philosophy whose path he crossed. He could not effect the rescue of Christianity on these principles without serious loss to the object of his care. His efforts resemble the benevolent intervention of the deities of the classic legends, who, to save the nymph from her pursuer, changed her into a river or a tree. It may be that the stream and the foliage have their music and their beauty, that we may think we hear a living voice still in the whispers of the one and the murmurs of the other, yet the beauty of divine Truth, our heavenly visitant, cannot but be grievously obscured by the change, for 'the glory of the celestial is one, and the glory of the terrestrial is another.' Such ecclesiastical doctrines as contain what he regards as the essence of Christianity are received. All others, as being feelings embodied in the concrete form of dogmas, as man's objective conceptions of the divine, he considers as open to criticism. This distinction was first fairly laid down, we believe, by Aconcio, in 1565. The Italian refugee placed among the non-fundamentals the doctrine of the real presence and the Trinity. Schleiermacher accounts as thus indifferent the doctrine of the Trinity, the supernatural conception of the Saviour, many of his miracles, his ascension, and several other truths of the same class. This one reply—'That doctrine makes no necessary part of our Christian consciousness,' stands solitary, like a Cocles at the bridge, and keeps always at bay the whole army of advancing queries. But surely it does constitute an essential part of our Christian consciousness whether we regard the New Testament writers as trustworthy or otherwise. If certain parts of their account are myths, and others the expression of Jewish prejudice, and we are bidden dismiss them accordingly from our faith, how are we sure that in what is left these historians were faithful, or these expositors true representatives of the mind of Christ? Our Christian consciousness is likely to become a consciousness of little else than doubt if we give credit to the assertion,

—Your sole informants on matters of eternal moment were, every here and there, misled by prejudice and imposed upon by fable.

It is not easy to determine how far Schleiermacher was guilty of the charge of Pantheism, an accusation brought against him more than once. In the elucidations to his *Discourses* he appears only anxious to exonerate himself from the imputation of material Pantheism. He admits that 'for the enjoyment of communion with God, to attain the highest stage of devotion, and to interpret our own religious feelings to others, there lies on us an almost inevitable necessity of forming a personal conception of the Divine Being.' But he shared in the prevalent philosophical dread of Anthropomorphism. We have already seen that this apprehension has carried the Hegelian Pantheists so far, that, to avoid worshipping an Anthropo*morphic* God, they have chosen to believe in an Anthropo*phagic* one. Schleiermacher forms one of a numerous class who have agreed to adopt the word 'living' in place of personal, hoping to escape the difficulties on either side. He trusts in this way to exclude every view hostile to devout feeling, while leaving it to each individual worshipper to form a conception of God, farther removed from, or more nearly approximating Pantheism, on the one side, or Anthropomorphism on the other, as the demands of his imaginative or of his reasoning faculties may be the more imperative.* Thus the question of belief in a personal or impersonal God is transferred by Schleiermacher from the facts of the case to the temperament of the individual. He does not inquire—What is God? but what is your disposition—logical or poetic? Choose your Deity accordingly.

Schleiermacher defines Omnipotence as the 'absolutely living causality of God.' He objects, as Schelling would do, to the term spiritual, and when he does apply that epithet to the omniscience of God, it does not involve essentially more than what he understands by the word 'life.' But in the possession of life only a being is not superior to man. Life is the property of mere organic

* *Reden*, p. 138.

nature. As applied to the Divine Being, if the epithet stands alone, it represents him as above a blind necessity, but also as equally below personality. With Schleiermacher the omnipotence of God appears reduced to the level of a mere power of nature. It is analogous to gravitation. There is an immanent necessity of causality in God: He must by his nature act always, and act everywhere. And yet while it is the law of the plant that it must grow, if unhindered, it is the privilege of man to act, or refrain from acting, at will. We have seen how Schleiermacher makes the possible and the actual identical in God, *i.e.*, all that God could do, He does. Otherwise, argues he, we must suppose a self-limitation in God. And why not? we answer. If all the possible must be realized by God, then that little sphere of the possible left open for a free being such as man to act in, is pre-occupied by this all-pervading causality. If this be true, our actions are only another name for the actions of God in that department of the caused to which He assigns us. Man is no longer free. Schleiermacher, no doubt, honestly intended to raise our views of the Divine nature above such conceptions as he deemed derogatory. But his reasoning lowers instead of exalting the character of God. This imagined irrepressible causality of the Divine nature would, from its very excess, become an obstruction, and so a defect. God would have to be delivered from His own omnipotence before He could clear a space for freedom, and, bringing His creating work to a climax, call into existence that which most resembles Himself,—a being with will free and choice open. We need not enlarge here on the obvious consequences of such a doctrine. The freedom of man has not sufficient tangibility assigned to it to serve as a defence for the character of God. If God be not the author of sin, He must have given to man a power to do what He himself should not determine him to do. But this is virtually denied in the position assumed by Schleiermacher. He allows man freedom as respects his fellows, but as regards God, it is entirely taken away.

Schleiermacher defines sin as the positive opposition of the flesh

to the spirit. He employs the term flesh not in the more extended sense of the Apostle Paul, but as denoting the inferior powers of the soul; the spirit, on the other hand, is the seat of our consciousness of God. The opposition of the faculties resident in the former to the authority of this consciousness constitutes sin. An objection which a profound thinker has urged against this definition appears to us unanswerable.* Will Schleiermacher maintain that the spirit is the seat of the consciousness of God *only?* Then man is distinguished from the animal creation solely by his being a creature capable of religion. Such an admission theology does not find it requisite to demand, and philosophy, certainly, would be the last to concede. On the contrary, we find much evidence going to establish the conviction that there must exist some other power, or powers, side by side with this religious susceptibility, and occupying with it the upper department of our nature. What proof can be adduced to show that the opposition evinced to the consciousness of God does not arise among *them?* There is no evidence from experience (rather, indeed, to the contrary) to show that the higher powers must maintain harmony with the devout consciousness, and that sedition can arise in the lower region of the sensuous alone. This word 'sensuous' is not employed by Schleiermacher with sufficient accuracy. We have had occasion to point out the extension he gives it as embracing our social and moral feelings. But his use of it, now in this wider sense, and again as denoting our mere animal life, leads to confusion. He oscillates between the two significations, and would seem sometimes to ascribe sin, as in the inadequate theory of some theologians, to sense alone, as commonly understood; and elsewhere, with a more scriptural as well as philosophical insight into the essence of transgression, to define as sinful every tendency of the soul which leads man to exalt self above God.

The theory of Schleiermacher is substantially correct as regards the universality of sin, but it is wholly inadequate to explain how

* Müller, *Lehre von der Sünde*, vol. i. p. 415.

sin is the free act of man as an individual. It is certainly not easy to understand how it can be said, as he asserts, that our consciousness of God must attain a certain *quantum*. Sin, he says, arises from the start the sensuous consciousness has obtained, thus counteracting and outnumbering the higher unity of the spirit. Let it be granted that this higher consciousness, in itself homogeneous, independent of time and change, 'becomes actual for us by union in one *momentum* with the successive modifications of the lower consciousness;' still the difficulty remains, how is it that this higher consciousness becomes a certain mensurable magnitude, a more or less, *before* such union? If it exists at all, it must exist absolutely. A feeling of absolute dependence which yet is a limited dependence is a contradiction in terms. If so, our finite consciousness cannot limit the infinite consciousness, which is the immediate and immutable reflection of the Deity within us. But, if not, sin is absolutely impossible. On this supposition, sin is only really possible when perfection is imperfect. A sense of the great difficulty here appears to have led Schleiermacher to the employment of frequent periphrastic expressions when he has to speak of our consciousness of God as greater or less, and as restricted by our sensuous consciousness.*

The sin and redemption of Schleiermacher's theology are not equivalent to the sin and redemption of Scripture. If sin be only the result of the unequal development of the higher and lower faculties, the name may be retained, but the reality is gone. It is then inherent in the order of our natural development, and, as resolved into a negation, loses its criminality. Thus in a necessitarian system we find ourselves apparently on the high-road to Pelagianism. Sin and grace are not opposed conditions, but successive stages. For conversion we must write progression. The imperfect consciousness of God previously experienced is supplemented by the complete consciousness which is given us in Christ.

* See Müller, vol. i. p. 424.

The state of imperfection was the inevitable preliminary to the subsequent development. The advent of Christ would therefore be, not the turning-point, but the consummating transition-point in the history of our race. If the inadequacy of the higher consciousness be the appointed condition of redemption, sin is necessary, and, therefore, sin no longer. The error to which Schleiermacher is thus led springs from the source just pointed out, viz., a conception of the divine causality which deprives man of freedom. Let such an aspect of omnipotence be received as the true one, and there are only two courses open in consequence; either, if sin be an actual opposition to what is good, to ascribe its origin to God; or, in order to exclude the causality of God, to reduce sin itself to a mere negation. The unscriptural results at which Schleiermacher has arrived are the consequences of the artificial theory by which he has attempted to unite both these hypotheses.

Sin, therefore, in this aspect of it, is a condition of unequal development. Yet in another it involves a sense of guilt. There is an opposition to God of which we are conscious. This criminality is recognised in the theology of Schleiermacher, yet only subjectively. His theory represents us as guilty at the bar of our conscience, but not in the eyes of God. He would obviously be unjust if we were. Sin, therefore, has a real and positive existence only for *us*. Our unequal development is made patent to us by conscience as sin.* It is obvious that, in any system where man's freedom is virtually denied, his guilt cannot possess a real existence either. The result at which Schleiermacher here arrives places humanity in a light altogether novel. We have been accustomed to think that the work of religion was accomplished in proportion as the thoughts of man were brought into harmony with the thoughts of God; and that the difference between the human and the divine estimate of sin lay in this, that even the most humble and devout would see but little of their sinfulness compared with the All-wise. But here

* *Glaubenslehre*, § 79.

we find that God has so constituted us, that we must perpetually accuse ourselves, though He has no charge against us whatever. What then is conscience but a terrible lie, the torturing falsehood that preys upon our life—let us drive away the vulture. Not so, answers Schleiermacher; this sense of guilt is appointed by God as a part of our organization, that we might be enabled to apprehend the perfection of our humanity in Christ, the deliverer from this suffering. We reply that, on Schleiermacher's own principles, this result might have been realized without a cost so fearful. It seems to us to exalt neither the truth, the wisdom, nor the love of God, to represent Him as thus deceitfully scaring our race into an appreciation of moral beauty. Moreover, if these things be so, what shall we say of the theology which has thus fathomed the secret of the Most High? God, it would seem, has kept one standard of judgment for Himself, and assigned another to us. This He could never have intended *we* should discover, but a Titanic effort has detected the secret policy of the celestial legislature. If the theory be true, devotion is paralysed as soon as the discovery is made, and no mere words will withhold men from banishing conscience as an enemy. If God be true, this contradiction cannot exist, penitence is no delusion, conscience is reinstated, and the theologian dismissed. We do not mean to accuse Schleiermacher of actually intending all that we have just said; we merely say that, in our judgment, his mistakes legitimately issue in such results.

His statements concerning the person of Christ and the authority of Scripture are self-contradictory and vacillating, and constitute the least satisfactory part of his theology. In his philosophy of religion he assigns too great an importance to the founders of religious systems. His idealism has here led him into one extreme, and in his view of mankind as a totality, he has been betrayed by the same cause into an opposite one. The human race exists only in idea as that aggregate of which he so frequently speaks. Mankind are separated by a multitude of circumstances, and no individual can be influenced by more than a portion of his species at a time. Those

who follow us affect us not at all, those who precede and accompany us, only partially. The generations are a flowing stream, not a standing water. Thus his explanation of original sin as a universal habit of humanity in the aggregate is less philosophical, as well as less scriptural, than the doctrine of hereditary transmission, with all its difficulties. The same is true to a large extent of his exaggerated impression concerning the influence of individuality in originating religious belief. He pays too little regard to the results of national culture, foreign influence, and the manifold testimony of history and geography against a view so partial.

In such a theological system Spinoza and Zinzendorf might each claim a share. Yet the essential truth of the vital union of believers with Christ was at once the starting and the returning point of this fine intellect in its daring excursions. On this ground Schleiermacher would appear to have retained throughout the sympathies of many among the Pietists. Much that we should account both puerile and irreverent in the expressions of affection for Christ employed by the community of Herrnhut he had from the beginning renounced. But the Brethren saw their main truth still retained, and, though modified, set forth with profundity of thought and variety of learning as the cardinal doctrine of Christianity. The mother would have retained her son in the seclusion so dear to herself; she could augur nothing good from his determination to join the company of Free Lances bound for that seat of war where so many gifted minds had met defeat: but, once gone, she was not a little proud of his prowess, and glad at heart to find that the lessons of his childhood were reverenced in some degree to the last. The Rationalist critics, on the other hand, could not despise a theologian so learned, and so little fettered by ecclesiastical prejudice. The labours of Schleiermacher contributed more than any other cause to diminish the number of those who could remain content with that negative Deism formerly so prevalent. Rationalism has not yet recovered the blow it received. Even those thoroughgoing contemners of the subjective theologian, the hierophants of

the World-Soul, the chosen repositories of absolute ideas, as they thought themselves, who looked down on the advocates of feeling as men in the childhood of their religious life, were shown that such feeling was not only consistent with, but based upon, an objective historical truth. Numbers of these who were journeying towards the frozen extreme of scepticism turned back to tarry at least in that more genial region of belief to which Schleiermacher invited them. His theology was the intermediate stage through which so many were conducted by a gradual process to a belief in that gospel which had been the object of their contempt. Schleiermacher himself experienced a somewhat similar transition, his views previous to his death becoming far more definite and scriptural. The portraiture of the Christian faith which he produced was of service likewise as an example of earnestness united with charity. He sacrificed in many instances solidity to extent, and truth to love. But it is frequently requisite that some men should go too far to induce others to proceed far enough. He appears to have foreseen some such attack on Christianity as that made by Strauss. Had he lived he would doubtless have entered the lists against him, though prepared to make many concessions altogether unjustifiable.

True to his fundamental principle, Schleiermacher never replied to any attack made upon his theology by the adherents of the current systems of philosophy. He was only careful to show that his theological opinions could not be incorporated into their results, or translated into their terminology. He stood in opposition to the speculative school, inasmuch as he laid the foundation of his theology in the feeling. This process the speculatist of course repudiates, since he has abandoned consciousness for intuition. He endeavours to deduce the being of the universe from the being of God. Enquirers of this class, starting with a common principle, pursue different paths; some, with Schelling, supposing a kind of fall from the absolute resulting in the universe; others, with Hegel, regarding it as a step in advance out of the indefinite towards the more real. It is not a little curious to observe that the speculations of the

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ancient Gnostics were divided in a similar way; Basilides, with his holy Ogdoad and magical Abraxas, lamented the incoming of evil in the downward process first in the formation of our world; and Hermogenes, on the other side, traced to the immediate operation of God the elaboration of matter into ordered beauty—the development of the Hyle into Cosmos.

Schleiermacher was attacked in his turn by that philosophical Ishmael, Hegel. He had assailed the Rationalists as removing God too far: their vanity, he would say, banished the Infinite beyond cognizance. His absolute Idealism had no mercy for 'subjective Rationalism.' Not less did he oppose the junction between the Infinite and the finite as it was believed in by the Supranaturalist. Here were certain bridges across the gulf—Revelation, Miracle, &c. These he stigmatized as mere finite ideas. He pitied the theologian who could not see that history was the 'eternal incarnation of God;' that the Fall was an epoch of progress—the foundation of personality—and that Paradise, prior to its occurrence, could have been no better than 'a park for wild cattle.' The Identity of Schelling he called the night of philosophy—'a dark in which all cats are grey.' To the immediate of the Romanticists—*feeling*, he opposed his mediate—*thought*. 'The dog,' said he, 'is the best Christian, if Schleiermacher's absolute-dependence theory be true.' Feeling he represents as the lowest of our faculties—a mere capacity for reception. It was in his view susceptibility only, it might be good or evil; it was a chaos until the brooding thought had fashioned it into shape. Here, however, it has pleased him to overlook entirely the distinction drawn by Schleiermacher between the higher and lower consciousness. It is not true, moreover, even as regards the sensuous feelings, that we possess them in the same way as the brutes. Man does not perform even the most ordinary functions of life, like them, from mere instinct.

We must now advert to the position occupied by Schleiermacher as a biblical critic. The active cultivator in a civilized country seldom bestows much attention on those plants which the land would

produce in a state of nature. We have expelled the native produce of our island, and colonized it with vegetation of foreign growth. Fruits native to Persia and Armenia, Caramania and Syria, fill our fields and our gardens. It has been thought the triumph of enlightened criticism in modern days that it pursues a similar course, though with a result as evil in the spiritual as it is advantageous in the natural world. The Rationalist commentator overlooks or eradicates what he finds, and substitutes for the rose and the vine of Scripture what he brings—the *prunus spinosa*, or bramble. Thus the Hegelian accounts it the glory of a commentator to show how the simple language of the Word of God may be made the receptacle of his philosophical ideas. In attributing to their authors opinions and intentions which they never entertained, and in detecting profound mystery in what was obvious, these critics have outdone the commentaries of Averrhoes on Aristotle, the theological expositors of the *Romance of the Rose*, and even those of their own countrymen whose acumen has discovered Guelphs and Ghibelines beneath the *Nibelungen* and the *Amelungen* of the old German epic. Schleiermacher takes a prominent place among those who have pursued the investigations of what the Germans call the higher criticism. Verbal or practical exposition he seldom attempted, but he loved to try his skill in that art of critical divination which seeks to separate, on internal grounds, the spurious from the genuine in the New Testament canon. He has displayed much ingenuity; the well-covered assumption, the plausible hypothesis, the skilfully directed objection, evince the dexterity and the scholarship of the critic—but the results are worse than useless. Even those who have been sanguine with respect to the advantages of investigations so conducted have confessed that here the commentator has been more successful in the display of himself than in the examination of his author. Classical scholars have admired the labours of Schleiermacher in this department; but such praise is of a very equivocal description. The records which relate to Christ, and the stories concerning Romulus, are not to be assigned to the same category.

Schleiermacher criticised the gospels in the spirit of Niebuhr, and the epistles in the spirit of Bentley. It was obviously a rule with Schleiermacher to presuppose in his author a strictly logical course of thought and manner of expression. He forms an ideal of the way in which Paul would think and write, and employs this as a test. But he was deficient in that faculty requisite to enter into the character, spirit, and circumstances of another, so essential to the task he undertook. The consequence is, that he requires Paul the Apostle to think and write constantly after the manner of Schleiermacher the dialectic. A writer may be distinguished generally for closeness of reasoning, but surely allowance should be made for susceptibilities, where the heart as well as the understanding has its share, and which will not always be found reducible to a standard coolly and elaborately preconceived. Yet of not a few passages thus wrought in fire Schleiermacher stands in doubt. Such an arbitrary course finds at once a parallel and a practical refutation in that egregious failure, the critique of Bentley on the *Paradise Lost.* The Rationalist critic has commonly approached his task as destitute of taste for religion as was the Aristarchus of Cambridge of taste for poetry. Many of these classical scholars have been little better able to apprehend aright the allusions to Hebrew ritual and Hebrew poetry, than was Bentley to appreciate the references, so frequent in Milton, to the poets of Italy and the romance of the Middle Age. But neither German nor English critic could venture openly to impugn the author himself. Accordingly, a man of straw, a kind of whipping-boy, is created for the occasion. Bentley assumes the existence of some friend of the blind poet, to whom he entrusted the overseeing of the press, and supposes that he and the bookseller between them 'brought out the first edition polluted with such monstrous faults as are beyond example in any other printed book.' But this is not all; this imagined editor is accused of having interpolated numerous verses of his own. Similarly, the critics of the Scriptures have always at hand some imaginary collector of anecdotes and legends, too easy of belief; or some transcriber, too unscrupulous,

on whose negligence, credulity, or fraud the blame may be thrown, and any passage explained away as a myth or rejected as a forgery.

It has been generally remarked that Lutheranism tends to make theology the affair of theologians exclusively, while Calvinism, wherever it has prevailed, has diffused a theological taste and culture among the people. In this respect the practice of Schleiermacher resembled the results of Lutheranism as much as his theory leaned towards the doctrines of Geneva. He wrote for theologians. To direct the student of divinity, to contribute towards rendering the ministerial body an order of men more harmonious and more enlightened, was the work of his choice. He was not the first who attempted to improve the arrangement and the method adopted in the several branches of theological science. But a great advance beyond anything that had previously existed was made in Schleiermacher's *Plan of Theological Study*. This book, concise to a fault (an error not frequent with his countrymen, whose books, like their miles, are the longest in Europe), little more than a string of aphorisms, and much in need of the notes he subsequently added, signally displayed his remarkable power, at once of generalization and analysis. In his conception of theology, as a whole, he was before his contemporaries. Results since realized have gone some way to confirm the epithet, 'prophetic,' which his admirers applied to these masterly outlines. To Schleiermacher the theology of Germany is indebted for the introduction of that systematic union between doctrinal and practical theology which Professor Nitzsch has laboured with such ability to develop in his recent work on practical theology. Before his time the divines of Germany had not assigned to practical theology its due place as the contemplated result and consummation of the systematic. Schleiermacher sought to separate from doctrinal theology the metaphysical and philosophical elements which long usage had mixed up with it. In his nomenclature, exegesis, ecclesiastical history, and dogmatical theology are all classed together as parts of *historical theology*. This is not surprising in the case of one who regarded a system of theology as pro-

perly nothing more than the annals of devout experience. The events of this experience he found in the growing life of the Christian church, from its commencement until now. Thus the exposition of Scripture, and the biography of the church as a whole, are the data whereon to build a theological system. We believe that a system of theology should be more than such a mere record, and that not Scripture and the 'evangelical church,' but Scripture alone, must supply the material.

The independence and the ability which characterized the sketch were not less conspicuous in the lectures. Schleiermacher was accustomed to lecture with merely a slip of paper before him, on which the main topics of discourse were indicated. The students—in admiration of that affluence of thought and facility of language with which he displayed a subject in its process, presenting it in changing aspects and successive stages, and, when it seemed exhausted, suddenly opening 'a deeper depth'—were accustomed to call him the idea-spinner. His manner as a lecturer was monotonous. It is said that, on one occasion, when some of his auditors were indulging their mirthful propensities, he administered a brief reproof in a tone so similar to the declamatory manner of the lecture itself, that several of the ingenuous youth were found to have recorded it duly in their note-books as a part of their theological course. His great acquirements were not apparent in his ordinary intercourse. He was not more averse to ostentatious quotation in his books than to self-display in his conversation. With the students he usually conversed merely on the common topics of the day. Only when the occasion demanded, and when the absence of reserve in the questioner called for a similar freedom in the reply, did he lay aside this affected indifference. He had a *penchant* for representing himself as merely one of the many. Like Socrates, he was fond of conversing with tradesmen and operatives, and of enjoying a little good-humoured irony in his character of a simple inquirer.

To his duties as professor were added those of a preacher and a pastor. In the last-named capacity his services were restricted,

almost entirely, to occasional catechizing, and the preparation of youth for confirmation. He was open to receive visits, but he could find no time for that perambulatory dissipation which is frequently understood as pastoral duty. That he should at the same time have written for the public, lectured to his class, and preached to his congregation, producing so much in amount, and of such excellence, constitutes an example of systematic assiduity which might cause many a man who is no idler to feel anything but self-satisfied at the comparison.

The *Sermons* of Schleiermacher occupy four thick and closely printed volumes. They and the *Theology* reciprocally illustrate each other. The language employed in them respecting the Redeemer is such that the reader is scarcely anywhere reminded that the preacher did not hold His divinity in the orthodox sense. The critical doubts of Schleiermacher with respect to parts of the canon did not affect his quotation of Scripture. He very seldom, however, selects a text from the Old Testament. His earlier sermons are too exclusively ethical in their character; in his treatment of the theme suggested, he frequently turns aside to some minor topic, some collateral difficulty, or to an analogy comparatively irrelevant. The majority of his discourses, and especially those of later date, are of a very superior order. They contain thus much of Gospel-truth, that man is invariably spoken of as needing redemption, and all is rendered subordinate to the proclamation of Christ as our Redeemer. He is most fond of dwelling on the union of each individual, and of the church as a whole, with Christ, the true vine, the head of the body, the corner-stone of the edifice. It is his general object to animate his auditory afresh with the joyous consciousness of their fellowship with Christ and with each other. He dwells with delight on the wisdom and the love which accounts each Christian an essential part of the community of the saved, and causes all to work together for the good of each and of all, equally and at once. The style of the sermons is grave and unadorned; the rhetoric of his earlier writings never reappears: the peroration

is usually animated and devotional, not unfrequently a direct supplication to the Deity: the main body of the discourse argumentative and didactic, rather than hortatory. They contain not a little that is exegetically valuable. Schleiermacher displays considerable skill in deducing instruction from the attendant circumstances of a narrative, and in applying these less obvious lessons to Christian practice in daily life. Thus the history of our Lord's intercourse with the disciples in the days of his flesh furnishes him with a copious variety of analogies suggestive of instruction and comfort to His followers of the present time. These sermons found many imitators, who imitated, as usual, their defects. But in numerous cases the evangelical preacher was stimulated by their example to venture on a wider range of thought, and to aim more at the conveying of information as well as the revival of devout feeling. These discourses showed how high an order of ability might find in the sermon adequate scope for its effort, and how little that kind of composition need necessarily consist of the meagre common-place drilled in the trite division. They labour under one serious defect, —well-calculated, as most of them are, to interest the believer, there is nothing in them tending directly to awaken the irreligious. Schleiermacher appears to have presupposed the existence of genuine religion in all whom he addressed. These compositions are characterized for the most part by the excellences of thought rather than of expression. The sentences are often lengthy, seldom obscure. The almost total want of quotations from the Old Testament has deprived them of a warmth they could ill spare. The constitution of Schleiermacher's mind,—altogether western, knew little sympathy with oriental modes of thought. He could follow Paul in his argument with the Romans; he failed to appreciate the sublimity of the Epistle to the Hebrews. The sermons of Tholuck are superior in poetry and pathos; they possess more fervour, but less depth of thought. Tholuck, with his glowing diction and solemn earnestness of manner, is better fitted than we can imagine Schleiermacher to have been to carry with him an auditory, and to

interest and impress the careless. Schleiermacher was gifted with such a rapidity in the operations of thought, and enjoyed so complete a mastery of language, that he never required more time to prepare for the sermon, or the lecture, than that necessary for a thorough consideration of the matter in hand. He resembled Robert Hall in this respect, being able to think out his entire subject without resorting to the use of the pen. But he did not equal the English divine in the power of then determining, and retaining in his memory, the very words of a discourse. The text would be selected, and the topics it suggested would occupy his thoughts at various intervals during the week. On Saturday evening the divisions were written down, and he trusted to the moment for the precise shape which the thoughts thus prepared should assume. He commenced in a deliberate and somewhat colloquial tone of voice, increasing in rapidity and vehemence towards the close. 'I heard him,' says Dr. Lücke, 'for several years every Sunday. He was always himself, always attractive by his peculiar treatment of the text, the freshness of his thoughts, his methodical arrangement, and flowing diction. I never knew him fall into an inaccuracy, or find it necessary to correct any expression. When not wholly occupied by the thoughts he was presenting, I had opportunity repeatedly to admire the skill with which, in spite of his tendency to involved periods, he always contrived to secure the precise word he needed, —and to retain unbroken the clue of thought which was to conduct him to the conclusion he had in view.'* This facility was obtained by degrees. He began by ceasing to write the close of his sermons, and proceeded, step by step, till he was able to extemporize even the unimpassioned exordium.

The later works of Schleiermacher were almost all of them occasional and controversial pieces, called forth by the various disputes which arose on the question of Ecclesiastical Reform. A pamphlet which he published in 1804 pointed out with an unsparing hand

* *Stud. u. Kritik.* 1834. Heft 4.

the abuses of the establishment, and advocated the union of the Lutheran and Reformed churches. The union which had become so desirable was effected, and the reform so requisite was headed by the king himself. But in the very quarter whence the good came were the seeds of a formidable evil. The Agenda, issued from the royal cabinet in 1822, opened the theological trenches on the momentous question—how far, if at all, may the secular power prescribe to the church? Augusti, Marheineke, and Ammon appeared as combatants in behalf of the temporal authority; Schleiermacher, under the name of Pacificus Sincerus, maintained the cause of ecclesiastical freedom. When once engaged in controversy, he threw his whole soul into the conflict; he was witty, sarcastic, and ironical; he made many enemies, and the reaction was painfully felt by himself. He could not, like Priestley, write a bitter pamphlet, as a relief to his system, and, leaving the venom to rankle in the mind of the object of his satire, go his way lightened and rejoicing.

In person Schleiermacher was diminutive and humpbacked. A head of unusual size, and large flashing eyes, gave indication of the power of the mind inhabiting the deformed body. Unlike many to whom nature has thus denied external advantages, he was generous and charitable. A considerable element of pugnacity in his disposition was associated in him, as in every noble mind, with a yet stronger love of fair play. Always ready to acknowledge ability and goodness, it gave him pleasure to defend them. A mere personal dispute or a literary controversy could not have summoned him from his repose in the decline of life; but he thought the prosperity both of the church and of the state at hazard, and, in the old Roman spirit, felt that he ought not to be wanting to the common weal. A constitution naturally delicate he strengthened by exercise, so as to become distinguished among literary men for his feats as a pedestrian. He rose early and sat late. After an evening protracted to a late hour among a circle of friends, whom he had enlivened by his conversational powers, he would rise before six on the following morning for his lecture.

The importance of the service Schleiermacher was destined to render has become signally apparent in the religious crisis at present agitating Germany. Had he never appeared to restrain the sceptical tendencies of one party, and to enlighten and stimulate the activity of another, the orthodox clergy in Germany would now find themselves completely alone. Few in numbers, and deficient in influence, their prospects must have been of the gloomiest description. But the recent convocation at Wittenberg has shown that a body of men far stronger than themselves are prepared to coalesce with them. The great majority of that assembly consisted of men who, having early embraced the principles of Schleiermacher, had all of them a leaning, more or less strong, towards orthodoxy. But though there were few of these divines who did not subsequently approach evangelicism still more nearly than their master had done, the strictly orthodox regarded them generally with a jealous distrust. Now, however, they will make common cause against a common antagonist,—the infidelity so prevalent. This coalition will be no less ultimately beneficial than it is at present expedient. The rigidly orthodox will become more liberal; the excesses of scepticism will warn, and intercourse with their new friends will evangelize, those farthest from orthodoxy.

But Germany requires no second Schleiermacher. She now needs a man, or rather many men, of a very different description. When he appeared, the head-quarters of infidelity lay still among the higher and educated classes. It prevailed wherever there was culture enough to allow a man to think himself authorized in extolling knowledge and depreciating faith. The early Rationalists had been content to leave religion where it was for the common people. Among them, however, indifferentism was almost universal. But now Hegel is popularized, and comfortless poverty is instructed in a comfortless atheism. The workman and the artisan are ready to meet the believer in God and immortality with some current philosophical reply. The last state is worse than the first. These evils must be encountered on their own ground. The German theo-

logians have been too long men of theory only. Now practical effort is indispensable, and that not of the kind made by Schleiermacher, among the universities and the clergy, but effort among the masses of the people. Not that Christianity is to be deprived of erudition. The religious men of Germany have learnt the lesson which such a separation is sure to teach. All remember how an illiterate asceticism left the successors of Arndt, Spener, and Franke defenceless before the assaults of Semler, Baumgarten, and Michaelis. Schleiermacher did not, with the transcendentalist, virtually deny a historical Christianity. He did not, with the Unitarian, regard Christ as an example only. Yet he failed to apprehend evangelical truth in its fulness and its certitude. His system, with its arbitrary treatment of Scripture, and its oscillation between the sceptical and the mystical, occupies, by its very nature, an intermediate position. He himself, at the last, would scarcely have claimed for it more. As a step in the progress towards a belief at once more positive and more reasonable, the service it has rendered is great. As a system of faith definite and complete, it cannot maintain its ground. But that man has earned no common praise of whom it can be said that but for the preparation his labours afforded, many good and learned men would never have attained the belief they now enjoy. Though the theology of Schleiermacher should be a continuing city for no man, it has been a hospice for multitudes whom it has received, sheltered, and invigorated on their upward journey towards the Truth. But to reduce our English theology to his standard,—which some persons among us, we are sorry to see, appear disposed to do,—would be to send us back to an immature and mischievous style of thinking which Germany itself is fast outgrowing. The position of Schleiermacher was one of advance in his own day, and in Germany; it would be one of retrogression at present, and in England. In our passion for progress, it behoves us to be careful that we do not mistake the road. Change and onwardness are not identical.

SAVONAROLA AND HIS TIMES.*

THIS poem scarcely sustains the reputation which its late author had acquired in Germany by his *Faust*. A German professor of Hebrew said in our hearing one day that he had attempted in vain to read it through. This might have been the case, and the book excellent notwithstanding, for the learned Orientalist was no poet. But his unfavourable verdict was not altogether unjust. Though possessing abilities of no mean order, Lenau has failed to give the life and spirit to his production which a theme so noble should have inspired. The poet has not sufficiently acclimated himself, as it were, to the age of which he writes. Too much the moralist and too little the painter, he has not portrayed the period and suffered it to speak for itself. He assumes his office of interpreter too frequently and with too little of concealment. Modern sentiments are placed in the mouths of speakers in the fifteenth century. The reader becomes aware that his author, in his vehement censure of the learned scepticism that prevailed in the Florentine Academy, is, in effect, anxious to hold up to abhorrence the pantheistic philosophy of modern Germany. The truth of the analogy is undeniable, the parallel is fair, the indignation righteous, but this expression of it is ill-placed. These bitter iambics are out of keeping; they mar the artistic beauty of an historic poem. The monument of a hero should not be placarded with rewards offered for the

* *Savonarola. Ein Gedicht von* NICOLAUS LENAU. Zweite durchgesehene Auflage. 1844. (*Savonarola.* A Poem. By NICHOLAS LENAU. Second Edition, revised, 1844.)

apprehension of a criminal. But, though defective in this respect, and occasionally abstract and tedious, the poem contains many admirable passages.

We propose, in briefly sketching the career of Savonarola, to give some account as we proceed of the religious condition of Europe towards the close of the fifteenth century. It was a principle with that master of landscape-gardening, Shenstone, that when the eye has viewed a principal object from the proper point, the foot should travel towards it by another route. A similar canon will hold good with regard to a narrative circumscribed by limits like the present, and in which the writer, like the gardener, has to make the best of his space. The course of our observations will, accordingly, bring us at first directly in view of our hero; then we shall lose sight of him for awhile, wandering somewhat deviously among the lights and shadows of the adjacent scenery, in order to approach him once more on emerging from our survey of preceding and contemporary history, enabled the more justly to appreciate his position and his character.

The principal biographies of Savonarola are four in number, two ancient and two modern. The two earlier are by Francesco Pico della Mirandola (nephew of the celebrated Giovanni Pico) and the Dominican Burlamacchi. Both these writers have decorated their narratives with marvellous additions, after the manner of the *Lives of the Saints*; credulous, both as partisans and as religionists, they will reject no story which in their estimate would contribute to exalt the subject of their memoirs. The two later accounts, by Professors Rudelbach and Meier, appeared almost simultaneously; the one in 1835, and the other in the following year. Professor Rudelbach has produced the more attractive book; he writes well, sometimes even eloquently, and has brought much to bear upon his subject from other quarters. Professor Meier, though his work is less generally interesting, and in some points less complete, has been equally indefatigable in the research immediately requisite, and displays greater accuracy and caution in the conclusions at which

he arrives. Both these volumes are highly favourable specimens of those monographies which Germany has produced in such numbers of late years.

The day of St. George the Martyr was celebrated at Ferrara with festivities which rivalled in their magnificence those of the Florentines in honour of their patron St. John. The great ducal houses which had acquired rule in Italy, and, like the Emperors of Rome, were sovereigns among the vestiges of republicanism, wisely availed themselves of these annual occasions to conciliate the people, at once by dazzling and by employing them. On the morning of the twenty-third of April, in the year 1475, all Ferrara was early awake to celebrate, under the auspices of Hercules d'Este, a St. George's day which should outshine the gayest of its predecessors. This prince had been invested with the vicariat only four years previously, but the city displayed already the results of his able policy. Stately buildings were rising in many quarters, giving occupation to numerous workmen. The fortifications had been strengthened at great cost. Embankments were in progress to confine the floods of the Po, which had formerly covered so large a space of the surrounding flats. The peasants had already reaped a harvest on some spots where, till recently, the eye had seen from the city walls only straggling poplars, or the grey willows stretching away, islanded among the stagnant waters.

On the day in question, there was a brilliant assemblage of nobles and courtiers in the court of the great castle of Este, under those walls which, seventy years before, had witnessed the execution of Hugo and Parisina, and beheld—

> 'The crowd in a speechless circle gather,
> To see the son fall by the doom of the father.'

Those dark-red, square towers, slanting outwards at the base with such massiveness—the numerous archways, like prison-vaults—and the projecting battlements, overhanging heavily the dull waters of the moat—must have looked more than ever gloomy in contrast with the gay figures that passed to and fro under the teeth of the

portcullis, as the chains of the drawbridge would vibrate, and its timbers echo, to the tread of the soldiery, the hoof of the steed, or the roll of the ponderous state-carriage. The castle has changed least of all with time, though the banner of Este no longer floats above the quadrangular tower that surmounts its keep. It stands yet, as then it stood, the grave reality which overlooked, and was to outlive, so much brief merriment and hollow pomp. But then almost everything in the city was in contrast with it, now almost everything is in harmony. The ways are grass-grown, and the largest houses, with their lower windows defended by huge iron bars, look like penitentiaries for the memory of bygone revelry.[1] In the narrower streets most of the windows are covered in with decayed planks, or have before them dusty and faded jalousies that look as though they had not been opened for years. The sunlight is now everywhere repelled, as if it was felt that it had pried cruelly into the calamity of the tottering edifices; but on that merry morning, sacred to St. George, it was welcomed, and framed, as it streamed in, with garlands hung about the windows. Gay-coloured handkerchiefs with gilded edges were suspended in festoons across the streets, and costly tapestries hung out their quaint figures of men, and beasts, and flowers, assuming life as they waved in the wind. Booths had been erected in the open places (the theatre proper was not yet); tumblers and dancers, musicians and charlatans, were preparing to play their parts. All made way for the harlequin and the player: the masters of merriment were lords absolute for the day, and in their laughing homage to the silken tyranny of these arbiters of pleasure, the light-hearted Italians lost all thought of any other servitude. The mechanist, too, with his novel or marvellous contrivances: the painter, with his optical illusions, cheating the eye of distance; the master of ceremonies, with his masking devices and marshalled pageantries, strove each to surpass himself in what should this day call forth the plaudits of the gathering multitude. In the crowd were mingled countless figures, such as Callot would have delighted to sketch;—condottieri,

'bearded like the pard,' with fierce mien and clanging accoutrements, shouldering aside the unwarlike citizens; fortune-tellers, ballad-singers, beggars; and pilgrims, covered with rags and dust, eking out a viaticum by offering for sale their saintly trumpery of leaden medallions, artificial flowers, and box-wood rosaries. The clergy, also, with all their gradations of colour, grey and scarlet, black and purple, contributed their variety to animate the scene. White-robed choristers sang in the churches; the bells—the blessed bells—which the holy chrism had anointed, and which princes had god-fathered, the interpreting tongues that were believed to signal to the world above the joy of man below,—rang their gleesome peals in the belfries; hymns and eulogies, satires and dancing-songs, were sung or recited in the streets. Courtiers, who were literary amateurs as well as literary patrons, according to the fashion of the day, furnished encomiastic verses; and grateful scholars from the flourishing university, classic odes in honour of the reigning house. The hymns sung on these occasions were commonly set, in compliance with a usage then coming into vogue, to light, popular airs; and psalms were to be heard trolled out in chorus to the jerking measure of some favourite '*Canzone a Ballo.*'

Nicholas d'Este had induced Michael Savonarola, a man of noble birth, and distinguished as a physician and an author, to remove from Padua to Ferrara. Niccolo, the son of this eminent man, was still resident there, living as a private gentleman, enjoying the society of the literati about the court, and principally occupied with scientific pursuits and with the education of a numerous family. On this day the whole household had gone out to see the sights of the festival, with the exception of Girolamo, his third son, now about two-and-twenty years of age. He availed himself of this opportunity to put in execution a resolve which had been gaining strength within him throughout the past year. He was determined to quit his home, and to become a monk.

Both the father and the grandfather had done their best to develop the precocious talent he displayed, and cherished the hope

that he would perpetuate and augment the family renown in the walks of science. At the university he had already become distinguished as a disputant. His nights and days were devoted to the study of Thomas Aquinas, for whom his admiration was unbounded. In his leisure hours, a strong religious feeling found utterance in the composition of hymns, some of which have come down to us. Shy and silent among his father's many guests, he delighted in long and solitary walks. His desire became daily stronger to escape all contact with that prevalent corruption which he pathetically deplores in his verses. Yet he felt that to enter a monastery, and to be busied there, like so many, with hearing or delivering lectures upon Aristotle, would not conduce to greater spirituality. I should but go, thought he, from Aristotle in the world to Aristotle in the cloister. Let me go as a lay brother, and perform some menial service. I will take the needle, and mend their habits; I will take the spade, and work in the abbey garden. That will be truly to forsake the world. For a considerable time he was undecided. At length, he tells us, some strong impulse mastered him,—he could scarcely explain it—but every other consideration was overpowered. He resolved to go to Bologna and enter the Dominican cloister there.

The young Savonarola had once accompanied his father to the ducal court, but he could not be induced to enter a second time the gates of the palace of Este. It was like the single visit of Madame Roland to Versailles. The cherished enthusiasm of a youth spent in seclusion, its pure ideal of excellence, its deep indignation against wrong, were brought into brief contact with a corrupt court. When noble and ardent natures are thus actually confronted with tyranny, the quick emotions of the heart become the fixed determinations of the will; these warm and living forms, brought face to face with the Gorgon's head, become hardened as into statues; and memory looks back on the purpose which that moment consolidated as to a monumental figure, pointing out with unchanging gesture the perilous path to be pursued throughout the rest of life. The history

of defeated reformations is a mournful chapter in the history of the church; but those efforts have been found, even in their failure, to contribute towards the success reserved for an after day; as the leaves which the tree casts off impart, in their very death and decay, a richness to the soil which results in a new and more vigorous growth on a future spring; and we partly owe the bright green of the fresh leaves to those withered ones, which, some months back, lay unheeded about the roots.

As Savonarola, on the eve of carrying his intention into effect, paced his apartment, and heard the sound of feet and of voices, and the strains of music without, he felt that the festivities of that day furnished, not only the opportunity, but also the justification of his escape. The world had put on its bravery, and made its best display. To him it was more repulsive, not more winning, when thus adorned to charm its votaries. Thus was life's huge and noisy wheel made the instrument to turn and shape the costly jewel of a great resolve. It was a time-honoured custom that prisoners should be released on days of great rejoicing. On this day Ferrara was unconsciously to liberate a captive. I must avoid a parting, he thought. A mother's tears might restore to her a child, but they would take from Christ a soldier. The sacrifice must be made. It must be right. Have I not prayed importunately, 'Show me, O Lord, the way wherein I should walk, for unto thee do I lift up my soul.' How often have I repeated, with tears, that line, which seems to ring in my ears incessantly, 'Heu, fuge crudeles terras, fuge littus avarum!' Vice is everywhere triumphant;—misery I cannot lessen, wrong I cannot overcome, beset me round about. I am to rise and depart hence. I will leave open on my table this book, which teaches man to despise the world. It will tell those I leave behind that I have taken that step for which they can scarcely be unprepared.

That such must have been his thoughts at this crisis we learn from the letter he wrote two days subsequently, to his father, to explain his reasons, and to reconcile him to his departure.

Arrived at Bologna, he entered at once on his novitiate. Having

discovered, or imagined, that his strength was unequal to the exertion of preaching, he lectured on philosophy, and expounded Aristotle. At the same time he pursued, with great ardour, the study of the Fathers, of Augustin more especially, and commenced, not long afterwards, a course of lectures on the Old Testament. In the perusal of the Scriptures he found increasing profit and delight. Thus passed seven or eight years of quiet acquisition and growing enlightenment, unmarked by any event of moment. Let us leave him in his retirement, and glance at the state of things by which he is surrounded, especially at the state of religion towards the close of the fifteenth century.

The abuses of the Roman See were increased by reverses quite as much as by success. In an evil hour for the papacy, Clement V. yielded to the solicitations of Philip the Fair, and removed to Avignon. There the papal court, stripped of the prestige of the Eternal City, the mere tool of France, added to the external disgrace a still deeper internal corruption. This dishonour was speedily followed by another—the great papal schism. When, for many years, two or three popes at once, their passions of avarice and ambition inflamed to the utmost, became rivals in unscrupulousness, and plotted, fought, and anathematized each other without ceasing, men saw, as they had never before seen, the fallibility of the infallible. Competition in guilt at once revealed and accelerated the growth of every evil inherent in that spiritual despotism. The consequence was such as might have been expected. Never had the papacy proclaimed its pretensions with greater arrogance; never had they been heard with such contempt. When these disputes were over, and a single pope assumed undisputed authority, the evils they had fomented did not cease with the occasion. The vicious precedent was readily adopted, and the solitary pontiff did not grasp the less because there existed no longer a rival extortioner somewhere else by whom he feared to be surpassed in wickedness, and so in wealth. Perjury was assumed as a prerogative, nepotism and simony were followed as an occupation.

Abuses such as these could not but call forth a reaction. The instrument of this antagonist force was the representative system. The advocates of reform contended that the infallible authority of the church uttered its voice in the decree of the assembled council, not in the will of the individual pope. Throughout the fifteenth century a succession of distinguished names had urged, with various modifications, and with more or less of sanguine expectation, the necessity of a general council for the purpose of reform. Peter d'Ailly, his faith in this remedy somewhat shaken by his experience at Pisa, renewed the struggle at Constance; Gerson succeeded him in this conflict with corruption; and Gregory of Heimburg, persecuted and exiled, but unconquerable, seemed to live only to stir up the national spirit of Germany against Italian usurpation. What imperial Rome was to his rude forefathers, that papal Rome was to Gregory. He fought with the pen, and not with the sword, but he animated his countrymen against the colossal power that thundered from the Vatican with a courage equal to that of Arminius, when he led his fierce hordes against the redoubted legions of Germanicus or Cæcina.

But the century reached its close, and the councils had not advanced reform a single step. They were without the will and without the power to go far enough. The council of Constance deposed the shameless John XXIII.; but then, immediately afterwards, burnt Huss and Jerome of Prague. The tyrannous infallibility was only transferred, not abolished. Salutary measures were indeed passed at various times, but there was no arm strong enough to carry them into effect. After all that might be said, it was generally felt that a pope with a limited supremacy was a contradiction in terms. In vain did the prelates seek a pontiff who would become content to execute on the south of the Alps what a council had decreed on the north. Was an eloquent advocate of reform elevated by a council to the papacy, it was discovered that on entering within the walls of the Vatican he had become another man. Once a pope, it became his main object to restore to the pontificate all it might

have lost, and to bequeath to his successor an unimpaired prerogative. In fact, neither the interested men who rallied about the despotism of the papacy, nor the more liberal who sought to weaken it, understood how much was possible, or how much was requisite, at this juncture. Either party followed its theory, and the theories were impracticable. The councils could find no such obsequious pope, the popes no such submissive church as they had imagined. The Christendom which trembled under Innocent III. existed no more. Nothing but a complete religious revolution could accomplish the necessary work. As in England during our civil war,—with a king resolved to realize his ideal of prerogative, and with a parliament that could secure no more hold upon him than these councils could maintain upon a pontiff;—partial attempts at reform must soon be abandoned for a total change; and Essex was succeeded by Cromwell as was Gerson by Luther. Because these efforts had failed, a corrupt hierarchy believed itself invincible, and grew more daringly flagitious than before. Thus, on the eve of the Reformation, the best men of the time were the most full of apprehension; not merely the recluse in his cell, who penned some desponding treatise on the ruin of the church, not merely ecclesiastics, who had contended in the ranks of the opposition for reform, and contended in vain, but laymen also, like the celebrated jurist, Sebastian Brand, learned, sober-minded, and experienced, began to think that the last days must be at hand. The popes would not reform the church, the councils could not. Reformation appeared alike indispensable and impossible.

The social condition of Rome at this period is minutely depicted in the *Diary of Stephanus Infessura.* This is a plain account of the acts of oppression and of outrage which were of constant occurrence, and constituted the talk of Rome from week to week; of events such as those which the dramatist has invested with so terrible an interest in the *Cenci*, in *Vittoria Corombona*, and in the *Duchess of Malfy.* He says that, under Sixtus IV., crimes of every kind might be compounded for with money. This pontiff brought

about a continual scarcity of bread to enlarge his profits. Men of learning and integrity were odious to him, 'solum illi gratum erant mali,' adds the faithful eye-witness. Cruel, as the abandoned voluptuary always is, he took pleasure in witnessing the effusion of blood, and duellists were summoned beneath the windows of the Vatican to receive from his hand both the benediction and the signal to encounter. Under his successor, Innocent VIII., a man without principle and without energy, no improvement took place. Never were murders more frequent, scarcely a day passing without a fresh assassination. The criminals commonly sought refuge at the doors of some cardinal's palace who had instigated or connived at the deed, from malice, or who would screen it from avarice. Now and then a malefactor was hanged on the Capitol, but without trial or publication of his name, and in the night. An innkeeper had murdered his two daughters and a groom; he was apprehended; eight hundred ducats opened the gates of the castle of St. Angelo. 'God willeth not the death of the sinner,' said the vice-chamberlain, with an abominable parody, 'but rather that he should *pay* and live.' During an interregnum of less than three weeks more than two hundred persons were murdered in Rome, and then Roderigo Borgia became Alexander VI., having openly bought the papal chair, five only out of twenty cardinals remaining unbribed.

The universities next demand attention. New ones were founded, and the spirit of some of the elder institutions improved. The character of their influence varied, as Professor Ullmann has shown, with the nature of their foundation. Those founded by free towns were the most liberal in their tendency, such as were subject to a temporal sovereign somewhat less so, but those under the patronage of a spiritual dignitary were, with scarcely an exception, the adversaries of reform. Thus Erfurth, a specimen of the first class, was the precursor of Wittenberg, the cradle of the Reformation. At Heidelberg, under the Elector Philip, John Wessel and Agricola at once foreshadowed the religious movement of the future, and revived the literature of the past. There a chair of Greek was established,

despite the clamour of the monks, and it was there that Reuchlin spent so many pleasant months, enjoying the society of his learned friends, in long walks among those richly wooded hills and valleys, and in merry water parties on the Neckar and the Rhine, while engaged in writing on history, philology, and law, in collecting manuscripts, and in enriching the library under the auspices of the munificent Dalberg with costly tomes from the presses of Froben, Amerbach, and Aldus. At Cologne, on the contrary, the influence of the university was adverse to the progress of enlightenment. This city, described by Æneas Sylvius as at that time the most splendid in Europe, with its noble river and its busy commerce, its stately churches and its walls accounted impregnable; the nurse of architecture and painting, where the princely ecclesiastic who crowned the emperor, and the princely merchant, so full of enterprise in peace or war, were rivals in magnificence,—was the metropolis of the hierarchy, the northern Rome, and its university, once the competitor of Paris or of Prague, became, under priestly rule, the last in improvement and the first in persecution.

In those days, when books were scarce, the life of the scholar was far more active than at present. Italians resorted to Paris, and Parisians visited Florence and Bologna, Padua and Venice. Paris may be said to represent the university life of Europe at this period. There the students were notorious for a reckless licentiousness and a ferocious spirit of clanship. The mohocks, in the days of Addison, were less terrible to peaceful citizens at night. Much elaborate absurdity was inculcated, and professors in quibbling controversy exhausted the vocabulary of learned abuse, but at the same time these institutions were the foci of the intellectual life then existing, and there, as nowhere else, industry and talent might struggle fairly for distinction.

A new literary enthusiasm was spreading rapidly. When Argyropylus lectured on Thucydides, his class-room was attended by men high in rank and advanced in years; ambassadors and cardinals were crowded with the youth of Rome. A purer Latinity made

its way across the Alps. Grammar and rhetoric were cultivated on sounder principles, and with a corrected taste. Scholasticism had created a barbarous Latinity which Cicero would in vain have attempted to comprehend. Many exclaimed that to reform this grotesque and complex phraseology was to lay profane hands upon the ark of truth. Superstition contended with equal acrimony for her solecisms and her dogmas. But the sacrilege was committed. Cicero displaced the Mammotrectus and the Gemma Gemmarum, and scholars studied the old Greeks themselves, instead of their monkish interpreters. The classic statues had been hung with cowls and habits, 'black, white, and grey, and all their trumpery,' now they were rescued from their disguise; their beauty attracted every eye; they could not be so cloaked a second time. Thus the revival of letters contributed partially to shake the authority of the ancient doctors by creating a refinement of taste which despised the uncouth language they employed. The sceptical humanist was frequently a pioneer for the earnest reformer. It is interesting to mark how the progress of learning favoured independence of thought by enabling scholars to feel themselves superior, in some respects at least, to those authorities from whom hitherto there had been no appeal. The most learned men of this period knew that they could write far better Latin than Thomas Aquinas, that he was acquainted neither with Greek nor Hebrew; they had studied both; that he saw only, as it were, the shadow of Aristotle; they had learnt of Greeks to read Aristotle in the Greek.

The old dispute between the Realists and the Nominalists was revived, but time had somewhat changed the position of the combatants on either side. The nominalism of the fifteenth century was a new and vigorous offshoot from decaying scholasticism, and the forerunner, at least among the schools, of the approaching Reformation. It inherited the mantle of the dauntless Okham, it dared to doubt tradition and to expose abuse, it veiled its critical innovations under the most provoking irony, and proceeded, with a terminology more elaborately accurate than even schoolmen had

hitherto devised, to maintain the most startling conclusions of its unsparing logic. In this tendency were associated, throughout the north of Europe, those men who were brave and wise enough to throw off some of the trammels of the past, and to work and hope for the future.

In Italy the advance made was rather philological and literary than religious. Plato, so long neglected, made his triumphal entry with the language in which he wrote. Ficinus endeavoured to unite Christianity and Platonism in the city of the Medici, as they had been united several centuries before in the city of the Ptolemies. But in the speculation of the Florentine idealists, the vision of a reformed church never made a part. In their learned leisure they overlooked, with a Goethe-like indifference, those momentous questions whose impartial investigation would have entailed conviction, conviction action, and action persecution. The earnestness of Savonarola was as incomprehensible in their eyes as they were inexcusable in his. Plato was not more revered at Florence than was Aristotle at Paris, yet the nominalist, Gabriel Biel, the last of the schoolmen, though so devoted to his master as to preach a course of sermons on the Ethics, exerted all his influence to render the theology of the day somewhat more simple and more scriptural. Nominalism was earnest and practical, Platonism timid and visionary. The literati of Florence retired from the present into the past, they made in thought the Academy their abbey; Plato was their prior, and the canons of classic taste were the rules of their order.

The Christianized Platonism, so prevalent during this period among the scholars of Italy, made its appearance subsequently, under different modifications, both in England and in France. In the seventeenth century a group of distinguished writers, among whom were Whichcot and Cudworth, Gale and Norris, sought to animate the theological formulæ of the preceding age with the genial fancies of Neo-Platonism. In France, the same philosophy assumed, some time later, a very different form. There the Revolution enabled

a number of men, priests only in name, to throw off the mask. Classical scholars, who worshipped the heroes of ancient republicanism, devoted to a contemplative theosophy akin to that of Plotinus, the doctrines of the church, which the multitude received at their lips as realities, were nothing more to themselves than the outward symbols of a philosophic deism. Such for instance was Fauchet, bishop of Calvados. The English Platonists, men of a devout spirit, spent their days in retirement; the French hurried out into the world to harangue the Assembly, and to declare Christianity itself the ally of the Revolution. Norris of Bemerton never forgot in his poetical speculations the reality of distress, would readily close his Plato to visit a sick parishioner, and lived poor and without ambition, within sight of the spire of Salisbury Cathedral. Fauchet, an orator by nature, became the high-priest of the Revolution, electrified with his eloquence the masses of the Sections, led the citizens, sword in hand, under the guns of the Bastile, and perished at last with the Girondists on the scaffold.

The condition of the people at this time should be noticed. In Germany, prosperity was confined almost entirely to the great cities. The country was scathed in every direction by continual and wasting wars. The peasants rose in arms repeatedly and in many places; the clouted shoe of the ploughman was advanced as a standard against its antagonist ensign, the mailed boot of the knight. But a patriotic feeling of resentment against Romish arrogance and extortion was stronger than at any previous time. Though the monks loudly proclaimed printing-presses engines of the devil, yet on the eve of the sixteenth century the Scriptures had been translated and printed both in High and Low Dutch, and a multitude of satires in the vernacular alarmed the prelates of Germany.

In a German town, on any one of the numerous festival days, the citizens were accustomed to take down their weapons, one his arquebus, another his pike, and meet to go through their exercises and compete for the prizes awarded to the stoutest arm or the truest eye. By the Italian citizen such days were usually devoted to idle-

ness or public spectacles. The wants of the German were few, and though the luxury of the Burgundian court was imitated by the wealthiest merchants, the majority even of men of substance lived poorly. The wants of the Italian, on the contrary, were as much more numerous as his real hardships were fewer.

The tendency of the age, evinced in the advance of the industrial element, is strikingly displayed by the fact that the lyre had passed from the hand of the noble to that of the burgher. Once there flourished many a knight and noble, who, unable to read or write, was wont to compose his songs on horseback, as he rode to the hunt, or threaded his way through the forest, and to dictate them afterwards to some one versed in clerkly accomplishment, as old Count Hugo of Montfort did to that rare huntsman of his, Burk Mangolt, a man as skilful with the pen as the hunting-knife. But the minnesingers were extinct; the master-singers had come into their place. By the middle of the century the great towns of Southern Germany, Mayence and Augsburg, Nuremberg and Ulm, were possessed each of its guild of master-singers. On the holiday, while the degraded serf slept away the interval of rest, like the animals he tended;—while numerous idlers, lay and clerical, drank deeply of Breslau Scheps, Osnabrück Buse, or some other famous brewage of the time;—while the noble squandered his patrimony in some rivalry of display, or by the hazards of the gamester, many a sober citizen, the loom, the tool, and the shop forgotten, would meet in the town hall or in the church, in the after part of the day, to enjoy the harmless pleasures of the singing-club. The subjects appointed were sometimes comic, sometimes of a more serious character, a versified gospel narrative, a moral allegory, or an instructive incident; their measures were numerous and complex, their two-and-thirty rules pedantic enough, and the productions generally of little worth; but many hours that might have been worse spent passed pleasantly away in conning them over, or in practising for the day of competition. Great was the exultation of wife and child when the father was entitled to appear on festive occasions with the decorations

which the singer-guild could confer upon the conqueror. The gaily-painted tablet of the master-singers was a truer symbol of prosperity than the escutcheon of the noble or the wealthy ostentation of the prelate.

Under a law of inheritance which divided the estates of the aristocracy, the noblesse of Germany became as weak as that of France, under the contrary usage, had become powerful. The electoral archbishops, and the hierarchy in general, had been for many years losing ground before the growing power of the free towns. It is not to be wondered at that in Germany the movement towards reform should have made the most steady progress, and that there, when the master-mind appeared, the good cause should have been extensively espoused and stoutly maintained.

In Italy, the superstition which enriched had at the same time corrupted and enslaved the people. The feuds of rival cities, and of rival houses, fostered party spirit while they destroyed true patriotism. Mercenary armies burthened heavily a people whose unwarlike temperament they both despised and perpetuated. In France the monarch was absolute. Charles VIII. was surrounded by the younger sons of the nobility, chivalrous and dissolute youths, their swords their only fortune. They formed the flower of his army when he invaded Italy, and their martial spirit contrasted strongly with the pusillanimity of the Italians of the same age and rank. The treasure of France could command, also, at any moment, the hireling valour of the Swiss. But a middle class scarcely existed there, even in the cities. The mass of the people, spiritless in their oppression and their poverty, could never be relied on in war abroad, and were fit only to yield the vassal's homage and to suffer the vassal's wrongs at home.

It remains to glance at the preaching of this period, that link between priest and people which illustrates at once the attainments of the teachers and the habits of the taught. The Church of Rome has produced, in almost every age, her fiery revivalists, who have scared back for a time the wild passions of a community; but the

flame they kindled lacked means of sustenance, the blaze died down, and the moral desert has been abandoned once more to the darkness and the beasts of prey. Such a man, a Franciscan, named Richard, appeared, during the first half of the fifteenth century, in Paris. At that juncture, luxury and calamity seemed to be together at their height in France. The preacher, addressing commonly from five to six thousand hearers, inveighed against this heartless splendour. He pointed to the victorious English as the scourge of Heaven. He drew harrowing pictures of purgatory and of hell. Ere long the streets of Paris might be seen strewn with the cast-off headgear, the torn and trampled finery of the gay of either sex. The churches were filled; psalms and prayers were everywhere heard; a monastic rigour crept through all ranks. But the orator left the capital to make a progress in the towns. A few days brought the reaction round, and new excesses drowned all memory of his denunciations and his prophecies. In some features of his career Savonarola reminds us of phenomena of this description, but he is not to be confounded with such men. He was no mere thunder-maker for the stage of superstition. He dared to stand alone. That much of the juggle which he was enabled to detect he was not afraid to expose.

The Garden of Heaven's Queen (Hortulus Reginæ), by Meffreth of Meissen, furnishes examples of a preaching of a very different species. Here are flowers indeed, allegorical and mystical, fancies of every form and hue, but worthless all of them. In the midst of this luxuriant overgrowth we see the grey fragments of antiquity. Hippocrates and Aristotle are quoted to support the clustering conceits, and Pliny is made an authority to help show that St. Agatha is mystically signified by the sweet-smelling spikenard. When the sermons of Savonarola are compared with extravaganzas of this kind, instead of being surprised at the allegorical interpretations and fanciful expressions sometimes found among them, we see how far his powerful imagination must have been under the control of his judgment in keeping these things within such limits as he did,

and at once recognise his position as, in this respect, greatly in advance of what had preceded him. Preachers of the more scholastic class commonly adopted a uniform and most artificial method of division. The topic was always discussed as much in the form of dialogue as possible, to afford scope for a good display of argumentation. It was not unusual to commence by supposing that Belial had made the hearer sceptical as to the doctrine or incident that formed the subject of the day's discourse. Then Moses and Thomas Aquinas would be introduced to answer his objections, and to argue him back into belief. Scholastic and Satanic syllogisms rapidly alternate, and Moses quotes Cicero and Livy with astonishing facility. In a sermon by Leonardi de Utino, mentioned by Schröckh (*Kirchengeschichte*, vol. xxxiii. p. 525), Christ is represented as descending into hell, where the lost entreat him to deliver them; the dialogue is protracted, and he refutes the successive pleas they advance, both parties appealing continually to the Pandects and the Codex Justinianus! Gabriel Biel, at Tübingen, and George Morgenstern, at Leipsic, were in high repute at the close of the century, and though neither of them free from the prevalent faults of the scholastic method, gave some token of the approach of a better order of things. The keenness and the originality of the one, and the mournful earnestness of the other, gave signal force to their exposures of the evils everywhere prevalent. But Biel lacked the vehemence, and Morgenstern the tenderness of Savonarola.

Sometimes the pulpit was degraded into a place of public entertainment. Stories, fit only for the *Decameron*, were related in the church to raise a laugh during the merriment of Easter. Some preached sermons full of jocularity and satire, resembling nothing so much as the quaint and ludicrous heads on the carved corbels that are still to be seen in the churches of that time, and which grinned and leered and lolled their tongues from the roof overhead, as if in sympathy with the jesting preacher. There were numbers, infected by the secret scepticism which priestly hypocrisy had produced, who relished keenly such mockery of things religious.

Among the preaching friars, some with loud voice, tossing arms, and every violence of gesture, thundered out indiscriminate and pointless declamations against sin. Yet not a few of them were notoriously immersed in the very vices they rebuked. As Geiler of Kaisersberg wittily said, they were 'like frogs, lying in the mud, with just their heads out to croak.' Others invented ghost stories and marvellous legends, to alarm the disobedient and to attract the simple. The more ambitious recited poetry, filled their sermons with learned citations, with astrology and philosophy, and professed universal knowledge, to the amazement of the gaping crowd. Those preachers in the south, who shared in the taste the revival of letters had created, avoided such excesses of falsehood and absurdity, but they were mystical, cold, and pedantic. 'These,' said Savonarola, as he looked around on the religious teachers of the day, 'these are the players upon instruments who make a noise, but cannot awaken the dead daughter of my people; Aristotle and Ovid, Dante and Petrarch, are the strings on which they harp; so far from awakening the dead soul, they would slay the living; Jupiter, Juno, Venus, and Christ are on their lips together; theology has dwindled into rhetoric, poetry, and fable.'

In the year 1483, during the season of Lent, the congregation in the church of St. Lorenzo at Florence listened to a new preacher. He was yet in early life, of the middle height, with a forehead rather full than high, and a face thin and worn by vigil and study; his nose was large and aquiline, his mouth with the underlip full and slightly projecting, and that massive jaw and chin common to most men of extraordinary decision of character. His discourses bore the marks of no ordinary culture and acquirement, but that hoarse, weak voice, that constrained manner, and the awkward movement of the bony hands were little to the taste of his auditory. He was left, before long, in the echoing church, to harangue a remnant of five-and-twenty hearers. This was the Savonarola who was destined, a few years afterwards, to hold absolute sway over the 'fierce democratie' of Florence by the grand tyranny of his eloquence.

Utterly disheartened, he returned to Lombardy, determined to devote himself exclusively to the exposition of Scripture. Two or three years afterwards we find him at Brescia, and it was there, while occupied in the study of the Apocalypse, that he believed himself enabled to discern as he had never yet done the reality of some impending judgment, and the necessity of an immediate effort to reform the guilty church.

In a convent at Reggio, where Savonarola and a group of brother Dominicans were met, they entered into a discussion, to pass the time and whet the weapons of their dialectics. It so happened that Giovanni Pico, Prince of Mirandola, made one of the party. This young man, whose portrait still hangs in the gallery at Milan, with his fair and open countenance, and long golden hair waving downwards on his shoulders, resembled rather an artist's ideal of some youthful Anglo-Saxon chief than an Italian scholar and noble. Already had he excited universal admiration. Learned men exclaimed with astonishment that this stripling, with his single arm, had despoiled the tree of knowledge of its golden prizes as completely, in the morning hour of his life, as though a Briareus, with his hundred hands, had been gathering there the livelong summer day. Beauty and rank, fame and riches, all were his. Throughout France and Italy he had visited the most renowned schools, and wherever learning had set her veteran garrisons, there Mirandola had held parley and won applause. Those who heard him dispute declared that they marked in him the grasp of thought that distinguished Aquinas, the wealth of lore and of language that gave Albertus his mighty name, and a dexterous fence in argument worthy Duns Scotus, the acute and the wary. When but three-and-twenty he posted up nine hundred theses at Rome, which he offered to maintain against all comers, and, in the true spirit of chivalry, undertook to defray the expenses of those who might travel from a distance to break a lance with him in his high joust of argument. But some of these propositions trenched on the authority of his Holiness, and the faithful were forbidden to read them. From

the study of law he passed to that of philosophy. Profoundly acquainted with the ancient and modern masters of thought, he was versed in Greek as well as Latin, in Syriac, Hebrew, and Chaldee as well as Greek, and wandered far, too far, into the recondite wilderness of the Cabbala. He hoped one day to succeed in showing the essential harmony of Aristotle and Plato, and to reconcile Realism and Nominalism with each other. His Italian poems, full of fancy and passion, he committed to the flames, and permitted love no entrance to his heart, that he might become the votary of knowledge alone. The latter years of his life he spent at Florence, the friend of Lorenzo and Politian, yet attached to the last to Savonarola. He passed his days in retired and prayerful study, lavishing his riches in secret on the poor. He died, when not yet thirty-two, on the day that Charles VIII. entered Florence, and was thus spared the sight of the troubles which came upon his country and his friend. One of the humanists by acquirement and by taste, he was yet exempt from their most common faults. All the letters of his which we have read are the utterances of a nature affectionate, modest, and devout. There were many points in common between a mind like his and the upright and fervent Savonarola. From what he saw at Reggio, the prince was so pleased with the monk, that he subsequently exerted his influence with Lorenzo to procure his invitation to Florence. And through him, accordingly, it was that Savonarola, in 1489, entered once more the city where he was to do and die in the cause of reformation.

The commercial genius of the house of Medici departed with Cosmo. Pietro was wealthy and powerful, but unequal to the far-seeing plans and generous policy of his father. The riches of Lorenzo lay less in ships and banking-houses; they were invested in his palaces and his estates. The splendour of the house was greater than ever, but its pecuniary relationships were embarrassed, and these there was no master eye to arrange and to restore. Many of the leading merchants and nobles were discontented, but all openly

obsequious. The populace was diverted by tournaments, triumphal processions, and spectacles of every kind. All public offices were in hands devoted to Lorenzo. But wise men looked onward, and perceived that, when the Magnificent was gathered to his fathers, the greatness of the Medici would be no more. The elegant page of Roscoe has made all familiar with that group of scholars and artists who surrounded Lorenzo, with their deep research and their fastidious taste, their love of learning and their love of ease, their jealousies of each other, and their flatteries of their patron. In the palace at Florence, the farm at Coreggio, or the villa at Fiesole, Lorenzo passed many an hour of pleasant converse with Ficinus, Poggio, and Politian, and great was the joy of all when tidings came that an argosy had arrived, bringing, not only precious spices from the East, but also precious manuscripts from the monastery of Mount Athos. While Aristotle reigned in the university and the cloister, Plato was worshipped by the philosophers of the Florentine Academy, by the poets, and by the ladies. As they walked between the velvet cypresses and shadowing pines, along the rising terraces, and among the many statues and fountains of the gardens of Fiesole, Ficinus would eloquently discourse, and seek to show his listening patron how Plato was in harmony with Moses, Socrates a foreshadowing of Christ, and the closing incidents of the Crito and the Gospels related as type and antitype;—that Plato was the soul's physician, religion's triumphant champion, and should furnish the Church with lessons, and the preacher with texts.

As Lorenzo lay sick in his last illness, his physicians gave him a draught in which were dissolved pearls and precious stones. The maxims of his philosophical friends furnished no truer remedy for the soul than could that idle and costly prescription for the body. The fatal hollowness of this mere morality Savonarola deeply felt, and with him to feel was to speak. He preached repentance both to the pride of the few and to the untaught depravity of the many. Importunate in prayer, constant in his study of the Scripture, he preached with a simplicity, a fervour, an indescribable power that

soon crowded with eager auditors every available spot in the great church of St. Mark. He expounded once more the book of Revelation. Three startling propositions were reiterated in his discourses: the Church must be reformed; Italy will be chastened sore; both will take place ere long. He prepared for the pulpit with his breviary and his Bible; a tenacious memory retained, without the use of the pen, the thoughts suggested in meditation, and they were given to the people in the glowing language of the moment. The sermons we have of his must have suffered much in the process of reporting, but Tiraboschi pronounces them, even as they are, the most eloquent the age produced. Not the common people merely, but the educated, betrayed signs of the deepest emotion; the audience sometimes burst into loud weeping. Violi the notary, who took down many of his sermons, says repeatedly, 'Here I could proceed no further; I was overcome by my tears.' Lorenzo marked the growing excitement, and heard with displeasure of this fearless denunciation of polite as well as vulgar ungodliness. He was secretly offended, also, by the independent bearing of Savonarola towards himself since his promotion to the post of prior to the Convent of St. Mark. Mariano was commissioned to preach against the prophet. This man was a distinguished specimen of the most fashionable preachers of that day. A consummate rhetorician, profuse in learned quotation, in praises of Lorenzo and of Florence, lulling, rather than rousing, the consciences of his auditory, he was attended by numbers of every class, but principally by men of rank and culture. Politian accounted him a model of sacred eloquence. He had constantly at command a flood of tears, and would gather them up with his fingers as they streamed down his cheeks, and affect to sprinkle them on his hearers.* But the unmeasured language, and almost frenzied

* Burlamacchi says, 'Attraeva con l'eloquenza sua di molto popolo, perciocchè a sua posta aveva le lagrime, le quale cadendoli dagli occhi per il viso, le recoglieva talvolta e gittavale al popolo.' The passage is cited both by Rudelbach and Meier.

declamation into which his jealous anger hurried him, lost him the esteem of many of his former admirers. A refutation of his discourse, in a sermon by Savonarola, on the same text the ensuing week, completed his mortifying failure. Some years after we find the vindictive friar in Rome, at the crisis of Savonarola's history, urging the pope to extremities against his successful rival.

Many prophecies have been attributed to Savonarola which he never uttered. General observations, or remarks in conversation, which subsequent events appeared to verify, have been set down as prophetic by some of his credulous and admiring biographers. When the analogy supplied by the recorded dealings of God with his church, due recourse to the best sources of information, and observation, both comprehensive and discriminating, could enable him to form a conclusion as to the likely issue of those anxious times, he deemed it tempting the Almighty to entreat a miraculous revelation. But he thought that the judgments brought already on Jerusalem, Rome, and Constantinople, justified him in confidently declaring that a similar visitation could not be far from themselves. God would never forsake his church. But only by a chastening stroke could she be restored. Her condition was now such, that, if any intervention was to avail, it must come speedily. Therefore calamity was at the door, but eventually the church would arise with new power and beauty from her humiliation. Lenau makes him say:—

> 'A lady, sick and wan, lay on her couch,
> All still with seeming death, entranced and cold.
> And she was rich,—so, hurrying, came false friends
> To make them merry spoil about her bier.
> And many a jewel, many a pearl of price,
> From broken press and casket plundered they,—
> Fought for the raiment her young beauty wore
> What time she wedded with her lord,—and she,
> There, pulseless, with closed eyelids, lay and heard,
> Beneath the snow-white cloth,—yet could not move,
> Though inly thrilled with grief, till they were taking
> Her Bible from her side,—then snaps the chain—

> The blood is in her cheeks—the death is dead!
> She rises—and they flee; the lady lives.
> So shall God's church, so wronged, so like the dead,
> E'en at the last, in pure and awful meekness,
> Rise from her sickly swoon—she cannot die!'

The sins of Italy, Savonarola would say, might well make every man of us a prophet; God will punish, without a doubt, the oppressors of Christendom, the dishonourers of the name of Christ. He told the Florentines themselves—'Your sins take me by force and make me a prophet—not I, but your sins, prophesy against you; not I, but heaven and earth.' He mentioned no month or day in which the judgment would come; he only declared that it would not tarry. He foretold war in time of peace, and desolation in the midst of outward splendour, but it needed no supernatural influence to enable so thoughtful a mind to discover the deceitfulness of the transient calm. As events gathered definiteness, he indicated the Alps as the quarter from whence the tempest would burst. The subsequent invasion of Italy by Charles VIII. was declared with one voice the fulfilment of his prediction. Grave historians are found sharing this belief with the populace, and even Machiavelli speaks reverently of the holy man. But his friends and his enemies alike exaggerated the claims he made to the prophetic gift. The name of a prophet, in the scriptural signification of the title, he distinctly disclaimed. In the general results to which the study of the Scriptures, combined with the exercise of his natural judgment, had brought him, he felt unshaken confidence; this inward and higher certainty he believed to be given him of God, by whom he thought himself commissioned to publish them to the people. He maintained that his statements contravened neither reason, Scripture, nor the church, and pointed frequently to the fact that those who were convinced by his words, lived new lives of love and holiness, while his opponents were opponents also both of liberty and godliness. Savonarola struggled principally against the external evil, the corrupted institutions of the church. Yet even here his aim was that of one only partially enlightened. He still hoped that

reform might come from a reformed cloister. Vain dream, which only the atmosphere of that age and country could have fostered in such a mind—as though the unnatural institute which, in the main current of its influence, had been for so many centuries a curse to Europe rather than a blessing, could become the source of purity and healing! The great doctrine, however, of justification by faith, he advanced with a clearness which called forth in an after day the strong commendation of Luther. The great protest of his life was against a wicked pope. The treatment he received deepened his conviction and heightened his courage, and he declared, at last, the simple truth, that the head of Christendom was a godless man. It was not possible for him to escape eventually the fate awaiting him. But, had he been less restless and less impatient, his career might have been prolonged and rendered more effective. He did not always wait till his enemies had put themselves sufficiently in the wrong. He thought himself bound to utter his belief wholly and always, let time and circumstance be what they might. Lenau expresses the spirit in which he acted, when he addresses him somewhat thus:—

> 'Thy foot of faith outsteps the tardy time,
> So guilt will work its will, and mighty wile
> Beleaguer thee with ruin. Stay not thou—
> Man must use haste, for death steals up, and up,
> And wins us, like a quiet-coming tide.
> A heart that God with holy thoughts hath flooded,—
> With lustral water for the stainèd world,
> Dares not dole out in niggard drops the wealth,
> Turning full bounty to a scantling dew,—
> *That* life must be a torrent.'

It is interesting to compare the Italian with a German contemporary, to whom was granted a longer and more prosperous course. Geiler of Kaisersberg, from the pulpit of the cathedral at Strasburg, inveighed for two-and-thirty years against the corruptions of the church, and perhaps knew not that, while he himself was yet in his prime, at Florence a fellow soldier in the same cause, after preaching

four years in peace and four in civil tumult, had died the death of the martyr. Geiler had to contend with bitter hostility, but he was not, like Savonarola, within reach of an insulted pontiff and at the mercy of a political faction. The monks, whom he represented (as truth required) in the darkest colours, intrigued against him incessantly. His stern satire was retorted by pasquinades. The choristers were bribed to mortify him in the pulpit; caricatures stared him in the face as he entered the desk or approached the altar, and supplied the dregs of the populace with the ribald jests that were frequently cast at him as he walked in the streets of Strasburg. On the other side, men of rank and worth were forward in the tokens of their regard. Maximilian esteemed him highly, and received wholesome counsel from his lips. His exemplary life, his fearless integrity, his wit, now so withering and now so genial, justified the admiration of his defenders. He enjoyed the favour of the rich without losing the love of the poor. It could not be concealed that the silver goblet given him by Frederick of Hohenzorna, had been sold to raise money for the distressed. His apophthegms and eccentric proverbs were quoted far and near as the words of an oracle. As in the case of most men remarkable for humour, there lay a vein of melancholy beneath the surface. He had in him by nature more of the ascetic, and less of the enthusiast, than Savonarola. He loved to wander frequently deep into the heart of some old forest, to seek the remote stillness of the mountain top, to muse in the lonesome chapelry, by the ruined tower, or among the rank growth and worn inscriptions of a forgotten graveyard. The style of his preaching may be estimated from the fact that one course of sermons was, in effect, a running commentary on Sebastian Brand's celebrated satire, *The Ship of Fools*, a book then exciting general attention by the skill and courage with which it lashed the vices both of priests and people. Savonarola fell often into the error, then indeed universal, of an allegorical interpretation of Scripture, and a fanciful elaboration of some simple incident or allusion in the sacred page. The rich and quaint fancy of Geiler was still less under control. This

fault was redeemed, in the case of Savonarola, always by the earnestness, often by the deep pathos and the sublimity of his appeals; in the case of Geiler, by the homely force and searching sagacity of his application. In preaching on the precious ointment of Mary, and showing how the Christian ought to preserve the balsam of love and holiness to anoint the Lord withal, he enumerates no less than seven-and-twenty kinds of flies, the various sins that will spoil this ointment unless prevented. The tree Zacheus ascends to see Christ is the Christian life, in which are seven boughs, or graces, corresponding to the letters in the name Zacheus. He draws most comic and striking comparisons between the habits of various animals and the practices of different classes of mankind. These grotesque references are not surprising, and must have been keenly relished, in the native country of the Brute-Epos, the land of Reynard the Fox. He descended for his illustrations into the details of household life in a manner that must often have amazed the good wives of Strasburg; not a recess of the kitchen escaped him, not a utensil or a process, and he preserved the names of countless dishes and drinks, Trüllmuss, Trübelmuss, Hotzenblotz, Schiltbiren, &c. &c., with a wealth of terminology worthy of Aristophanes himself. But however fantastical his numerous divisions may be, rhymed, rhythmical, alliterative, or acrostic, a practical result is never wanting. The German was not unwilling to call forth a smile, the Italian produced trembling and tears. Savonarola was the Dante and Geiler the Chaucer of the pulpit. The efforts of Geiler contributed to procure after his death a welcome reception at Strasburg for the doctrines of the Reformation: but Italy found no Luther to carry out what Savonarola had begun. He stood quite alone, whereas in Germany the tide may be said to have been already on the turn, and there many were even then contributing, some by their ridicule, and others by their learning, towards the great reaction. The obsequies of Geiler were celebrated with a stately funeral, to which the whole city thronged; the ashes of Savonarola were flung into the Arno, amid the acclamations of that very populace who, but a few months back, had

revered him as inspired. The Florentine was the more enlightened of the two, the foremost in the reform he desired. There was in him a high idealism of which the other, with his shrewd sense, knew little or nothing; he possessed a larger compass of thought, a loftier and more powerful nature—he was the greater man.

The published sermons, treatises, and letters of Savonarola are numerous, but our space will not allow us to speak of them particularly. A course of twenty-five sermons on Ps. lxxiii., preached in 1493, in the church of S. Maria del Fiore, furnishes many examples of the protest, fearless as that of Wycliffe, which was borne by Savonarola against the vices of the clergy. The following passage will suffice as a specimen:—

'What have not wicked prelates done? They feared the people would escape their hands, and hearken to them no longer; so they did in the church as tyrants do in the state. The tyrant puts the upright and the godly to death, or casts them into prison, or degrades them, that they may hold no office. He abolishes all good laws, good morals, and good usages that make for freedom, or he does his best to put them out of men's thoughts. To keep the people from thinking of any reform, he busies them with festivals and gay sights. The same thing has been done in the church of Christ. First, they have removed good preachers and prelates, and will never suffer such to come to the head of affairs. Secondly, they have set aside good laws and morals; yea, a man may not so much as speak of them by name. Thirdly, they have brought in a swarm of festivals and ceremonies, to corrupt and to swallow up the usages God hath enjoined. If you go to one of these ceremonial prelates, lo! he has the best sounding words a man can hear ready to answer you withal. Complain to him of the present sore need of the church, and you will hear him say, 'Right, father; 'tis too true: life will be no longer to be borne unless God send us some speedy amendment—the faith is all but destroyed.' But in their hearts they hold their wickedness fast, and turn the festivals of God into feasts of devils. One will say to another, 'What thinkest thou of our

Christian faith?' The other answers, 'How foolish a question to ask a man—faith! it is a dream; a matter for silly women and monks.' Such priests are empty of all spiritual understanding; they know not how to discern between good and evil—between true and false—between sweet and bitter. They have no care for souls at heart—if they get their money it is enough.'

One of these discourses contains the following passage, which shows how clear and decided were his views on the great truth of justification by faith, and salvation by grace alone:—

'In faith, all depends on *appropriation*—that a man doth not merely say to the Lord, Thou art King and God; but that he can say, Thou art *my* King and *my* God, who hast a special care for me, who art my end, whom I desire; my God whom I worship and in whom I trust. Every confidence in our own power is false. That man is in delusion who thinks that he can repent in his own strength, that in his own might he can begin a new life and keep himself from sin; God must help us first; we must say, 'Turn us, O Lord, and we shall be turned.' That confidence is just, and that only, which is founded on the sufficiency of the merits of Jesus Christ; for that merit is boundless, and hath a boundless power; its source is in the Godhead; it comes from that grace which abideth in Christ without measure.'

His appeals are fine specimens of earnestness, and it is not surprising that with his impassioned utterance they should have affected his hearers so powerfully as they did. In speaking of the brevity of life, he says:—

'The righteous man, enlightened by grace, hath the eternity of God so impressed upon his heart by faith, that he accounts the present time as nothing. But to the godless, who have only the sensual life, the *here* and *now* before their eyes, time seems long. But tell me, now, how old art thou? Thou wilt say, perhaps, I am forty years old. What means that—to be forty years old? It means only that forty years of thy life are gone by. But know, that time past exists no more—thou hast not forty years—the forty

years have passed over thee and are gone. Tell me, once more, how long thinkest thou yet to live? Let us suppose another forty years: but these years are not yet come:—What hast thou, tell me, of the present year, the present month, the present day—yea, this hour that now is? What is past is gone hence—what is future is not yet come hither; thou hast but this moment to call thine own. Thy life hangs by a hair: of the future thou hast nothing. Wherefore think, O man, of those two utmost opposites—each in itself an eternity—the everlasting blessedness and the everlasting condemnation. Think on this life's shortness, think on death—and life wafts away before thee like a smoke. But thou still thinkest of this existence as somewhat long. Yet what would be a hundred years of this poor life? If thou wert above when the sun is in the heavens, and it were told thee,—after three hundred years thou must die, thou wouldst say, in sight of the swiftness of the celestial motions,—Alas! to-morrow my life endeth. Oh! if thou wouldst soar above this earthly centre—rise with thought and heart to God, thou, too, wouldst look on that eternity with its divine glory, and rightly judge that this life is but a span; yea, that then only is it life at all when it is lived unto God.'

His treatise called *Triumphus Crucis*, is an extended apology for Christianity, written, as he says in the preface, to strengthen the faith of the weak, and to convince gainsayers that Revelation, though containing truth above reason, teaches nothing contrary to it, and that the peaceful triumphs already achieved by the gospel are such as completely to refute any philosophical objection. With a specimen, from this work, of that fervid argumentation in which Savonarola was so eminently successful, we must conclude our extracts:—

'As philosophers, reasoning from the incomparable vastness, the marvellous order and perfectness of the universe, have concluded that its Author must be supremely mighty, wise, and good;—so we, from our contemplation of the continued victory of the Crucified, from the first until now, conclude that he is the potent Lord of

lords and King over all gods, seeing that his works are the works of Divine omnipotence, wisdom, and goodness. We begin with his acts of omnipotence. Jesus of Nazareth, the crucified, whom Christians adore, is either truly God, and first Cause of all things, or he is not. If the former be granted, the controversy is at an end:—for if Christ is God, then the Christian faith, his whole doctrine and religion, must be true. If the latter be asserted, it follows that Jesus was the most ambitious, the most scandalous of liars and impostors, inasmuch as he, a mere mortal, gave himself out for God, and desired, as such, to be worshipped by all mankind. But it follows, also, that his attempt was the most mad of all enterprises. Could he, a man lowly born, without riches, without military force, with the sword of the tongue his only weapon; yea, more, a sufferer under the penalty of a most shameful death—could he at first have dared to encounter as a rival the heavenly Majesty, and then, in the end, have succeeded, with such arms, in carrying off divine honours as his prize? Could he possibly have undertaken to abolish all former worship, to dig another channel for the stream of time, and to impel the waters in a novel course? Could he possibly have persuaded men, out of love to him, to endure what is most hard, most intolerable, what is plainly against nature, and to meet even the most disgraceful death with rejoicing for his sake? Tell me, every man of sound reason, if Jesus of Nazareth is not truly God, what power was it that he trusted in when he did battle against the laws of this country, against kings and mighty men and wise, against the whole world, against powers above and powers beneath, against God himself in the highest? By what might strengthened did he hold out in that defiance, and carry his purpose at the last, so as to be acknowledged God, and so that he hath never been overthrown to this hour? Ye Jews, come forward, and tell me why did not your God, the watcher and ruler of the world, prevent so execrable a sacrilege: why hath he not avenged it? Ye Heathen, why have your gods not driven him from his throne?

How could a mortal man, crucified and dead, have achieved so stupendous a success?'—(Lib. ii. c. 12.)

But this noble nature was thrown on evil times. The history of Florence is the history of political empiricism. While the Florentines were always trying experiments, they profited scarcely at all by their experience. When, at any time, they found their constitution working ill, too impatient for a temperate correction, they began once more at the beginning, and commenced a new one from its foundation. Their annals are the record of a rapid series of revolutions. Their governments succeed each other by no appreciable law of progress. They resemble a succession of dissolving views, where a pastoral scene is followed by a hospice among its snows, a sea piece by the interior of a church, connected by no relationship, except occasionally that of contrast. There was no one of their own principles which they had not violated, there was hardly a social system which they had not tried, there was not a political evil under which they had not at some time groaned, from the 'sound and fury' of a mob, or the heartlessness of an oligarchy, to the atrocities of a tyrant such as the Duke of Athens. But in Florence there was, at all events, no stagnation. We discern no wise, far-seeing, and persevering effort, but we see, at least, fitful aspirations—a seething restlessness, irregular and tumultuous struggles after liberty. Florence was not in Italy what Athens was in Greece, the centre of a circle of democratic governments, the great heart of the popular principle. Had she conceived such a design, and carried it out, even to a limited extent, the effort to establish freedom abroad might have done much to give it permanence at home. But no orator could have urged with success before a Florentine assembly a plea so generous as that of Demosthenes in his oration for the liberty of the Rhodians. Florence showed that the could check the threatening career of a military adventurer, or cripple the resources of a rival city; she could resist and she could destroy—but she could create nothing. What freedom she could boast, with all its glory or its crime, never crossed the Apennines

or embarked upon the sea. Each brilliant epoch of emancipation in which she rejoiced was but a *feu de joie*, not a beacon fire to awaken answering signal-lights among adjacent states. Her policy was selfish, and she reaped the fruits of selfishness.

The death of Lorenzo was the precursor of calamity to Florence and to Italy. Pietro de Medici had not, like his father, rendered the state those important services which a grateful community is often willing to receive as an excuse for arbitrary power. Dissolute, weak, and despotic, he was the object of general dislike; he was destitute both of resources in himself, and of support from others, sufficient to carry out his ill-advised designs. Lorenzo had expended his wealth in the purchase of landed property, and the consequences were felt by his son. The greatness of the governor and the governed was no longer derived from the same source and increased by the same policy. Pietro could not, like his great-grandfather, retain the leading merchants in his interest as creditors, but he might have taken some pains to conciliate and attach them to his person as men. For him even the name of a Mæcenas could not be what it had been to his predecessors. The patronage of learning had become so universally the fashion, and every petty court was so crowded with literati, that there was nothing new to attempt, and munificence in that direction might indicate a taste for display, but could furnish no special claim to admiration. His position was difficult, but his conduct displayed such a want of judgment, that it may be said of him as of Otho, 'Nec perinde dijudicari potest, quid optimum factu fuerit, quam pessimum fuisse, quod factum est.'

Ludovico Sforza, a usurper, notorious even in those times for his cruelty, and even in Italy for his craft, had established an almost Saracenic despotism at Milan. Not long after the death of Lorenzo, he found grave reason to fear that the walls of the citadel, and the swords of his mercenaries, would be insufficient to secure his power. He discerned danger on every side; the citizens were ripe for revolt, jealous Venice watched for his first false step, the pope was not his friend, Naples his natural enemy, and now Pietro had thrown Florence

also into the scale against him by an alliance with the house of Arragon. He resolved to invite the young King of France into Italy, to assert the claim of the house of Anjou to the Neapolitan kingdom. He flattered himself that he could retrace his steps at will, that he should be able to check at any time the power he had set in motion, and that, in the general confusion, he should find an abundant opportunity, not merely to confirm, but even to augment, his dominion.

Charles VIII. was a good-natured and inexperienced youth of two-and-twenty, as De Comines says, 'but just crept out of the shell.' With a puny form, and a sickly constitution, he yet had his day-dreams of heroism. The Turks had lately terrified Christendom into some thoughts of a new crusade, and the young king pictured to himself the turbaned hosts scattered by the chivalry of France, and the oriflamme waving above the towers of re-conquered Constantinople: he hailed with alacrity the proposal to invade Italy, from whence he designed to start on his career of victory in the east. He was without money for such an enterprise, and the sums he borrowed at an exorbitant interest were spent principally, not upon the army, but in equipping a fleet which was never of any use; he was without tents for his troops, and Lombardy could scarcely be entered before winter would set in; he had with him no experienced generals, and showed himself destitute of every qualification for military command, excepting personal courage: and yet this expedition, ill-planned, ill-appointed, and ill-conducted, after a passage through Italy, which resembled rather an ostentatious progress than a hostile invasion, was destined to place the King of France, safe and triumphant, within that impregnable castle which still overlooks the Bay of Naples. But the approach of the invaders was anticipated with hope by the Pisans, who trusted to shake off the yoke of Florence; by many among the Florentines, who welcomed the enemy of Pietro; and by the Neapolitans, exasperated by the oppressions of the Spaniard. Early in the campaign, the French army had, in more than one instance, put resisting garrisons to the

sword. Such barbarity struck terror into the unwarlike Italians; they had long learnt to look on war as a something more splendid than perilous. They did not fight their own battles, and the condottieri whom they hired found it their interest to manœuvre rather than to fight, and when they must encounter, to carry on the conflict with as little bloodshed as possible. A heavy ransom, the loss of arms or charger, were the most serious mischances of war. If the oversights of Charles were great, those of his antagonists were greater. The Italian states saw the coming danger, and yet were found unprepared; they could not trust each other. Causes like these for the unmerited success of the French arms lay on the surface, but it is not to be wondered at that many of the Italians should have ascribed so sudden, so easy an occupation of their country by a single foe, to the immediate hand of God. In the inertness and incompetency of their leaders they beheld an application of the fearful principle, 'Quos Deus vult perdere prius dementat.' In Florence, the fulfilment of Savonarola's prediction was everywhere recognised.

The commerce of Florence had suffered already, for Charles VIII. expelled all her merchants from his dominions. The French drew near; word came that Fivizano was taken, and its defenders massacred; Tuscany lay open to ravage; Florence might experience all the horrors of a sack. Charles was especially incensed against Pietro, as the new ally of his enemies. The constancy of the citizens would have been severely taxed in enduring thus much for a popular ruler, but to be so endangered by the detested Pietro was intolerable: he was made to feel that they hated France far less than they did himself. In his alarm he could bethink him of no better expedient than to imitate his father's conduct on a former exigency, and he departed alone to treat in the French camp for peace; he forgot the difference of the circumstances; he forgot, above all, the difference of the persons; money and fortresses, all that Charles demanded was meanly yielded up, without even a politic show of hesitation. The French courtiers laughed at the stupidity of the 'tall Lombard,'

as they called him, who might have obtained greatly more favourable terms had he displayed any resolution. In the absence of Pietro, the Florentines sent ambassadors on their own behalf to Charles at Pisa, and among them Savonarola. He told the king that God had at length determined to punish the obstinate iniquity of the Italian people; that he had revealed his purpose to himself, his unworthy servant, and had now made it manifest that the French monarch was the instrument he would employ. He said that his coming was welcomed by those who loved righteousness, and whose conscience bade them fear nothing; the people of God hoped to see the power committed to him exerted to punish the tyrant, to raise up the oppressed, to bring in purity and justice. He exhorted him in the midst of judgment to remember mercy, as he hoped himself to find it; to spare Florence, who, if she had offended him, had done so in ignorance. Only by truthfulness and clemency could he hope to enjoy throughout the favour which Providence had so signally shown him at the outset of his enterprise. While negotiations were pending, tidings were brought that Pietro, on his return to Florence, had been expelled by a popular outbreak; even the quarter of San Gallo had refused to arm in his cause; he and his two brothers fled to Bologna. The Medici were declared rebels, and the supremacy of so many years was destroyed in a few hours. The king deferred a definite reply till he should have entered Florence. There the citizens, divided between hope and fear, anxious to throw all blame on Pietro, prepared for his reception with every demonstration of welcome.

On the 17th of November, 1494, Charles entered the city with his army. The signory and chief men went forth to meet him; and as he rode in full armour, lance in hand, beneath a glittering baldachin, gonfalonieri held his bridle. The Florentines looked with admiration, not unmixed with apprehension, on their warlike guests as they defiled before them, dazzling and formidable, troop after troop, in a procession that seemed never ending. The French also had their misgivings as they surveyed the crowded multitudes,

and marked the narrow streets, and the lofty houses, and the numerous palaces, each strong as a castle. The back apartments of the houses had been filled with country people and with troops, the spectators, clustered on every housetop, and massed in every avenue, could assail with terrible effect the pomp on which they gazed, and the districts for many miles around were ready to pour in their rustic population when the sound of the great bell should tell them that their city, driven from her pacific purpose by some insolent outrage, had resolved to annihilate the invaders. The interests of the burghers inclined them toward the French cause, but their spirit would not brook French domination. Peace, however, was preserved, though the strife in the palace of the Medici, where the king and the Florentine authorities were disputing about the treaty, had well nigh filled the city with bloodshed. The demands of Charles were exorbitant. Capponi, a man distinguished for wisdom and intrepidity, snatched the obnoxious document from the hands of the French secretary, and tore it in pieces before the face of the king, exclaiming, 'If these are your terms, we must try whose swords are the sharpest; if you sound your trumpets, we shall ring our bells.' On this, says Burlamacchi, the indignant monarch swore to give up the city to pillage. Whether provoked by that gallant defiance or not (authorities differ here), the threat was uttered, and the hour for its execution fixed. Savonarola was informed of it, and desired an audience. He represented with such force the guilt and also the impolicy of such an act, that the king abandoned his purpose, and at last he consented to sign a treaty to which the Florentines could accede.

The departure of the French left the citizens of Florence at leisure to consult about their future government. The adherents of the old order of things were for a time silent, but not without hope. A party who were hostile to Pietro, but desirous of bringing in a collateral branch of the house of Medici, professing liberalized principles, was numerous and influential. Among this new-Medicean, or pseudo-democratic faction, Savonarola afterwards numbered some

of his most virulent adversaries. The popular party was headed by Antonio Soderini and Francesco Valori. They advocated the election of officers by a general assembly of all the citizens to whom the ancient laws allowed a vote, and the appointment of a select council to consider questions which, from their importance or their exigency, were best entrusted to a few. Savonarola exerted all his influence on the behalf of the people. The progress of historical inquiry has now dissipated both the halo of miraculous perfection and the cloud of obloquy with which the memory of the reformer was covered by friend or foe. The purity of his motives it is impossible to doubt. He found himself possessed of a power over the populace, which he felt bound to exert in the service of his country. He was right in his noble-hearted endeavours to reclaim and elevate the lower classes; he was right in believing that, if the citizens generally were filled with the fear of God, their government would be wise and prosperous; but he was wrong in imagining that legislative enactments and the secular power would be of service in bringing about the desired result. The state became his ally; many of his suggestions were adopted by the new republic. But what had he gained? He had but attached the cause of morality and religion to the precarious fortunes of a political party, in a dissolute city, and at a restless time. He dreamed of a theocracy; he essayed to realize his dream, and, in attempting too much, lost all. It should be borne in mind that, in Italy, temporal and spiritual despotism were more practically identical than in the north of Europe. It is, therefore, not to be wondered at, that a movement towards reform in that country should assume a more political aspect. It would naturally, also, be less profound in its sentiment, less daring in the innovation of its doctrine, and limited more exclusively to sudden and vehement action.

In a sermon preached in the cathedral before the signory and a large assembly of the citizens, Savonarola, after showing that a popular government was the most suitable for Florence, advised a modified democracy, limited somewhat after the Athenian model.

The Florentine Ecclesia, the Consiglio Grande, was to consist of all the citizens qualified by the old laws of Florence to vote. The dregs of the populace would thus be excluded. He assured the people that their republic would advance toward perfectness in proportion as they were convinced that it should be the first object of a Christian state to suppress immorality, and to make the precepts of the Gospel the rule of social life; in proportion as each should show himself capable of sacrificing private interest to the common weal, and of forgetting past animosities in a united effort to establish the prosperity of Florence. He met with most opposition in his endeavours to procure a decree of universal amnesty. The Italians did not understand a reaction without its vengeance, and were not disposed to dispense with their accustomed catalogue of exile and confiscation. But Savonarola was anxious that the principle of Christian charity, which he hoped to see henceforth the guiding maxim of the state, should be thus displayed at the outset, and the measure was soon afterwards passed. The great council of the citizens, established on the basis he had proposed, elected the magistrates and voted the supplies. Success depended greatly on the kind of arrangements adopted to impart facility and order to the movements of this unwieldy mass, and to further its practical working by some admixture of the representative element. By a fatal error, these important regulations were deferred to a future period. Freedom was asserted, but not consolidated.

The dangers of the new constitution were not confined to those which arose from its own imperfection. Alphonsina, the wife of Pietro, and the new-Medicean party, were unceasing in their efforts, by calumny and intrigue, to lessen the influence of Savonarola. A reformation of morals was as little to the taste of the indolent and dissipated sons of the wealthy families of Florence, as was the puritanism of the commonwealth to the discomfited cavaliers. The extended suffrage was hateful to many who had much to hope from an oligarchy, nothing from public opinion. Savonarola beheld in the republic the cause of justice and of God; his enemies could see

only the combined evils of priestly influence and popular misrule. The infant commonwealth was stigmatized as monastic, its adversaries were reproached as impious. New party names were heard in Florence. The friends of Savonarola were ridiculed as Piagnoni —the weepers. His opponents earned, by their fierce rancour, the appellation of Arrabbiati—the furious. The most violent partisans of this adverse faction, consisting chiefly of dissolute and desperate youths, banded in a confederacy and thirsting for the blood of Savonarola, were known as Compagnacci—the wicked companions. But more formidable than calumny or violence was the assertion that Savonarola had outstepped his province—the complaint that Florence was to all appearance governed by a monk, and to this charge he replied frequently from the pulpit. He argued, that he had not thrust himself forward, but had been called forth by the general voice; that the citizens needed a counsellor, without fear or ambition on his own account, to tell them truth; that to do thus much, and to persuade them to love each other and to love God, to teach them to obey and to govern in His fear, and by the rule of His gospel, was not unlawfully to entangle himself in the affairs of this life—rather a course for which he could adduce holy and venerable precedent. He had never, in a single instance, employed his influence to aggrandize himself or to favour his friends; he called Heaven to witness that he had at heart throughout only the best interests of Florence.

The Dominicans of St. Mark's still show the visitor to the monastery, two very small rooms opening into each other, and situated at the end of a long corridor, the walls of which are adorned, like several of the empty apartments on either side, by figures from the graceful and saintly pencil of Fra Angelico. Above the entrance to those two cells stands the inscription—'Hos cellulos H. Savonarola, vir apostolicus, inhabitavit.' In the inner one there hangs an old, dark portrait of him with the cowl over his head, and his eye fixed on a crucifix he holds in his hand. About the head there is a faint glory. The outer room was his study;

and here, looking down on the quiet court below, or gazing on the fragment of blue sky above, Savonarola mused on an imaginary convent, where a heartfelt piety, not formalism, should fulfil the vow, and charity, learning, and active self-denial should do their work of blessing within and without; mused, too, on an imaginary Florence, where a holy peace should reign, instead of gay vice and turbulent disquiet; and where, knit as brethren, and terrible to every adversary, the industrious citizens, free men and patriots, should own no king but Christ. But the time was now come when the visions of the recluse must enter upon realization amidst the tumult of contending party. He had to make the transition from the theory of principles to their practice, and was to find, as men always must, that the passage from thought to action, from the idea to the execution, from the promise to the performance, is full of difficulty, and surely fraught with more or less of disappointment; it is a test as trying and as keen as that hazardous, hairbreadth bridge which Mahomet has fabled. Savonarola could not conceal from himself that the materials with which he had to work were not of the most favourable kind. He saw about him little of that spirit of forbearance and generosity which he desired. On the contrary, he beheld the arts by which ambition makes its way plied busily on every side, the noble stooping, and the low-born aspiring to play the part of the demagogue. Often was temperate counsel called treacherous, and outvoiced by clamour.* The best-disposed were not the most energetic, and too often shrank from the danger and obloquy of conflict. But his convictions of duty nerved him to meet the diffi-

* Among the extreme members of a party, unreflecting audacity—'vis consilii expers,'—is always applauded as generous self-devotion, while caution, candour, and forbearance are reproached, either as cowardice or treason. It was so in the French revolution, it was so in ancient Greece. The sagacious remarks of Thucydides are precisely applicable to the state of things at Florence, and, indeed, to every violent party movement,—*τόλμα μὲν γὰρ ἀλόγιστος ἀνδρία φιλέταιρος ἐνομίσθη, μέλλησις δὲ προμηθὴς δειλία εὐπρεπὴς, κ.τ.λ.—καὶ ὁ μὲν χαλεπαίνων πιστὸς ἀεί, ὁ δ' ἀντιλέγων αὐτῷ ὕποπτος.* III. 82.

culties of his position. From the pulpit he was indefatigable in encouragement, counsel, or rebuke. There we find him attributing the corruptions of the time to the neglect of the word of God. He declared that there was no authority in Scripture for the pompous ritual and the endless ceremonies of the church as then existing. He pointed to the vicious priests and monks (who lived, as he said with startling truth, worse by far than the laity they professed to guide,) as mainly answerable for the prevalent ungodliness and crime.

For two years the fervid eloquence and the ceaseless activity of Savonarola appeared to triumph over every obstacle. His enthusiasm communicated itself to multitudes in every class of society. The great cathedral was found too strait for his many hearers, and it became necessary to erect in it raised seats like an amphitheatre. Strangers from various quarters flocked in from day to day. The peasants from the Apennines would travel all night, and at early morning crowd the porches before the church doors were opened. These poor people were frequently accommodated by the wealthy citizens, and some of them would entertain as many as thirty or forty such guests in their houses. At one period a scarcity of provisions gave evidence, by the humane efforts it called forth, that the lessons of Savonarola had not been without effect. Some of the rich laid out large sums in the purchase of corn from Sicily, and sold it at a low rate; others were active in succouring the sick and the distressed, in offering them food and shelter, or in providing for their reception into hospitals. Places of public amusement were little frequented; gambling almost disappeared; fasts were observed with a new solemnity; hymns were sung in the streets and in the fields by the artisan and the labourer. Plato proposed to banish poets from his republic. Savonarola did not look with a more favourable eye on the licentious literature of his day. The ascetic morality to which he was attached led him to permit, if not to institute, some arbitrary procedures which, in the issue, served only to increase the flame they could not quench. A

number of young men formed themselves into a kind of order, whose office it was to make domiciliary visits, requesting the surrender of every vanity, or anathema, as they called it. On compliance they pronounced upon the house thus purified a benediction, which was not always regarded as an equivalent. When the season of Lent arrived, wanton pictures, cards, dice, harps, and lutes, copies of Boccaccio, the Morgante Maggiore, &c., were collected, carried in procession before the lodges of the signory, heaped into a pyramid in the centre of the great square, and burned, to the sound of trumpets and the singing of psalms.

Meanwhile, danger was thickening in two quarters at once, and Savonarola was more decisively assailed, while the number of his defenders was diminished. He had repeatedly urged fidelity to their treaty, both on the king of France and on the citizens of Florence. The compact was observed by the latter with a good faith that was ill requited. After an expedition which failed to realize either the schemes of his own ambition or the fond hopes of Savonarola, the king left Italy with general promises which he cared little to fulfil. He spoke confidently of a return, but as time wore on, the prospect of a second interference on the part of France grew less and less. This course of things appeared to set at nought the prophecies of Savonarola, and encouraged the enemies of Florence. But their jealousy of each other prevented their enmity from being really formidable. France was still a reality—a confederacy of the Italian states always a fiction. A conspiracy to restore Pietro was discovered. Five of its leaders—men of great influence—were put to death without being allowed that appeal to the Great Council which a recent law had permitted in such cases. It is not clear that Savonarola did all he might have done to withstand the popular rage against the offenders, and to prevent this gross act of injustice. Shortly after this event, we find a part of the new signory decidedly opposed to him, and the rest indifferent. The Compagnacci were emboldened, and became more daring and dangerous than ever.

At the same time, Alexander VI., informed of everything at Rome, was preparing his most formidable weapons for a decisive blow. At first he had masked his resentment against Savonarola with a dissimulation worthy of Tiberius. The offered bribe of a cardinal's hat had been rejected with disdain by the high-minded monk. This pontiff, conscious of his guilt, dreaded a vigorous attempt at reformation as the greatest of all calamities. When Charles VIII. was on his march southward, what terrified Alexander in the prospect was not the loss of Italian liberty, the devastation of the Romagna, or even a humiliating scene in the Vatican or at St. Peter's—it was the possibility of a general council. He was informed that Savonarola had sent letters to the Emperor, and the kings of France, Spain, and England, urging them to take steps for summoning a council to reform the abuses that now disgraced the Romish see. It is certain, however, that Savonarola soon afterwards abandoned the vain hope of any amendments arising from such a source: he saw that the corrupt would not punish corruption—the hierarchy would not reform the hierarchy. The pontiff had already written, forbidding him, on pain of excommunication, to continue preaching. He had employed both threats and promises, to induce the signory to take measures to silence the obnoxious friar. That signory spoke of him as the benefactor of his country, and returned a spirited refusal. This was in March, 1497. The signory who sat for the two ensuing months were divided in their sentiments. An uproar in the church, caused by an attempt of the Compagnacci to assassinate Savonarola, furnished a pretext for prohibiting his preaching. He yielded obedience to the civil authority. On the 12th of May, the citizens saw posted on the doors of the cathedral, of the churches of Santa Croce and San Miniato, the papal brief enjoining the public proclamation of the excommunicatory sentence. The excitement of both parties was now at its height. The adverse faction introduced once more, with insulting ostentation, the vicious practices which the stern rule of the monk had banished; they broke down the benches in

the cathedral, assaulted the brethren of St. Mark's, and circulated throughout the city lampoons and pamphlets, in Latin and Italian, in prose and verse, against Savonarola. His adherents, still numerous, were scarcely less active. He himself published several letters to animate his friends; and to show that the unrighteous sentence was not binding, he adduced in his support the authority of Gregory and Aquinas, and the declaration of Gerson, who had said that if a man could not by argument induce a pope to rescind an unjust censure, he committed no sin in resisting it to the utmost. In the autumn, a friendly signory interceded in vain with Alexander on his behalf. But all hope of any arrangement ceased when, at Christmas, Savonarola appeared in the pulpit once more. There he declared that whoever maintained the validity of the excommunication, and sought to silence him in preaching the Gospel, was an enemy to the kingdom of God, and a friend to the kingdom of Satan; was himself a heretic, and should be cast out of the church. He asserted the fallibility of the pope, and affirmed that, in his own case, he had been imposed upon by calumny. The number of his hearers was great as ever, though the priests received directions strictly to enforce the interdict, and to deny to all who attended on his preaching the sacraments and Christian burial. But in the signory for March, 1498, the majority were his avowed enemies. The letters from Rome became more frequent and menacing. The magistrates did not venture to seize his person, as the pope required, but a decree was passed, forbidding him to preach. He entered the pulpit for the last time on the eighteenth of March. In the course of his address, he denied that he had ever opposed *lawful* church authority—the power which oppressed and corrupted the church, that was no ecclesiastical, it was a Satanic power, to be resisted to the death. He appealed, he said, from man to God, and was prepared to endure the worst his enemies might be permitted to inflict.

Domenico da Pescia, an old man, but full of youthful fire, was conspicuous among the most zealous friends of Savonarola. He was opposed by a Minorite named Francesco. They preached

against each other and disputed repeatedly. At length, Francesco challenged his antagonist to decide their controversy by submitting with him to an ordeal by fire. There is good reason for believing that, in every step he took, the Minorite acted under the direction of the papal party; he was assured that he himself should not be really put to the proof: the whole was a scheme to place Savonarola in a position which might easily be employed to ruin his credit with the people. The pope so contrived it that he might represent himself as favourable or averse to such an appeal according to the issue. Francesco soon after said that he would undergo the trial only with Savonarola himself. He replied, that the arguments by which he had proved his excommunication invalid were too forcible to require miracle in their support. Francesco, having played his part, disappeared. With some difficulty a brother of the same order was found, named Rondinelli, who consented to fill his place. The civic authorities appointed a day and hour for the contest.

On the 7th of April, the great Piazza was occupied by large bodies of troops to protect either party from violence. Umpires were chosen. Every window and house-top about the square was crowded with spectators. The disputants were to pass through a narrow passage between two rows of burning faggots. At half-past twelve the Dominicans and Franciscans approached in procession on either side; among the former was seen Domenico, with a crucifix in his hand, followed by Savonarola, carrying the host. Rondinelli was nowhere visible. The Minorites required that Domenico should exchange habits with another, lest he should have concealed about his person some charm against the fire. This point was not yielded without much discussion. It was next demanded that he should not enter the fire with the crucifix in his hand. Here followed a still more protracted dispute, and the debate grew yet more vehement when he insisted on carrying with him the host. At length, as evening was drawing on, an order came from the signory to suspend the proceedings. The people separated with

loud murmurs; they had waited long, and had been disappointed—they had not seen one fellow-creature burned. Savonarola became the object of the ill-feeling which his enemies spared no pains to increase. The delay contrived by his opponents was attributed to him. It was said that he ought to have entered on the ordeal alone. The Minorites dispersed themselves among the people, relating with holy horror how Savonarola would have burned the host in the fire. Early on the following morning the streets were thronged—it was a day of universal confusion. Towards the evening a cry was raised 'To St. Mark's!—to St. Mark's!' and the Compagnacci, urging on the crowd, marked their way with blood. As the monks were singing vespers within, huge stones came hurling through the windows, and the shouts of the mob were heard without. Soon troops arrived sent by the magistracy; fire was applied to the doors; some of the monks, and a few laymen within, resisted as well as they could. At length, about midnight, came officers requiring Savonarola, Domenico, and Silvester Maruffi to accompany them to the signory. Savonarola, after taking an affecting farewell of the monks, surrendered himself with his two companions, and amidst cruel insults and blows was conducted to prison. The tidings flew to Rome, and the delighted pope empowered the vicar to grant full absolution for every crime committed in the tumult.

Savonarola was repeatedly put to the torture. For some time the anguish of his dislocated frame, and the burning coals placed beneath his feet, failed to wring from him such confession as his adversaries desired. A villain named Ceccone, a man whose life had once been saved by Savonarola, engaged for a certain sum to falsify the documents and to substitute his pretended report of Savonarola's confession for the true one. At last, reiterated tortures extorted some admissions from the accused, which he afterwards denied. His body was feeble, he said, and the same agony might produce a repetition of the same concessions, but he remained by all that he had ever taught. His meditations on the fifty-first and thirty-first

Psalms, written in prison, record his deep self-abasement and his childlike trust in the Saviour. They are the last utterances of a heart-broken man taking refuge in the mercy of his God. The day of execution came. 'I separate thee,' said the Bishop of Vasona to the martyr, 'from the militant and triumphant church of God.' 'From the church militant,' said Savonarola; 'from the church triumphant thou canst not.' In the great square of Florence a scaffold was erected, at which some of Savonarola's friends were compelled to labour through the night. The same crowds were gathered which had pressed before to see the fiery trial. This time they were not to be disappointed. The prisoners were sentenced, as heretics, to be hung and afterwards burnt. Domenico and Maruffi were first executed, and then Savonarola, who expired without a word, after a last gaze on that fierce and fickle populace whom he had longed to reclaim and to ennoble. As says Lenau—

> 'His face it hath a holy calm,
> His silence is a blessed prayer,
> A hearkening to the heavenly psalm,
> That wafts him solace down the air.'

The fire did its work, and the ashes of the dead were thrown from the old bridge into the Arno. Thus perished this Christian patriot and reformer, after a career not unmarked by some grave errors, with a temperament too impetuous, at a period too early, in a land too unfavourable, for the success he aimed at; but who did, with a devout and earnest spirit, the work it was given him to do, toiling by the light he had, and leaving the result with Heaven. The grand conviction of his life may be summed up in the noble words of Milton, 'when God commands to take the trumpet and blow a sonorous or a jarring blast, it lies not in man's will what he shall say or what he shall conceal.'

MACKAY'S RELIGIOUS DEVELOPMENT IN GREECE.*

HARTLEY COLERIDGE begins an essay, *De omnibus rebus et quibusdam aliis*, with the words, 'I wish I was a Jew.' Why, in the world? asks the reader. 'Because,' quoth Hartley, 'the Jew is the only gentleman. The tree of his genealogy is the oak of Mamre. His family memoirs are accounted sacred, even by his worst enemies.' Such a reason might pass once among other fancies. But worse enemies than the worst Coleridge thought of have arisen since. If we are to believe Mr. Mackay, his penknife has cut down the oak, his ink has blotted out the memoirs. Sacred! Not they. Not even respectable—not more fit to be called a literature, than a Hottentot's blanket to be called a coat. Such is the verdict he leaves the reader to pronounce. He obscures, distorts, defaces the documents in question, and then holds them up to obloquy, as the production of a people superstitiously proud and superstitiously mean, treacherous, cruel, and illiterate.† What reason he has to plume himself on the success of this modest enterprise, may be seen by a reference to the review of this portion of his book in the *British Quarterly* for November, 1850. That article was confined to an exposure of the fallacies and misrepresentations which abound in his attempt to re-write the history of the Hebrew people. It was then intimated that the other questions at issue would probably be taken up by another hand, in some future

* *The Progress of the Intellect, as exemplified in the Religious Development of the Greeks and Hebrews.* By ROBERT WILLIAM MACKAY. Two volumes. Chapman. 1850.

† Vol. i. § 4.

number. Accordingly we propose entering, in the present paper, into an examination of the remainder of his work, in which he undertakes to portray the progress of the intellect, as exemplified in the religious development of the Greeks.

A word or two as to the workmanship of the book Mr. Mackay has given us. The eye is struck at the first glance by the extraordinary deposit of references which lie thick at the bottom of almost every page. Nearly all his sentences, and often all the clauses which make up the sentence, are tipped with little figures, which point the reader to long rows of abbreviations and numerals, indicating passages in authors of all sorts, ancient and modern, sacred and profane, wise men and fools. In many places where we would fain see some authority for his statements, if authority he has to show, the assertion stands in the solitary majesty of an *ipse dixit*. In others, the references, however numerous, fail to substantiate his conclusion. Very often you find the mention of a fact familiar to every well-trained school-boy, bravely backed by the bristling line of some half-dozen ostentatious citations. Never, surely, was author afflicted with a more intolerable *cacoethes citandi*.

The teeth of St. Apollonia were once believed effectual to cure the toothache. Edward VI. ordered them to be collected,—each possessor of one of the inestimable grinders was to give it in to a public officer,—and, saith Fuller, 'they filled a tun therewith.' Their number was fatal to their credit. The profusion of our author's references is similarly suspicious. The true nobility and wealth of scholarship exhibits no such display. When we see Mr. Mackay strut upon the stage so sown with diamonds, and ablaze with gold, credulity itself cannot suppose that all is genuine. No one would require that he should himself have discovered, in the course of his own independent reading, all the passages he cites. It is but proper that he should enter on the heritage of learning, and become familiar with the results bequeathed by the labour of others in the same province. But he has no right to transfer their citations wholesale and unexamined to his own pages. He ought himself to have con-

sulted with care the language and scope of every authority in the place to which he refers. Such a motley multitude of references renders it impossible for us to believe that he has been throughout thus accurate and honest. If he has done so, such a pilgrimage through all the realms of ancient lore should be held in perpetual remembrance, and we will ourselves subscribe to a Mackay monument on the spot. But, alas! we are persuaded that he has sacrilegiously facilitated his journey, and has attempted to secure the praise without the pain, acting as that naughty old lady did, who, having vowed a barefoot pilgrimage to a distant shrine, took off her shoes and stockings, and travelled thither in a sedan-chair.

But Mr. Mackay has, doubtless, persuasion in view as well as glory. The superficial reader may perhaps surrender at discretion. The numerous class of those who are both curious and unlearned on such questions, will believe that assertions must be true for which names are adduced so numerous and so respectable. Such a phalanx of erudition may seem calculated to make even critics respectful, and to cause the reviewer to think twice before he attempts an assault against such a chevaux-de-frise of quotation. It is said that the Australian aborigines may always be kept at a distance from the habitation of the intrusive European, if he takes care to bury a dead man before his threshold, for they have a superstitious dread of crossing a grave. Mr. Mackay would seem desirous of repelling investigation, by entrenching himself in a similar manner; for at the foot of every page lies quite a little cemetery, crowded with the names of the illustrious dead. But we are not afraid of ghosts, and if we were we should take courage at the thought that most of his monumental structures are only cenotaphs, not sepulchres.

The man who divided bread into the three classes of white bread, brown bread, and French rolls, was an Aristotle at classification compared with Mr. Mackay. His treatment of his subject, when he has no prejudice or paradox to defend, is pitiably wanting in discrimination. He has no notion of historical perspective. Great facts and small ones are massed together in a confused heap. No

man should attempt such an inquiry who is destitute of the comprehensiveness and the penetration which can keep continually in view the great outlines of a subject, and distinguish between accidental resemblances and real affinities. But Mr. Mackay, when writing about the Curetes, Cronus, Hermes, and Minos-Zeus, is completely overwhelmed by the ample material he has collected. Mainly solicitous, apparently, to crowd together somehow all the facts he has gathered from all quarters, and to lose no opportunity for quotation, his chapters on these and kindred topics are the most aimless and wearisome in the whole book. There is scarcely any coherence between the swarming minutiæ of detail; there is no guiding announcement of purpose at the opening, no conclusive statement of result at the close. The bewildered reader will discern no conceivable principle of collocation pervading the muster-roll of names, and might as well attempt to trace the progress of Greek literature in the pages of a Lexicon, as the religious development of Greece in this part of Mr. Mackay's book. In such dry places the foot-notes are at least so far a boon that they direct you away from the lucubrations of your author. One welcomes them much as a man, desiring to find his way out from some place of entertainment which has proved utterly flat and unprofitable, brightens up on seeing painted in large characters—THE WAY OUT. The chafed and weary spirit has but to make its exit at some sally-port of reference and is presently far away in the warm south, hearkening to the chat of Herodotus, the lyre of Horace, or the rolling utterance of Homer, singing by the 'sea divine' of heroes and of gods. The details in Mr. Mackay's account are frequently intelligible and true, but the dreary expanse of the whole—a wilderness without a track or landmark, we can represent to the reader by no isolated quotation, any more than by a patch of turf we could convey to him an idea of Salisbury Plain. Had Mr. Mackay been willing to take the time or able to exercise the kind of thought necessary for a careful generalization and selection, this portion of his work would have occupied about half the space, have looked less learned, but would

have been in reality a valuable addition to our literature. A faithful picture of those colossal fragments of bygone superstition, exhibiting the broad lines and colours of their stratification, indicating by a few masterly touches how the fire racked and scarred them, or how the waters wore and rounded them with their patient delicate sculpture, would have been a work of learning and of art universally welcome. But Mr. Mackay has done nothing more than elaborately peel off all the mosses and lichens within his reach, and presented them to us dried in a blotting-book. In the sections devoted to 'the notion of God morally,' his remarks, both on the mythology and philosophy of the Greeks, have at least some definiteness and purpose about them. However widely we differ from him in many of his conclusions, we gladly concede that there he has on several points justly apprehended, and clearly expressed, the truth. That his lengthy investigation of what may be termed mythology proper among the Greeks should be such a disordered, profitless Babel as it is—a mere confused nomenclature instead of a physiology—we attribute, in great measure, to his desire to overwhelm the reader with his erudition. He has succeeded only in completely submerging himself. He resembles the giant he himself tells us of (vol. i. p. 174), who was suffocated by his own wisdom.

Mr. Mackay delights in many a superfluous citation, to link the authors of Greece and Rome and the writers in the Old and New Testament together. Isaiah is bracketed with Horace, Æschylus with Moses, Amos with Aristophanes, Homer and Hesiod with Luke and Paul. There is a design in this. He would thus have it understood that the Homeric and the Christian ideas of inspiration were of much the same worth (vol. i. p. 62), that the Greek and the Hebrew notions of the savour of sacrifice were alike gross (vol. ii. p. 397), and that the incantations of Canidia may, in some sort, illustrate the eschatology of the prophets (vol. i. p. 97). Such references stand in the place of arguments, like the nods, winks, and shrugs of those would-be wise persons to whom no milestone was ever opaque. They are there by silent iteration to produce on the

careless or half-informed reader the impression that a learned man, a very learned man, has found for every fancy, symbol, and usage in exploded superstitions, some counterpart in those scriptures which are still regarded with general reverence.

It would be cruel to blame Mr. Mackay for not being a man of genius. A man might write well concerning the poetical mythology of Greece, without being a poet. But no one could write well on that subject without sympathy. No man who had not preserved much of the child's nature unhardened within him could appreciate the Märchen of Hauff, or justly criticize the legendary tales of Musæus or Tieck. It is with the childhood of literature as with literature for children. He who would in some measure understand the mythical creations of the youth of Greece, must have deep sympathy with the humanity so buoyant and at times so sad, so earnest yet so capricious, which projected that many-coloured phantasmagoria upon the sky. Of such sympathy—the sole secret of vivid graphic delineation—Mr. Mackay appears to be in reality destitute. Perched on an Olympus of German books, he scans the panorama of Old Greece through a modern opera-glass. Into the feelings of those ancient worthies, whether as poets or as men, he cannot truly enter. Their troubles of conscience are to him an idle hallucination. Their beautiful creations are not fancies to be depicted, but problems to be solved. In his hands the grand old picture-gallery disappears, and with exultant ingenuity he points you to his substitute—a collection of hieroglyphics, stiff, stony, and unintelligible. Astronomy and cosmogony, the zodiac and the equinoxes, displace

> 'The intelligible forms of ancient poets,
> The fair humanities of old religion,
> The power, the beauty, and the majesty,
> That had their haunts in dale, or piny mountain,
> Or forest, by slow stream, or pebbly spring,
> Or chasms and watery depths; all these have vanish'd.'

The frigid allegories of Porphyry could not more completely unpoetize poetry than many of the interpretations of Mr. Mackay. Religious

development could never be adequately recorded by such a 'Parcus deorum cultor et infrequens,' as is our author, by his own confession. But the attempt is ever hopeless for the man who has all the scepticism of Lucretius without a spark of his fire. Now and then, indeed, a transient and borrowed glow irradiates his page, reflected from afar by that chain of fiery beacons which flame on the mountain tops and headlands of Grecian story; but he has no particle of that 'Promethean heat' which may kindle an answering signal—the glory fades, and he is consigned to the dimness of dulness once more. Of course, anything is better than affected feeling, than spasmodic and agonized admiration. Having begun his task, Mr. Mackay, wisely enough, nowhere assumes throughout its course an emotion he does not feel. It would have been wiser still not to begin at all. Such errors are not to be recorded without mourning, or such aspirations without enthusiasm.

But the reader will be desirous of knowing what Mr. Mackay's own religious position is, and from what point of view he surveys his field of labour. We shall enter, accordingly, on some examination of his religious opinions generally, as far as his book discloses them, and proceed subsequently to point out a few of the mistakes into which his principle has led him, and the omissions with which he is chargeable in his account of the religions of the ancient West.

Humboldt tells us that he met one day in his travels with a naked Indian, who had painted his body so as to represent a blue jacket and trousers, with black buttons. The religion of Mr. Mackay presents a similar substitute of colour for attire. If that Indian might be pronounced dressed, Mr. Mackay may be called a Christian. No doubt he rejoices in the indirect benefits of Christianity, and would probably be displeased bluntly to be told that he is no Christian. But how, in the name of common sense, can we give the name to a man who denies the reality—who repudiates utterly all supra-naturalism—when, if that supra-naturalism be untrue, Christ was an impostor, not a pattern, and Christianity an enslaving delusion, not an emancipating truth?

Speaking of miracles, Mr. Mackay asks:—

'Why derange a machinery so vast, so perfect in its connexion, and so infinite in its relations, in order to effect a doubtful surprise or obscure conviction among the most ignorant of mankind, whose authority as witnesses must ever, from the imperfections of their knowledge, be open to exceptions, and remain insufficient to transfer the impressions at first received through the long series of sceptical generations? It is not incredible that God can raise the dead, for his ability to do so is abundantly evident in nature; it is incredible only that He should do so in a manner inconsistent with His own eternal laws; and it would have been no irrational inference which should have ascribed an admitted infraction of those laws to Beelzebub, to demoniacal influence instead of to divine. Why, it is said, is it unreasonable to suppose that God may choose to exhibit His unquestioned power over the universe by bending it to His will? Why unlikely that, on some striking occasions in the past history of the world, He should have exhibited emphatic and unmistakeable examples to after-ages in proof of His regard for the principles of justice and virtue? It is because—not to mention the questionable morality of many recorded miracles, and the impossibility of providing in any human testimony an adequate guarantee of their reality—He has already done all this more effectually by the undeviating energy of His ordinary laws. Through them He speaks a language addressed not merely to the eye, but to the reason, whose written characters are never to be effaced by time, obscured by doubts, or interpolated with spurious and inconsistent additions. Were miracles really indispensable for religious improvement and consolation, Heaven forbid there should be any limits to our credulity, or that we should hesitate for an instant to believe all the exaggerations of Oriental expressions, or to prefer the wildest dreams of the child or savage to the rash theories of the philosopher. But the hypothesis of miracle has lost its usefulness, as well as a large share of its popularity. It no longer promotes a spirit of piety, when God is rather studied in the known than guessed at in the unknown—when the

ordinary and regular is acknowledged to be more truly divine than the strange and accidental. Addressed to the ignorant and unthinking, it produces no permanent conviction of comprehensive beneficence and wisdom. It substitutes disarrangement and anarchy for certainty and order. Uninstructive, because defying all comparison and analogy, it leads to no useful lesson but that which is better proved without its assistance. It is no more necessary to the present support of Christianity than those usages of the ceremonial law discarded at its outset. A belief in the miraculous or Messianic character of Jesus was, in His own day, the most decisive test of superiority to vulgar prejudice, and of a disposition to conform to the spiritualism of Christianity. Now circumstances are reversed, for by a strange misapprehension of the nature and objects of faith, the weightier matters of charity and justice are deprived of their due preponderance, and made secondary to a blind belief in the supernatural and mystical. But belief in miracle is worse than useless; it creates false notions of God's nature and government; it arms the imagination against the reason; it discourages the cultivation of the intellect, and darkens the path of duty. It demoralizes by superseding prudential care and the feeling of immediate responsibility. It removes God from the world, and brings Him back again only by a convulsive start of superstitious amazement. . . . . Miracle should have altered its name with the alteration in the idea; for from the moment when the reality of a divine system of law was manifested to philosophy, the belief in it became blasphemous as well as immoral—an imputation on divine wisdom and goodness.'—Vol. i. p. 23.

It is difficult to preserve due gravity on reading the words, 'not to mention the questionable morality of many recorded miracles, and *the impossibility of providing in any human testimony an adequate guarantee of their reality.*' Suppose the good woman in the old story, charged with returning her neighbour's kettle with a hole in the bottom, had been defended by her advocate thus:—'Not to mention the abundant evidence I can produce to show that the

kettle was never borrowed at all, I shall proceed to prove that my client was not the sort of woman to allow a hole to be burnt in the bottom of any kettle whatsoever.' Such a defence would have been just as sapient as the argument of Mr. Mackay. He has only to prove the impossibility of proof which he asserts so coolly, and all his declamation about 'disarrangement,' 'anarchy,' and 'convulsive starts,' may be spared. Let him make good the charge of impossibility, and his point is gained. If he can prove it, why not occupy that impregnable ground? Why fly off into dogmatic utterances of his notions concerning the injurious and derogatory character of miracles generally? In fact, he would have it fare with his readers as it has gone with himself, and would stir up their prejudices to get the better of their logic.

Most people have an impression that a lie must be always a lie, and a truth a truth; that, in short, black was not black in the first century, to be white in the nineteenth. Mr. Mackay's religious development has carried him far beyond such antiquated notions. He says, in the extract just given, that to believe in the miracles Christ was supposed to work, was, in his contemporaries, 'a decisive test of superiority;' but for us, is 'blasphemous and immoral.' To be imposed upon, though the stigma of weakness now, was the prerogative of wisdom then! Mr. Mackay might reply, that circumstances alter the character of error—that it would be preposterous now for any one to believe the stories about witchcraft which were credited many years ago by wise and learned men. But Judge Hale believed in witchcraft, on inadequate evidence, not *because*, but *although*, he was wise; not because he *was*, but because he was *not*, in that respect, superior to his age. But with Mr. Mackay, the disgraceful credulity of the followers of Christ who could be duped by the pretence of a multitude of miracles, continually appealed to and professedly wrought in open day, yet no one of which was ever performed, is a sign, not that they were *behind* even those times, but far *beyond* them.

To many minds, no doubt, the internal evidence for Christianity

is of far more weight than its miraculous attestation. The time and place of the miracles are remote. The lapse of years has, as it were, shifted the centre of gravity in the bulk of proof, but it has not diminished its weight by a single grain. The evidence from miracle proceeds through many successive steps; that from internal character is but as a single step, though the simultaneous one of a multitude. But a chain is a chain whether of five links or of fifty. The difference in length is a difference not in power but in portability. It is thus with the testimony in support of miracles. It will be more difficult to persuade some remote dweller in the tropics of the existence of ice, the farther you find him from the neighbourhood in which the experiment producing ice has been publicly performed. But you may bring forward such and so many witnesses that the difficulty shall be greater in disbelieving than in believing. Such testimony we have in favour of Christianity. It is in vain for Mr. Mackay to give us his impressions concerning the mischievous character of miracles unless he can show how Christ and his apostles, appealing to them in the midst of enmity and suspicion, succeeded in their benevolent imposture, gained a hearing and established their faith, without ever having wrought one. He would remind us, perhaps, of the credulity of the Jews. Surely he cannot be ignorant that their credulity and their prejudices were against and not in favour of such a Saviour as the spiritual and lowly Jesus of Nazareth. Their credulity it was which enabled them to escape surrender to his claims by attributing his signs and wonders to magical power and demoniacal agency. They were more ready to follow Theudas without a miracle than Christ with many. The sanhedrim who examined the blind man would have disproved those miracles if they could. Had that conclusive course been possible it would have been taken. The subterfuge of enchantment is the proof of the undeniable character of the fact. These miracles were not wrought, *after* the reception of the religion, among disciples ready to hail everything incomprehensible as miracle. This is the characteristic of all the miracles of other religions. In the case of

Christianity, however, the miracle had often to be wrought before the doctrine could be announced, and was scrutinized when performed by malignity and scepticism. Mr. Mackay cannot account for the existence of such a religion as Christianity before his eyes at this day, on the supposition that, while pointing to miracle, and armed only with persuasion, its preachers vanquished prejudice without a proof, and enforced and propagated the love of truth by a system of incessant and impenetrable falsehood.

These are facts before which Mr. Mackay's personal views concerning miracles as a whole must fall to the ground, even had they far more plausibility and force than they really possess. But here the science he loves so much is as decidedly against him as the revelation he loves so little. Geology shows us that organic beings—altogether new, and no possible metamorphosis of the old—have been successively created on the surface of the earth. That man himself, at a certain period, was formed—a new inhabitant there. To bring these changes to pass is, beyond question, extraordinary miraculous interference. If a sudden intervention of his power is to be regarded as equivalent to the removal of God from the world, Deity is as completely banished by the wonders of geology as by the wonders of the Bible. Why should intervention to create be the last as well as the first? Why should the helpless and bewildered creature, man, but just awake to life, be left without tuition, guidance, or control? To declare miracles inconsistent with order is to assume that we have measured all the doings of the Infinite, and investigated all the reaches of his power. Has our self-complacent friend been so admitted into the secret place of the Most High as to be quite sure that there can be no other laws beneath the laws he sees? that there can be no underlying laws of provision for foreseen emergencies? that the comets in the sky of time may not have their law as well as the planets? Until he can prove this he has no right to talk as he does about 'the moral superiority of a system of law over one of interference,' as though the two were as incompatible in reality as in his imagination.

It has been the old habit of mankind everywhere to expect signs of superhuman power as attestations of a superhuman mission. History, both sacred and profane, is crowded with examples which go to show that it is natural for man to expect such interventions of the supernatural. Mr. Mackay says that 'in the unwritten law of nature the Almighty has provided a code corresponding in perfection with his own perfect knowledge, written in a universal language, and guarding against every contingency' (vol. i. p. 47). He cannot account for the fact that mankind not only read wrongly almost every page in this book of nature until after the introduction of Christianity, but that they have always been prone to look from it to some professed religious revelation more positive and more explicit. That 'unwritten law' has certainly failed to provide any guard against the ever-recurring 'contingency' of being itself either grievously misunderstood or altogether neglected. It is not for Mr. Mackay to say that this universal tendency is the consequence of a fall, since in no fair sense of the word will he admit that man has fallen. With him the fall is 'an awakening of the soul accompanied with despondency.' It is 'symbolical of that birth of intellect which seemed to give man the attribute of God' (vol. ii. pp. 170, 171). The advent of philosophy was 'the crisis or fall which terminated the golden age of poetry' (p. 162). Religion is 'the evolving the grounds of faith, hope, and duty, from the known laws of our being, and the constitution of the universe' (vol. i. p. 35). It is, he says, 'including morality, no more than well-directed education' (p. 33); and were such education intellectually and morally complete, 'all vice being either ignorance or temporary forgetfulness, no perfectly sane person fully informed could commit an immoral act' (p. 44).

How have mankind disquieted themselves in vain! If the idea of a fall be the mistake of man, then man is the mistake of God. Why has man a conscience with a scourge more terrible than the whips of the furies, if sin be so light a matter, and the sense of guilt only the shadow that follows the steps of progress? The

fall, by our author's account, is nothing much more serious than the home-sickness of a youth beginning life. Balzac's picture of the student, fresh from the country, alighting from the diligence at Paris, with two hundred francs, a family umbrella, and an unsophisticated heart; who is alternately joyous and depressed, full of brilliant hopes in prospect of his new career, yet not without some aching sense of isolation, may well stand as the representative of fallen humanity. As man understands his relationships more fully, and better apprehends the constancy of nature, the chimeras of guilt and propitiation, prayer and providence, will disappear. What Mr. Mackay calls 'the enervating service of petition' (vol. i. p. 164), will no longer weaken the robust practicality of man. Hitherto, in all times and countries, this cry for help (which our author would probably rank in rationality with the Peruvian custom of beating the dogs during an eclipse of the moon) has been the first impulse of mankind, endangered and distressed. Whence, on Mr. Mackay's theory, this general infirmity, this native perversity in man, whose scientific correction is so slow, and its cure so incalculably distant? The results of culture in making men happy by the banishment of all old notions concerning incarnation, divine influence, and providence, are stated as follows:—

'The same confidence and love which children learn to feel for the comparatively feeble and capricious rule of a human being, is transferred by the matured reason to the conception of a Parent unchanging and universal, whose government, being unerring and complete, is at once a system of unutterable law, and of unutterable love. Once convinced of the completeness of the system, and of its perfect adaptation to produce general happiness, the mind recognises, in its severe and uncompromising discipline, the crowning proof of the beneficence of its Author, and no longer shrinks from the word 'necessity' to the nearer sympathies of a humanized Deity, since the human is synonymous with the imperfect, and necessity is only another name for universal, undeviating love. But this combination of kindness with inflexibility constituting the essential perfec-

tion of constancy and truth, can be appreciated only by intellectual cultivation, through which alone man becomes capable of responding to the sublime love of the universe.'—Vol. i. p. 48.

In what way the warm personal love towards a father is to be transferred, unchilled, to the impersonal order of the universe, we are not exactly informed. It must be a peculiar kind of 'intellectual culture,' indeed, which will enable a man to respond with empressement to the 'sublime love of the universe,' when that affection is manifested by the importunate domiciliary visits of a pestilence, the disastrous and elephantine courtesies of an earthquake, or the warm embraces of a conflagration. There is a certain religious culture which sustains the Christian amidst such evils. But the cold necessity of Naturalism brightens into less repulsiveness only in the reflected light which radiates from the doctrine of our Lord. Surely Mr. Mackay should account it beneath him to steal the 'children's bread.' *O cæca gens mortalium!* we may well exclaim. Had men but known that Science was their appointed deliverer from spiritual bondage, and positive philosophy the real 'desire of all nations;' the knowledge of the body would have been to them the cure of the soul. Calvinism would have disappeared long ago, before a more efficacious treatment of the torpid liver. Obstacles to belief and to digestion would have been removed together, and we should have found in dietetics all our divinity. Mankind would have gone in quest, not of a divine revelation, but of the doctor's prescription—have found their city of refuge in the shop of the pharmacopolist—their spiritual life in a diaphoretic, or a brisk cathartic dose—the secret of spiritual strength in tonics, of sanctification in sarsaparilla. O foolish George Fox! An 'aged priest' recommended him, in his spiritual troubles, tobacco and psalm-singing. Had he but tried the narcotic, at least, might not his irritated system have been soothed, and Quakerism reserved among the unrealized potentialities of Nature?

To establish his principle, Mr. Mackay must prove that miracle, special providence, and immediate Divine influence on the mind of

man, are wholly incompatible with government by law. He may set up a notion of law, or a notion of intervention, which may reciprocally exclude each other, but the question is one of facts, and of such presumptions as follow fairly from them. Shall we admit the immediate exertion of Divine power throughout the material, and deny it in the moral world? Shall human mind influence matter, and mind mind, and shall the Divine exercise a narrower range of power? One human being may influence the mind of another, without violence, while the subject of such influence is ignorant of his existence. *A* may resolve on a certain enterprise, to be undertaken on a certain day, with the co-operation of *B*. But *C*, on that day, contrives to call off the indispensable *B*. *A* must surrender his purpose. Why might not the Divine Being, at whose command are all resources, be capable of bringing about results by means as little miraculous, so as to accomplish any special purpose without violating any general law? The constancy of Nature can only mean that regular succession of causes and effects within our view. No man in his senses would venture to decide what proportion the causes cognizable by us bear to the aggregate of causes which converge upon any one event to make it precisely what it is. If a single distant tributary cause were but slightly modified far away, the alteration would be communicated through each successive link of the chain, and produce in the last consequence some change. Yet all might be done according to law. Imagine some one of those fresh-water polypi, or hydras, which reside oftentimes in rivers, as it passes its days in searching with its delicate tentacula after small worms and crustaceous animalcules, to be endowed with certain philosophical as well as predatory propensities. It observes, compares, arranges, generalizes—becomes a most weather-wise polypus. It can discern the slightest changes in the atmosphere, is familiar with every hint of promise or of threatening in the clouds, and knows the laws and consequences of rain or drought. Let these results be, to it, the constancy of Nature. The river, however, has travelled many a winding mile among the hills before it reaches our

polypus. There may be a tempest in those far-off regions. A thousand little tributary rills may pour their muddy foam into the central stream. The polypus will feel the difference. It may be fair weather over its head, and no cause visible in the blue sky and sunshine for such a change. Yet it is a change according to the same law which the zoophyte has been studying so long. The sphere of operation is beyond the reach of polypus observation, and polypus reckoning is all wrong. Even so is it, and so will it ever be, with large assumptions from small data.

The views of our author concerning religion and science as influencing the progress of humanity, are stated in the following passages:—

'Man, the 'insect infinite,' who seemed to fall when, comparing the actual with the possible, he first reflected on the antithesis of his nature, is truly great, not in act, but in aspiration; and the boast of science is not so much its manifested results, as its admitted imperfection and capacity of unlimited progress. The true religious philosophy of an imperfect being is not a system of creed, but, as Socrates thought, an infinite search or approximation. Finality is but another name for bewilderment or defect, the common affectation of indolence or superstition, a temporary suspension of the mind's health arising from prejudice, and especially from the old error of clinging too closely to notions found instrumental in assisting it after they have ceased to be serviceable, and striving rather to defend and retain them, than to make them more correct. A remnant of the mythical lurks in the very sanctuary of science. . . . The old religionists discovered a universal cause—personified it and prayed to it. The mere notion seemed not only to satisfy the religious feeling, but to solve all problems. Nations unanimously subscribed to the pious formula which satisfied their imaginations, and pleased their vanity by cheating them into the belief that they were wise; but which, at the same time, supplanted nature by tradition—the sources of truth by artificial disguises—and at last paralysed the sentiment which gave birth to it. Science, unlike

the rude expedient which stupified without nourishing the mind, gratifies the religious feeling without arresting it, and opening out the barren mystery of the One into more explicit and manageable 'Forms,' expressing, not indeed His essence, but His will; feeds an endless enthusiasm, by accumulating for ever new objects of pursuit. We have long experienced that knowledge is profitable; we are beginning to find out that it is moral, and shall at last discover it to be religious.'—Vol. ii. p. 172.

The section on Speculative Christianity contains a chapter on the fourth gospel. After giving dogmatic utterance (without an attempt at proof) to the startling assertion, that 'the first Christians aimed at perfection by legal fulfilment,' he goes on to describe the Christianity developed by St. John:—

'We no longer live in fear of judgment, for the judge is within us, the external relation being excluded by the in-dwelling God, who surrenders judgment to love. We here revert to something like that condition of unity and intellectual simplicity before described as the world's religious childhood, as also to the ferocious symbol with which the primeval 'innocence' was contaminated. At the extreme limit of its development, theology has only the alternative of denying itself, or of denying human reason. Its aim is that intuitional childhood or 'sonship' whose natural language is mythus, and which is distinguished from aboriginal instinct only by a vague semi-consciousness, which it regards as an impediment and imperfection. Its tendency is towards that mystical state implying negation of all active relation where man's individuality is lost, and where, the end being reached, the means may be dispensed with. The religion of types and notions can travel only in a circle from which there is no escape. It is but an elaborate process of self-confutation. After much verbiage, it demolishes what it created; and having begun by assuming God to be angry, ends, not by admitting its own gross mistake, but by asserting *Him* to be changed and reconciled. We set out from that intellectual immaturity in which man and nature were felt as one; after a long

excursion through the mazes of fanciful forms assumed by human hopes and fears, we come back to the point whence we started.'—Vol. ii. p. 503.

The work concludes with an announcement of the sufficiency of the book of Nature as a guide, contrasted with that profitless and toilful circuit just described, into which mankind have been led by reliance on a book of revelation.

'Philosophy, or rather its object, the divine order of the universe, is the intellectual guide which the religious sentiment needs; while exploring the real relations of the finite, it obtains a constantly improving and self-correcting measure of the perfect law of Jesus, and a means of carrying into effect the spiritualism of St. Paul. It establishes law by ascertaining its terms; it guides the spirit to see its way to the amelioration of life and increase of happiness. While Religion was stationary, Science could only walk alone; when both are admitted to be progressive, their interests and aims become identified. Aristotle began to show how religion may be founded on an intellectual basis; but the basis he laid was too narrow. Bacon, by giving to philosophy a definite aim and method, gave it, at the same time, a safer and self-enlarging basis. Our position is that of intellectual beings surrounded by limitations; and the latter, being constant, have to intelligence the practical value of laws, in whose investigation and application consists that seemingly endless career of intellectual and moral progress which the sentiment of religion inspires and ennobles. The title of saint has hitherto been claimed exclusively for those whose boast is to despise philosophy; yet faith will stumble, and sentiment mislead, unless knowledge be present in amount and quality sufficient to purify the one, and to give beneficial direction to the other.'—Vol. ii. p. 520.

Here the complaint against Christianity, as generally received, is, that it is stationary. Science would move the world forward; this religion, with its fears, its hopes, its dogmas, its apparatus of superstition, would retard the progress. The written revelation (as men deem it), diverts their attention from the unwritten book, and,

serviceable only for a certain age, hinders their reading in the ever-open book of nature, full of instruction for all ages. Such is the charge. Men will find, in the study of external nature, and of their own social relationships, certain laws and certain inferences, amply sufficient for all their spiritual wants. The faith which gives to the external world a 'hypothetical objectivity,' will also give such 'hypothetical objectivity' to a spiritual existence immanent in the universe, whose being is its law of order. Thus our growing knowledge of the universe is our growing acquaintance with God. Naturalism is the only progressive religion (vol. i. p. 41). Such is the proposition maintained in behalf of anti-supra-naturalism. Let Christianity abjure its claim to divine origin, its signs and wonders, its arrogant authority, and become nothing more than a vague sentiment of submissive love, evolved in the course of scientific inquiry, and it shall occupy a place beside Science in the triumphal car of Progress. Such is the compromise offered.

We agree with our author when he declares that religion and science should be inseparable. But while we believe that true religion should sympathize with, and consecrate, the enterprise of science, we cannot consent to the virtual abdication of religion as the condition of this alliance. All religion which claims to be anything more than a probable inference from the conclusions of science, he would number among the 'traditional and legendary forms' (vol. i. p. 35), which the advance of humanity must successively throw off. The boor in Schiller's fable went not more clumsily and prosaically to work with Pegasus in harness than doth our author with religion in its proposed reform. He would have those wings clipped whose flight has been the scandal and perplexity of his dulness. He marvels at the ingratitude of this strange being, which evinces such dislike of the operation, and which appears to think that a dark ride in the horse-box that follows the locomotive, compensates but poorly for mutilation. Religious ignorance and prejudice have doubtless too often reviled and maltreated science. Mr. Mackay would indemnify the latter by arranging a treaty which,

under the pretence of union, would make religion her bondwoman. There is a story told in the *Englishwoman in Egypt*, of a refractory little girl, who was in the habit of teasing and abusing the neighbours' servants at a sad rate. One man, exceedingly provoked, retorted, 'When I have a little more money, I will marry you, and then I will punish you every day.' This is the happy thought of our author.

The accusation of finality which he brings against Christianity proper, is, in fact, only a blundering charge laid against human nature. Men are found prone continually to treasure the form to the neglect of the substance, and to cling blindly to what is old, simply on the ground of its antiquity. Prejudice, as every one knows, has been the foe of progress all the world over. This finality has been the obstacle to advance in philosophy and in science, as well as in religion. Mr. Mackay is constrained to acknowledge this. He can distinguish between the use and the abuse in the case of the two former. It suits his purpose to be blind to that distinction in reference to the last.

We read in the Koran how Solomon compelled the genii to work at the building of the temple. Feeling the approach of death, while the work was incomplete, he prayed that his death might be concealed. He expired leaning on his staff, which supported the inanimate body a whole year, until the work was done. Then a worm, which had entered the staff, eat it through; it broke—the body fell—the death was discovered, and the spell was broken. Such was the scientific thraldom of the Middle Age. The might of the dead master—of that Aristotle whose philosophy, lifeless in reality, had seeming life enough to constitute the intellectual popedom of the Christian world—was the 'strong compelling charm' under which so many minds toiled, for so many generations, with so little fruit. Genius is always an emancipator. The servile spirit which ordains its prescriptive worship is always a despot. The age of imitation, which follows an age of creation, studies the student instead of his study, and multiplies the copies of a copy. Thus the giant strength

which moved the world's wheel on, becomes in time a massive obstacle in its course;—the Titan is turned into a stone, and hinders, dead, the work for which he spent his powers while living. It is easier to get by rote than to understand. Most men love a route that promises much and demands little. It is not difficult to imitate the manner of greatness, to reiterate the announcements of wisdom. Conscientious, self-denying study of nature or of God is rare in science, yet more rare in art, most rare of all in religion. But truth, beauty, and godliness are realities, despite all this infirmity. No difficulty has befallen religion which should be accounted a 'strange thing,' and other than is 'common to men.' The river of the water of life is not the only water whose streams have been mimicked by a mirage, whose name has been usurped by a Dead Sea.

In one sense, no doubt, religion and morals are not progressive as physical science is; in another, they are so. Mr. Mackay may be a better astronomer than Job, but to the grave questions which perplexed him, he cannot give a better answer than Elihu. Chemistry and electricity have not advanced him beyond the moral wisdom of Solomon. With that vulgar narrow-mindedness which looks only at externals, he cannot conceive how David should be morally beyond himself; holding in his hand, as he did, a sword instead of a newspaper, or a harp instead of the *Philosophical Transactions*. It has never occurred to him to imagine that the Hebrews of those days, despicably rude as he deems them, may have been religiously and socially superior to the mass of the French nation at this day, railways and electric telegraphs notwithstanding. Scientific progress has been followed by moral advancement only as it has been accompanied by the influences of religion and morality, direct or indirect. As intercourse has been facilitated, the avenues of such influence have been multiplied. But the outlets have not created the influence, any more than a house-door creates a house-owner to go in and out thereat. The ship speeds the traffic of the merchant, if he have a cargo to place on board; but it will not fill his purse or manufacture his wares.

In the field of scientific inquiry, each generation begins where the last left off. A new race is busy in adding to the material, and enlarging the results of the old. The latest are so far the wisest. Those discoveries which it furrowed the brow and shortened the watchful days of the sage to achieve, become, ere long, the contents of the school-boy's satchel. To smile at the blunders of our predecessors in the study of nature, is not, however, to be their superiors in moral greatness. The science of geology has not deprived Alfred the Great of his glory, or narrowed the empire of Shakespeare. Facilities of transit, the multiplication of comforts, the knowledge of the Fauna and the Flora of some distant part of the world, lie, after all, without the man. One accomplished in acquaintance with such facts and such appliances does not become, through their means, morally as well as scientifically great.

With religion it is otherwise. That is a religiousness in name only, and not in deed, which informs the intellect, and leaves the heart untouched, the life unchanged. Science will flourish in a single province of man's nature. Religion withers unless its growth pervades the whole. The entire range of moral obligation may be stated and understood, in an age when reading and writing are the most rare of all attainments. A single sentence may sum up that comprehensive *ought*, which all the progress of all succeeding time can only approximate. Supreme love to God, and love to our neighbour as ourselves, was long ago announced as duty. To that announcement discovery can add nothing; from its compass nothing can be taken away. When the Saviour said, 'Be ye perfect as your Father in heaven is perfect,' he proposed an aim which should be before the eyes of the excellent of the earth throughout all succeeding ages. The standard set up at the outset is seen throughout the whole of the journey. Each devout nature has to strive towards it for himself, under the guidance of its Divine Author. The religion of other men may be to him as a witness and an example, but it cannot occupy the place of a religion of his own. He must receive and grow up into the truth for himself. He must originate a life

within him, it cannot be received ready-made. But we find the materials of science provided to our hand. Its latest results, unlike the newest religious phenomena, are sure to be the best. The builders in the sphere of science erect successively a new story on the summit of the last bequeathed by their predecessors. The builders in the sphere of religion construct each an edifice for themselves on a certain common foundation. Science measures from the last and largest of a series of concentric circles; religion from the common centre.

Had Christianity rested a portion of its claims on some exploded scientific theory, or had it bound itself down to some local organization or particularity of form, there might have been some foundation for our author's charge of 'finality.' The fact that it has not so done places it far apart from those false religions with which he has been at such grievous pains to confound it. Men devising gospels on the plan he supposes would have been sure to ordain details, and to record prescriptions, fatal to the universal applicability of their doctrine. To omit doing so, all history shows, was not in man. That teaching, therefore, which could not have been simply human, must be traced to a source which is Divine. To the amazement and scandal of the ancient world, the Apostles announced a religion which knew of no altar save that of Calvary, no high-priest save 'one Jesus,' no sacrifice except the Lamb of God, no temple but the spiritual brotherhood of all believers. They propounded no creed or confession of faith, no formulary of service, no minute austerities of place or time for religious observance. Christianity, as a spiritual system, is always superior to every visible institution. The facts, the leading elements of truth, the principles, are given. In carrying them into effect there may be diversities of operation. The progress of Christianity must consist in the more adequate apprehension and efficient working of truth, which is changeless, by thought and effort, which are changeable.

In this subjective sense our Christianity is susceptible of continual improvement. In those respects to which we have just

adverted, religion and science differ widely. But considered with reference to the objective reality lying before each, the spirit of progress is not more appropriate to science than to religion, however separate their province, however diverse may be their method. We do not amend the universe by our science, or reform by our discoveries the majestic code of Nature. We do not, in our religious progress, rise above the spirit of the Redeemer, or outpass in our performance the precepts of Paul. In either case it is our relation to the object, and not the given truth or given fact and law which constitute that object itself, that we improve. We investigate the statistics and the law of storms, not with the hope of caressing into tameness those steeds of the tempest, the clouds, whose necks are clothed with thunder—of charming the heavens to a quiet order, which shall never rudely shake our feebleness—of banishing rough weather from the circle of the obsequious seasons—but that we may avoid or divert their fury; that, discovering their circuit, we may place our nutshell craft, if possible, in their wake rather than athwart their path, and may so enter into the plan of nature as to be carried forward, and not crushed, by the revolutions of her mighty wheel. So the Christian labours ever more to enter into, to bring his nature into harmony with, the divine law of life. In either case a definite ordinance is given, to which we have to adapt ourselves. It would be quite as just to accuse science of finality because she cannot make the universe any larger, as to bring that charge against religion because no higher duty, or better course towards its fulfilment than that given by revelation, can ever be devised by man. That Mr. Mackay should have overlooked truths so obvious as these we can only attribute to the fact, that he mentally resembles that species of flat fish called by naturalists Pleuronectes, which has both its eyes on one side of its head.

In the same one-sided spirit, he assumes that the spirit of inquiry, which is the life of the science for which he pleads, must be death to the religion which he arraigns. He chooses to forget that men

have done stout battle for antiquated error in science as well as in religion, and that prejudice has often shielded a false theory as well as a false doctrine. If the contest has been less violent in the one case than in the other, it has been because science does not, like religion, command the domain of conscience, and wield the powers of the world to come. Every true son of science knows that he must be ever on his guard against prejudice, the most insidious of all his enemies. Not less so the sons of God. Every enlightened Christian man knows that to be so confident of his security from prejudice as to cease to watch against it, is to become its victim. He may not dismiss, unheard, any real objection to the doctrines he has embraced. He may not dispense with an incessant and watchful examination. He must be as open to every new incoming of the truth as the votary of science to the bearing of each fresh experiment. The experimentalism, in either case, is that of one who desires ever to grow in the practical knowledge of that Verity to which he is devoted. In a different language, but with a common spirit, the most advanced in either line of progress are continually saying—'not as though I had already apprehended or were already perfect.'

The prospect Mr. Mackay's religion would place before us is anything but cheering. Man's greatness lies in his 'aspirations,' he tells us, and the life of the world must be an 'infinite search.' He hopes that some day some one may somewhere arise to realize the dreams of Plato (vol. i. p. 53). Nothing more could, on his principles, be looked for. A sorrowful gospel, this. The prisoner is not comforted by the assurance that his aspirations after freedom are a proof that he was made for something better than captivity. By divine assistance man has repeatedly realized, and not merely longed for, true greatness—even in time. Light from Heaven has given truth to those who otherwise could have found no true resting-place in the painful wanderings of an infinite search. Such a blessing Socrates would have embraced; for such a certainty Plato has expressed his ardent desire. The fairest visions of the latter have

been surpassed long since. How completely has the 'vaulting ambition' of our author overleaped itself! He aspires to be so far before us as to criticise Paul with a lofty air of superiority; and falls, in fact, so far behind, as to tarry in the rear of Plato. Rejecting revelation, he can realize no higher guidance than that of a grovelling Utilitarianism; no loftier hope than a vague approximation towards cognizance of some pantheistic vitality of the universe, called its law of life. To this frigid and poverty-stricken region he invites us, as to a land of promise—of promise, truly, and of nothing more. It is the old story. The fox that had lost his tail strove hard to exult in taillessness, and mounting the vulpine rostrum, became earnest as Mr. Mackay in his advocacy of mutilation.

These are some, and only some, of the objections which lie against the two principles which may be termed the main pillars of what this writer calls his religion. In opposition to the first, that miracles and special providence are incompatible with law and equivalent to anarchy, it has been shown that such intervention is in harmony with the Divine government throughout—science being witness; and that the attempt to escape the difficulties of supranaturalism makes the sceptic concerning what is wondrous ridiculously credulous of what is impossible. With regard to the second leading proposition—that Christianity, as apprehended by the great majority of its professors, is the foe of progress—his fallacy has been made apparent; the middle term, Progress, is what logicians call undistributed, and the whole syllogism futile. The progress of religion is not of the same kind as that of science; but it is not, therefore, as the loose talking of Mr. Mackay would induce us to believe, stationary itself, and hostile to advancement elsewhere. His moral code can find no higher sanction than pain and pleasure. On his system you know that an action is wrong, when, after it, you experience some suffering directly traceable, according to the laws of nature, to that act. To him that eateth mince-pies, and finds they disagree with him, such eating is sin. For doing good and suffering for it patiently, we can find no good reason in all his

philosophy. To exchange the motives and the precepts of the New Testament for this divinity of the breeches-pocket and theology of the gastric juice, would assuredly be retrogression rather than progress. He finds it difficult to discover a religion with little enough religion in it to please him. Christianity is too well provided with the limbs and lineaments of a vigorous reality for his taste: it is not sufficiently necessitous and feeble to win his favour. He would not have his religion walk of itself, but be the piteous object of scientific charity, and carried about in a mechanical appurtenance. Nay, even that perhaps would scarcely satisfy him at last, and he would be found as hard to please as the rich old beggar in *Le Diable Boiteux*, who replied to the one-armed mendicant soldier soliciting his daughter's hand—'Bless my soul! you can't think of such a thing. My son-in-law must be a miserable-looking object, that would draw money from a usurer! Pshaw! you have only lost an arm; you ought really to be ashamed of yourself to ask for my daughter. I'd have you know I have already refused a fellow without legs, who goes about in a bowl.'

We must now pass on to examine the mode in which Mr. Mackay acquits himself in the application of his principle to the history of Greek religion and philosophy. His own religion would seem to be a half-intelligible *tertium quid*, between a fatalistic pantheism and positivism. The inconsistency of his position, in not at once abjuring Christianity, can only be indicated by language which is self-contradictory. To Christianity proper he opposes his *anti-scriptural Christianity*. His aim is to show that Judaism, Heathendom, and scriptural Christianity stand all on a common ground. Anti-scriptural Christianity denounces all three together as so much mere subjectivity. Moloch and Jehovah are equally odious, alike the imaginary terrors of a personifying superstition (vol. ii. p. 466). The horrors of human sacrifice and the atoning death of Christ fall into the same category. The temple of the Hebrew god and the many-pillared fane of Serapis arose to honour a common delusion.

The notions of the fall, and of redemption, are creations as visionary as the war of the Titans and the sorrows of Dionysus. The same mission—to replace polytheism by 'a higher pantheism'—animated the breasts of Buddha and Zoroaster, Xenophanes, St. Paul, and Mahomet (vol. i. p. 142). Paul and Mahomet! This new style of classification reminds us of the expedient of Louis Napoleon, described by Victor Hugo. 'Call on the causes: correctional police, sixth chamber; first affair, the said Dunup, swindler; second affair, the said Lamennais, writer. This has a good effect, and accustoms the citizens to talk without distinction of writers and swindlers.' (*Napoleon the Little*, p. 51.) It is a revival of the old attempt to make Apollonius of Tyana—the Cagliostro of antiquity—the rival of Jesus Christ. It is as though a man should say—'Such men as John Howard and the author of Junius;' or—'Women like Mrs. Fry and Mrs. Manning, Mrs. Chisholm and Mrs. Brownrigg;' or—'Characters like Agamemnon, Thersites, and Achilles.' The trick can deceive no one long. The men who gave the world bread are not to be confounded with those who could or would distribute only stones. To reduce religions so different to a common measure, the reader may imagine how the miserable facts must be racked and smothered, hewn and dislocated, in our author's torture-chamber. Features and resemblances which are superficial are represented as essential and profound, and *vice versâ*, as though history were like some kinds of jelly-fish, which are not injured by being turned inside out, and could perform its functions just as well when its skin was made its stomach and its stomach its skin. Judaism and its prophecy are interpreted by the Rabbis and tradition, which makes sense into nonsense. The idlest fantasies of Greek mythology are viewed through the medium of Alexandrian rationalism, which strove to make nonsense into sense. It is as though a man, writing a comparative view of the military spirit of ancient and modern times, should take run-away Horace, with his 'non bene relicta parmula,' as the embodiment of the one, and the Duke of Wellington as the representative of the other. Truths

which are next-door neighbours are set down in his directory as poles apart. For other truths, between which a great gulf is fixed, he has a headlong assertion ready to do the work of Curtius and close up the chasm. He can perform both these feats together in a breath. Thus he would represent the prophets as standing to Moses in the same relation as that sustained by the Greek philosophers to Homer. This pretty sum in the rule of three may be thus expressed:

Prophecy : Moses : : Philosophy : Poetical Superstition.

What is requisite for this achievement? Simply to forget that there is as much so-called anthropomorphism in Jeremiah as in Genesis;—to ignore the burdens and the woes that shadow the pages of Isaiah, and likewise all the tenderness of mercy and wealth of promise that brighten the clouds about the lawgiver of Sinai;—to pass by the fact that the old covenant was the strong tower of the prophetic argument, the warrant of its warnings, and the plea of its entreaty;—to omit to state that no prophet ever travelled about repudiating the language and the narrative of Moses, as did Xenophanes preaching down the fables of Homer;—and finally, to imagine an analogy between the rapture and the faith of Ezekiel, and the melancholy negation of the materialist Heraclitus. Verily a new Celsus or another Porphyry has arisen to fight again the long-lost battle. A mummy has been disinterred from the sandy ruins of Alexandria, and galvanized by modern science, re-clothed in modern garb, and uttering modern speech, mumbles over again the withered sophistries of antique heathendom. Fear not, O Christian readers! this shrunken and eviscerated frame can do no champion's service, can brandish no weapon more fearful than a bulrush, can bear no armour heavier than pasteboard; for that embalmment is a trying process and sorely damaging both to heart and head, filling a man with strong pepper instead of true passion, and leaving him with little bowels and less brains.

It is a great mistake to suppose that the thoughtful believer in

scriptural Christianity is indisposed to admit those resemblances and approaches towards Christian truth arrived at by the religious philosophy of Greece. Among the early Christians such admission was often largely made, with far too little discrimination. We ourselves should recognise several which Mr. Mackay has not adduced. He might have pleaded his own cause better. There are Christian men, not a few, who could have written a book on his own side of the question far more plausible and mischievous than this, and followed it presently by a second, which should demolish utterly the imposing structure of the first. So safely, with such a mountainous chain of contrasts between Christianity and other systems, may we allow those mole-hills of resemblance which a blind antagonism has laboured to enlarge.

Let us glance at the views taken of heathenism in the earlier centuries of our era. Some of the Christian apologists ascribe the wisdom of the philosophers and lawgivers of antiquity to a partial communication of the Logos. Philosophy was, with them, the revealed law of Greece. They were ready to agree with Numenius when he called Plato the Attic Moses. Platonism was an incomplete *conatus* after Christianity. But while thus liberal as regards the few, they held that the religion of the many was but so much worship of devils. Into the worship paid to human benefactors demons intruded, sanctifying crime and winning adoration for the attributes of vice. This was the opinion of Justin Martyr, of Tatian and Athenagoras.* The same principle is carried still farther by Clement.† He called philosophy a schoolmaster to bring men to Christ. In his hands the difference between Christianity and philosophy is reduced to its minimum. He finds the less difficulty in such an approximation from believing that the noblest elements of Platonism were derived from a Jewish source. Without hesitation

* Justin Martyr, *Apol.* i. p. 41; *Apol.* ii. pp. 67 and 69. Athenagoras, *Leg.* pp. 29, 30. Tatian, *Ad Græcos*, pp. 148, 156.

† Clement, *Strom.* vii. 2; vi. 17, p. 295, Sylb., and vi. 8, p. 275.

he confers baptism on philosophy, and throws the philosopher's pallium about the shoulders of Christianity.*

It is not difficult to understand how it came about that these ancient teachers should have rendered less than justice to the religion, and more than justice to the philosophy, of Greece. The eyes of the Christian were daily vexed by the moral enormities of superstition. As he walks the city streets, now he is jostled by a rabble of shaven votaries, howling for their drowned ox-god, and following a priest with the dog Anubis; again, his path is crossed by a procession of the priests of Cybele, and a tall eunuch, with a Phrygian turban tied under his chin, calls out, to the beat of timbrels, for his September offerings; there runs the lady's slave with fat goose and fritters to the shrine of the silver serpent; there is a crowd gathered, waiting at the door of the Chaldean or Armenian fortune-teller; and there, again, in the Temple of Isis, the sanctuary of Ganymede, or the Phrygian chapelry, is the seat of sacred and public prostitution.† Those stupendous evils of debauchery and blood which filled the ancient world—evils legitimized, paraded, consecrated—struck the Christians of those days with grief and horror. Mr. Mackay scarcely alludes to them. It would not have suited his purpose. The moral picture of later Greece, exhibiting as it does a development the reverse of that for which he contends,—a develop-

* *Strom.* i. capp. 14–16. The same opinion concerning the source of much of the ancient wisdom which resembled the truths of revelation, is expressed by Tertullian, *Apol.* cap. 47; and Augustine alludes to the notion as prevalent, *De Civ. Dei,* viii. c. 11.

† *Juv.* ix. 24. Minucius Felix, *Octavius,* cap. 25. Frequentius denique in æduorum cellulis quam in ipsis lupanaribus flagrans libido defungitur. Firm. Matern. *De Errore Prof. Rel.* cap. 12, passim. Athen. *Deipnosoph.* xiii. 25, and also 20. Seneca, *De Ira,* ii. 8. Nec furtiva jam scelera sunt: præter oculos eunt adeoque in publicum missa nequitia est, et in omnium pectoribus evaluit, ut innocentia non rara, sed nulla sit. The satire in the *Euthyphron* of Plato, and the caricature of Terence (*Eunuchus,* act iii. sc. 5) would have been pointless, if men had not been in the habit of finding, in the fables of polytheism, religious sanction and divine example for almost every form of crime.

ment downwards, and not upwards,—is altogether wanting to his pages. By a dexterous euphemism he can even call wantonness like that which must have been associated with the celebration of the legend of Ceres and Baubo* mere 'buffoonery.' The heathen priests, moreover, disturbed in their empire over the masses, were at first the most virulent adversaries of the follower of Christ. No wonder that they seemed to him to breathe the very spirit of Satan. Philosophy, on the other hand, had been to many a convert the delight of his youth, perhaps the profession of his riper years. Plato had awakened desires which he could not satisfy. The anxious questions which his school had prompted were more than answered in the school of Christ. The Christian loved to trace the same divine care in his mental infancy and in his spiritual manhood. It was pleasing to regard his past and present history as successive stages in the same heavenly tuition. The philosophers, too, like himself, were in arms against priestcraft. Thus, he and the philosopher not unnaturally thought that they possessed more in common than a common enemy. When Lucian ridiculed the gods, and Plato proscribed the poets, they laid up weapons for Christian use. That exposure of the monstrous fruits of pagan superstition contained in the first twenty chapters of Firmicus Maternus, *De Errore Profanarum Religionum*, might have been written, nearly all of it, by such a satirist, or such a sage. Eclecticism, too, gathered a cloud of philosophic witnesses to an infinite First Cause, and attested the worship of one unknown Supreme.† The apologist was near the truth when he spoke of the Christians and the philosophers as being so far identified, 'ut quivis arbitretur aut nunc Christianos philosophos esse aut philosophos fuisse jam tunc Christianos.'‡ But the Christian religion is not a system of philosophy. The ill-assorted union was, ere long, dissolved. The Platonist and the hierophant were constrained to make common cause against a

* Arnob. *adv. Nationes*, v. 26. Clem. Alex. *Protr.*, p. 17.
† Min. Felix, *Octavius*, c. 19. ‡ *Octavius*, p. 26.

foe who denied the claims of both. With Iamblichus and Proclus philosophy and priestcraft combined to erect, in a rationalized polytheism and a devotional philosophy, a last bulwark against the encroaching faith of the Nazarene.

Thus, the apologists, in general, regarded the religion of Greece as wholly contrary to Christianity; the philosophy as a positive preparation for it. There were many facts to favour such an assertion; nevertheless, the estimate was not altogether correct. The religious and philosophic elements of antiquity, while hostile in many respects, were too nearly related in others to warrant so violent a separation. There were truths, however obscured, in the worship as well as in the speculation of the Greek, calculated to fill his heart, in his more thoughtful moments, with yearnings after something higher. In his sense of guilt, his lustrations, and his expiations; in that Nemesis which awed him, and in those prayers which he personified as the daughters of Zeus;* in the dim retribution of his shadowy world of ghosts; in his watching for counsel from above; in his very oracles and omens, we cannot see only so much hideous, hopeless demonolatry. Some philosophers, indeed, disdaining mythology, abjured all reverence also. It was not so with the best, or even with the greater number; it was not so with Socrates or Plutarch. Prone as man is to extremes, he is seldom all head or all heart. From this cause, his history is continually resolving itself into awkward nondescript figures, which refuse to fit the shelves and boxes of a theory. On Mr. Mackay's principle, men should be all childish—*i.e.*, all religion, in one age; and all speculative—*i.e.*, all irreligious, the succeeding. Socrates retained a devout and earnest spirit, while he smiled at the puerile fables of his countrymen. According to Mr. Mackay's system, he should have thrown off his religiousness and his credulity together. Socrates was not irreligious enough to merit all the praise our author bestows upon him. To be consistent, he should state that he con-

* Hom. *Il.* ix. 498.

siders the notions of Socrates about prayer, Providence, the divinity of conscience, and the prospect of retribution, as most anomalous and culpable; such, in fact, as can be pardoned only on the ground that the unhappy sage lived so long before the days of Auguste Comte. Plutarch presents a still more distressing case. Living so much farther on in the process of development, and decidedly rejecting the common stories about the gods, he is found as provokingly religious as though he belonged to the age of Pericles. No one will question this who has ever read his treatise *De Superstitione*. Let any reader peruse at his leisure the twenty-third and several following chapters of his book, entitled *Non posse suaviter vivi sec. Epicurum;* and turn to the twenty-second chapter of his work, *De serâ Numinis vindictâ*, containing that singular account of the restoration of a heathen sceptic to belief in God,—it reads like a canto of Dante rendered into Greek prose. Manifestly, there is a religious want in the human heart which no development can outgrow.

The religious systems of pagan antiquity are to be regarded, accordingly, as by no means purely evil. It was of their devotion that Paul spoke when he said to the Athenians, 'Whom ye ignorantly worship, Him declare I unto you.' There are passages in which the apologists of whom we spoke evince their perception of this truth.* Clement of Alexandria pushes it even to a fanciful excess.† With the exception before alluded to, they have not failed repeatedly to indicate the true estimate of the ancient heathen world in relation to Christianity.‡ We believe it to be this, that both

* Min. Felic. *Octavius* (*Ed. Gersdorf*), p. 23: Audio vulgus, cum ad cœlum manus tendunt nihil aliud quam Deum dicunt et Deus magnus est et Deus verus est et si Deus dederit. Vulgi iste naturalis sermo est, an Christiani confitentis oratio? Et qui Jovem principem volunt, falluntur in nomine sed de una potestate consentiunt. Compare Lactantius, *Inst.* ii. 1.

† *Str.* vi. 14.

‡ Clemens Alex. compares these particles of truth to the scattered limbs of the dismembered Pentheus. *Strom.* i. 13. Lactantius says, 'Quod si extitisset aliquis qui veritatem sparsam per singulos, per sectasque diffusam, colligeret in unum ac redigeret in corpus; is profecto non dissentiret a nobis.'—*Inst.* vii. 7.

the religions and the philosophies of antiquity contain, amidst their evil and their errors, fragments of truth; often express a want which is deep and real; are cravings after a boon which exists, though they failed to grasp it; contain many precepts which are noble, and some conjectures which are right; yet that these scattered verities were not only often useless because isolated, but would, if collected, have fallen vastly short of the body of truth conveyed in the revelation of Jesus Christ; and finally, were often not merely unserviceable, but positively injurious, because a certain portion or aspect of a truth was so commonly received as though it were the whole.

We are near to waking, says a German poet, when we dream that we dream. The old Greek world dreamed its dream of fable. With philosophy a few began to dream man was dreaming. With Christianity came the full awakening. It does not lessen our belief in the reality of some event at noonday, that one among the thousand phantasies of sleep should have partially foreshadowed it. Mr. Mackay judges differently. He thinks that the thick-coming fancies of the poetic Greek and the sober certainty of the Galilean fishermen are alike so much subjectivity, and should be banished together to some translunar realm, some limbo of hallucination. Both should have fled at cock-crowing, when the sun of science arose to run his race. But, strange to say, we do not find less religion as there is more science. Nay, a sort of religiousness fumigates with incense the very lair of infidelity itself. Scepticism sighs, and quotes Scripture, and turns up its eyes, and says grace over its frigid fare. Once infidelity was a virago, loud-voiced, audacious, sarcastic. Our modern spiritualists have tutored her in another part. Now she is agonizingly sensitive, interestingly sentimental. She feels faint, and cries, 'Take away that rude man David, bring me that sweet Apostle John, my smelling-salts, and a cambric handkerchief.' Christianity seems not to know when it is beaten. A shower of rain, says a fable, was astonished that a tower did not fall prostrate under its attack. Said the tower, 'They have brought the ram against me before now, and never stirred a stone; and do you

think I am to be tickled to death by you, you trumpery squirt of that urchin of a cloud yonder, that has only been born ten minutes?' If Mr. Mackay be right, surely some bard of Positivism ought long ere now to have embodied in a poem the superstition of Christianity, and sought, in a theme so fanciful and remote, room for his genius to display itself, even as Southey has resuscitated Arabian fable in *Thalaba*, and as Keats has played with the mythology of Greece in *Endymion*.

The admirer of Galileo need not be anxious to deny that Democritus conjectured the milky way to be an assemblage of stars. It is one thing to guess, and another to discover. Granting that Pythagoras may have dimly surmised a something approaching the doctrine of gravitation, the glory of Newton is not lessened. The guess was fruitless, the discovery was fertile. The guess could no more have accomplished what the discovery did than could all the tea-kettles which sang when Watt was a baby have done the work of a locomotive.

We need not hesitate to admit that there were ethics before the sermon on the mount. The Greek philosophy has recorded many admirable precepts. But they lie far apart, imbedded here and there in a vast mass of matter profitless or false. Men wrote them on the scroll, but not upon the heart. The words were there, but the power was lacking. The Greeks were, many of them, less aware of their value than are we ourselves. We have studied a book abounding in such truth, and in far higher; our eye singles them out at once; we are apt to insert into them a fuller significance than they actually bore. We forget how much there was besides to obscure, to limit, or even to nullify them. Sometimes they were but the disregarded appendage to some showy fabric of fine-spun speculation, the flourish of the rhetorician, or the decoration of a dialogue. It is with us as with the mariner from Europe, who sees among barbarous islanders the implements or the attire that have floated in from a wreck; they remind him pleasantly of home, while he first instructs the savage in their use. That love of

which Plato so beautifully spake was never truly practical, self-denying, comprehensive, before the day of Christ. Of Christians even their opponent was constrained to say—*amant mutuo pœne antequam noverint.* The angel, after the ascension of our Lord, said to the assembled disciples, 'Ye men of Galilee, why stand ye gazing up into heaven?' The ancient sages, rapt in the contemplation of great ideas, stood similarly inactive. They gazed, and still they gazed, little profiting themselves or others. It needed a voice from heaven to give to morality that sanction and that power, that master-motive, in devotion to a personal Redeemer, which should send men out to teach and to toil in the spirit of the apostles.

A single example must suffice. Zeno caught, as in a vision, that idea, so strange to the ancient world—cosmopolitanism. He gives utterance to his aspirations after a time when the seas, the language, or the state, shall no longer coop up the sections of mankind in distinct or hostile nationalities;—when one law, one citizenship, shall embrace them all. Long after, Plutarch, writing about Alexander, thinks he sees realized in the wide conquest of the hero, the day-dream of the philosopher. The Macedonian empire was the fact which best answered his interpretation of the fancy. Now had this ideal of the sage stood alone, the adversaries of Christianity might have treated that as they have similar coincidences and partial anticipations. Interpreting it in the sense which Christianity has taught them, they would have declared that the kingdom of Christ added nothing really new to the old thoughts of the world. But see how one of the wisest of the heathen interpreted a longing too great for heathendom. He imagined its reality all but attained in a forced unity, prompted by ambition, cemented by blood; in an enterprise which attempted to obliterate diversities which are indestructible; an achievement whose very success was its overthrow. Heathenism was not only unable to *realize* that idea of a universal church such as Christ has founded—it could not even *understand* it.

If the truth which animates the communion of Christians was the mere projection of human 'subjectivity,' how was it that in this

respect, as in so many others, it offers so complete a contrast to all former handiwork executed by the same principle? Why had it not its exceptions and its exclusiveness, its initiate and its vulgar? Why did it raise no altar, prescribe no formulary, ordain no ritual, feed no vain curiosity, entangle itself with no immature and transitory system of science? How was it that this faith only, from so unpromising a birth-place, detected at its first step the secret evil which repelled men from each other, and discovered the hidden good needed to unite them? These are questions which, while the world stands, can find but one solution.

If the Bible, and all quotations from it, were destroyed, the readers of Mr. Mackay's book would be left to conclude, that its cosmogony was as absurd and fanciful as anything the Indian or the Greek has fabled concerning the origin of the universe. His plan is this. In several sections concerning Chaos, Water, Darkness, the Dove, &c., he collects all the imaginations and superstitions he can find respecting these objects, and, regardless of time and space, mingles them with portions of the Mosaic account, and stirs the whole mixture into a yeasty confusion. The reader is at first at a loss as to his object, so incongruous a farrago has he served him up. It becomes apparent at last that he wishes you to place the record of Genesis on a level with all these myths—*i.e.*, as so much phantasy narrated as history,—so much idealism presented as fact,—Hebrew dreamings as to what might be, recounted as what actually was. Noah's dove (poor bird) is caged with doves from Syria, doves from the Euphrates, doves from Hierapolis, doves from Babylon. Sundry superstitions connected with the dove and the fish being gathered together, he endeavours to give them a physical signification, and then says—

'There can remain little doubt why a dove was chosen to perform the office of directing Noah and Deucalion how to escape the waters of the deluge, or why it guided the Argonauts on their astronomical voyage through the perilous pass of the Symplegades. On the standards of the Assyrian monarchs it became like the Roman

eagle, a national system, and Babylon is styled the dove-city, while Nineveh is the abode of its correlative the fish. The symbolical aspect of the fish is twofold; sometimes, as in the Babylonian legend, about the fish-man Oannes, Oe, or Noah, it is the originator of civilization; or speaking physically, the successor of winter, and in this sense the goddess Atergatis is the daughter of the fish and of the waters. In another view the wintry fish, as following the fair season, may be said to swallow up the dove, as in the instance of Jonah—'the dove' who sings psalms from out of the 'belly of hell,' or as when the prolific force of Osiris is devoured by the fishes of the Nile. But the power of light and life descends into the bowels of the monster only to insure its destruction; and after a contest of three days within the jaws of darkness, the Sun God liberates the patroness of the dove in the persons of Andromeda and Hesione.'—Vol. i. § 9.

Here there is no reasoning, no obvious purpose (unless it be the one we have mentioned), but only an imbecile jumble of remote and really irrelevant facts which conclude nothing. And this is our author's manner throughout his treatment of the mythology. The relation to his purpose of the facts he brings together is so faint and distant that every one must see that they will not hold together to help him. Their imposing multitude is in fact their weakness. They remind us of the chain of interest on which Roderic Random was persuaded by his sanguine friend to rely. 'The beadle of the Admiralty is my good friend, and he and one of the under-clerks are sworn brothers, and that under-clerk has a good deal to say with one of the upper-clerks, who, upon his recommendation, I hope will recommend my affair to the first secretary, and he again will speak to one of the lords on my behalf, so that you see I do not want friends to assist me on occasion.'

From some cause or other, Mr. Mackay is determined to interpret physically almost every myth or legend which he handles. Perhaps he thinks it helps the cause of pantheism. The short passage just cited contains several examples of the kind. He asks whether the

seven daughters of Jethro drawing water may not be the Hyades! (vol. i. p. 90.) He calls the Trojan war, 'a drama of religious strife, reflecting the supposed operations of nature,' and, without calling any witnesses, goes on to say, in another characteristic passage—

'It was probably connected with that ancient Pelasgian mystery of the elements, in which Poseidon, the ancestral god of the Achæan colonists of Asiatic Æolis, offered violence, under the horse-form, to Demeter, seeking her lost daughter Persephone-Luna, upon which the irritated deity became changed into an Erinnys, as Helena, too, seduced by Hermes-Chthonius as Paris, when the Neptunian horse had been placed upon the Trojan Acropolis, appeared as an avenging fury in Vesta's temple, the 'bane of Europe and of Asia,' yet still capable of assuming the form of the 'alma parens' of Æneas.'—P. 169.*

Out of breath with such a sentence, we find, a page or two afterwards, that the *Odyssey* is disposed of in the same manner, and pronounced 'a picture of the navigation of the sun through the under-world, the path afterwards followed by the spirits of the suitors.' The murder of Agamemnon in the bath is astronomical, and represents the sunset in the sea at the winter solstice. Strophius, to whose care Orestes was confided, is the solstice personified. The death of Clytemnestra by the hands of her son, is 'day destroying night, or summer winter' (vol. ii. p. 61). Our author can believe, apparently, in the 'solar character' of Joshua (vol. ii. p. 9), and that the cheering lesson of the lunar cycle was the comfort imparted by Io to the suffering Prometheus (vol. ii. p. 90).

Mr. Mackay has failed to keep in view a distinction which lies on

* The citations he adduces touch only one of the two factors; they do not link them by supporting the analogy, and give, therefore, no strength to the 'probably.' Every legend had so many various versions in different parts of Greece, that it is easy to select a number of a certain cast to suit a favourite hypothesis. But to do this, an author must be guilty of anachronisms, confusions of nationality, and violations of the common laws of interpretation, which the scholar will readily detect.

the surface of the Greek mythology. There prevailed in Greece an ancient worship of the powers of nature, intimately connected with the revolution of the seasons and the processes of agriculture. Its creations were multiform, colossal, almost oriental, in their character. Many traces of it are to be found in the productions of the grave, practical, farmer-poet Hesiod. The terrible narrative of the treatment of Ouranos by Cronos* is an example. But, by degrees, the gods were imagined less monstrous. They became more and more human, and in the poetry of Homer are removed but a few generations, as it were, from mankind. The sceptre of Agamemnon descends, by successive transmissions, from Zeus to Hermes, from Hermes to Pelops, from Pelops to Atreus, from Atreus to Thyestes, and from Thyestes to the leader of the Greeks (*Il.* ii. 100). The divinities most identified with nature, Demeter and Dionysus, find scarcely mention in the *Iliad.* The gloomy elemental myths draw off to make way for the sunny humanity of a more cheerful time. The monotonous cycle of the cosmical worship, with its alternate life and death, found its perpetuation only behind the veil of the mysteries. Here and there stand passages in Homer which bear the impress of that earlier day. The journey of Zeus and the gods to the blameless Ethiopians, and their return on the twelfth day (*Il.* i. 424); and the golden chain of Zeus (*Il.* viii. 19), may have been suggested by antique astronomical or cosmical symbols, and may be open to a physical interpretation. But such passages lie by themselves, and are incompletely woven into the texture of the narrative. To apply this species of interpretation throughout an epos, and to the whole course of all such stories of human passion and heroic adventure, is altogether unwarrantable. To hunt for such scientific mysteries in mythi manifestly epic in their character, is to be as idly ingenious as the most rationalizing Stoic or the most allegorical Neoplatonist. It is to mistake altogether the spirit of the time. It is to mistake human nature too, as though men could

* *Theog.* v. 173.

never imagine and create for fancy's sake, and without thinking of the zodiac or the solstices. The Greeks were not such devotees of prose as Mr. Mackay.

What, then, did these Greeks want? Mr. Mackay says—

'Even if they could have been aware of the existence of natural law in its true meaning, they knew not how to study or decipher it, so that it was still a mystery, inoperative as a guide to deliberate choice and action. The stoical maxim 'to live agreeably to nature' was the nearest approach of antiquity to a perfect moral code; its defect was the impossibility of applying it *when the study of nature was arrested*, and when anticipated notions were assumed as final criteria of truth and right. Visionary theories were thus adopted by rival sects, and while each had its element of truth, the Stoic erred on one side as much as the Epicurean on the other. If nature be a system of regularity and law, we must, in order to live agreeably to it, become acquainted with its laws; in other words, we must gain experience, and that not only in the ordinary sense of practical or worldly wisdom, but *in its methodised form as science;* the intellectual part of religion being only the gaining accurate experience reduced to general principles, so as to be readily available, and accompanied by such a clear view of the resulting obligations as may ensure the realization of its lessons.'—Vol. i. p. 33.

According to our author they wanted a Sir Isaac Newton. We say they wanted a Saviour. A revelation would meet a deeper need than a Novum Organum. After the advent of a Pagan Bacon (to imagine an impossibility) the necessities of man's spiritual nature would still have urged the gravest questions concerning God and duty as fruitlessly as ever. Since the advent of Christ all wise men know how such inquiries have found their answer.

As we study the bewildered speculation of the ancients we are like men in possession of a riddle listening to the attempts of others who try to solve it. Now there comes a guess which is all but right; we expect the answer in a moment; but some misleading association flits before the mind of the seeker, the clue is lost again,

and the next conjecture is farther off than ever. Well might Lactantius exclaim, O quam difficilis est ignorantibus veritas, et quam facilis scientibus! Often their living truths are miserably linked to dead theories. Their best forces are posted where they are useless. With infinite pains they kindle a light, and then demand applause for putting it under a bushel. Take such a book as Cicero's *De Naturâ Deorum*. The absurdities of material pantheism were never more pointedly exposed than by Velleius (i. 10). The objection of the sceptic that he had never seen a deity, was met then by the same *reductio ad absurdum* which might be employed to-day (i. 31). Then, as now, it was made manifest that the unbeliever was more credulous than the theist (i. 34). The argument from design is admirably put, and its cumulative character insisted on with truest insight (ii. 5, 6). But for what purpose is it pressed? to identify God with the universe and to locate divinity in the stars (ii. 7–9, 11,.23).* At last the mutilated third book unsettles everything. Each conclusion of human reason has been successively laid prostrate. Each athlete is just strong enough to throw his antagonist, only to be overthrown in turn. Each position that is taken is embarrassed and held at bay by a host of objections peculiar to itself. Velleius, Cotta, Balbus, all are refuted one after the other. Every one of them assails with success what he regards as false, none can successfully maintain what he holds as true. The mournful longing of heathendom is breathed in the words of one of these speakers, 'Utinam tam facile vera invenire possem, quam falsa convincere' (i. 32). It was a conflict in which no one remained master of the field. Hence the most impartial religious treatise of antiquity was accounted the most dangerous.† It left nothing stand-

* Comp. Lactantius, *Div. Inst.* ii. 8.

† See Lactantius, *Div. Inst.* i. 17, and *De Ira Dei*, cap. xi. Compare the remarks of Augustine on the conclusions of Cicero respecting prescience. *De Civitate Dei*, v. 9. Arnobius speaks of the abhorrence with which the book was regarded by the zealous adherents of polytheism (*Adv. Nat.* iii. 6, 7), and its mutilation is perhaps attributable to such hands.

ing. New solutions only created new difficulties. The result was, as when a man endeavours to shelter himself beneath a covering which is too small. He warms one part of his body only to leave another bare. There was hope but in one way. These litigants could only be satisfied by a Judge who should speak as never man spake.

It is to the praise of Zeno and Epicurus that they attempted to apply philosophy to life. We may observe, in passing, that Mr. Mackay has failed to appreciate either the causes or the consequences of their distinctively practical aim. Their endeavour was a failure, not for lack of science, but for lack of revelation. Neither the compass nor the telescope could have helped them. They wanted, strange as it may seem to Mr. Mackay, not the power of steam, but the power of God. The ideal of either was alike fantastic and impracticable. Any one who has read for himself the respective demands of the masters of these two schools, will know that the quiescent negation of the one was as impossible as the straining ambition of the other.* On either side a suicide of half our nature was required. Men did not find it easy, with high-flown Seneca, to deem themselves the peers of gods, and that pain was evil only because they thought it so.† It was not more satisfactory to confound, with Lucretius, religion and superstition. As regards others, both the systems were hostile to philanthropy. The ἀπάθεια and ἀναλγησία of the Stoic grew into ἀνελεημοσύνη, and sublime indifference called hardheartedness a virtue. The Stoics turned away from the cry of suffering, because it moved their disdain; the Epicureans, because it disturbed their ease. The one was deaf because he was the slave of pride, the other because he was the slave of passion. At last philosophy became a fashion and a toy. Greek slaves and Greek systems were alike the luxurious necessities of the wealthy Roman. If the search after truth sometimes began in

* Diog. Laert. x. 122; vii. 117–120.

† *Cons. ad Marciam*, xix.

seriousness, it generally degenerated into affectation, and ended in disgust. The affluent prætor would have one little room in his country mansion at Baiæ poor and rude, that he might retire thither to play at the philosopher when dissipation had made the change refreshing. Surrounded with every enjoyment, he could there fancy himself poor, content, and wise. Many went over from the Garden to the Porch, *blasé* with pleasure and wretched with *ennui*, as French gentlemen, tired of gaiety, turned, with their aching remnant of a heart, from Voltaire to St. Francis de Sales.

To an earnest votary of abstractions like Plotinus, philosophy seemed to have desecrated herself by this popularity, leading, as it did, to the profanation of so much pretence. The loftiest principle of speculation had been practically abjured; the triumph was hollow; the success a defeat; scepticism, and scepticism only, gained ground every day. In him, the longing after divine light became more profound than ever. The desire found in ecstasy a fallacious fulfilment. He raised his threefold scale, Opinion, Dialectic, Illumination, by these steps to ascend to God—the 'lonely man to the lonely Deity.' He exalted the Reminiscence of Plato into Inspiration.* He fought the last grand battle for Hellenic conservatism. His eclecticism threw its shield over the poetry, the eloquence, and the science of that beautiful bygone Hellas, whose very memory seemed about to perish. In the midst of his scholars at Rome, he lived in the city and the time of Pericles. Philosophy was ennobled indirectly by the very contest. It was brightened by looking its glorious antagonist in the face. Scattered rays of light, even from the hostile quarter, enabled it to correct some old mistakes and construct its defences better. But the struggle was vain, for the principle of life was wanting. The position was a false one. These men were ardent champions of polytheism, yet believers in the unity of God. The religious eclec-

* Plotin. *Ennead.* v. lib. 5, p. 519; Conf. Plat. *Meno.* p. 349; Phædrus, p. 47; also, *Ennead.* lib. v. capp. 9, 10.

ticism which embraced all religions could secure reverence for none. Indignant that one religion should declare itself the only true, they ascribed truth to all. This reaction against the magnificent intolerance of Christianity was fatal to them. They laid philosophy open to the attacks of reason, without being able to rescue their religions from the assaults of Christianity. They could make philosophy superstitious; they could not make superstition philosophical.

It may excite marvel how Mr. Mackay, believing as he does, should have written his book at all. According to him, mankind were inevitably visionaries till the arrival of science. Their efforts evinced only their powerlessness. His work records the intellectual history of childhood. Bacon makes his era, and he ought to write B.B. instead of B.C. This history of intellect before induction is, on his principles, like an account of the naval exploits of the Romans before they had a fleet, and when they practised rowing on the land. Yet, having undertaken such a task, from whatever motive, he should have performed it thoroughly. But of this great and final movement of the Greek mind, to which we have alluded, he says scarcely anything. A long, wearisome, and profitless chapter on Philo, and some disordered notices of the Gnostics, occupy the space which should have been given to Plotinus and Porphyry, Iamblichus and Proclus. The great division of the school into what may be called its theosophic and its theurgic branches, though so conspicuous and important, is not pointed out. The instructive differences between Platonism and Neoplatonism are nowhere indicated. The many characteristic personages of the time, who are such remarkable exponents of the wants and the resources of heathenism, are nowhere sketched. The origin and development of the Alexandrian Trinity is uninvestigated. The failure of the Alexandrian mysticism as a moral means of renovation—its extravagance of aspiration, and its enervating relapse—are unnoticed, as well as unexplained. The mere names of some of the men, and the facts referred to, may here and there occur; but there is no history, no philosophical inquiry; the whole subject has been un-

studied, its importance unfelt. We had proposed supplying, in the present paper, some brief account of this section in the history of philosophy, so interesting in itself, and so influential on the Christianity of a later age. But of this our space will not admit.

The work is defective, however, in other respects, which, on the author's own principles, are far more important. Physical science is, with him, the great agent of progress. Science is to emancipate mankind from the thraldom of superstition. As they recognise the laws of the universe and multiply the 'commoda vitæ,' they will set at rest their cares about transgression and forgiveness, and ask no longer for a revelation. In metaphysics and theology they always have described, they always must describe, a circle. The positive sciences alone are essentially progressive. The historian of the development of Greek intellect who starts with these assumptions should surely have given some account of Greek science. These men laboured in the right direction, and there, within certain limits, they made a real advance. To their toil and their triumphs in this province the greater part of such a book should have been devoted. The account might have been rendered deeply interesting. For a work of this description, even executed by Mr. Mackay, we could well have spared the volumes he has given to the world. But on this large field he has not even entered. He is wanting to his own cause. Believing what he does, he should have tracked the caravan across the desert, depicted the Hellenic colony, followed the first Greek sail that stretched away beyond the Pillars of Hercules. He should have shown how commerce and navigation fostered, cultured, and built up astronomy; and how that science grew which contains the starry alphabet of those universal laws whose recognition is to be the panacea of the species. Above all, the conquests of Alexander should have made an epoch,—those campaigns, which spread an empire from the Nile to the Jaxartes,—which introduced the astonished Greeks to so many strange races of men, and to a mythology, a philosophy, and a science, of immemorial antiquity,—those military travels on which the soldier from Macedon hunted

new and monstrous animals, and admired the banyan, the banana, and the palm,—that army, whose leader was surrounded by astronomers and botanists, historians and painters, and which sent home to the museum of Aristotle the bones and skins of innumerable birds and beasts. Mr. Mackay should have indicated the large results of an expedition so scientific in its character, associated, as it was, by a happy juxtaposition with the contemporary genius of the Stagyrite. The excited imagination of men was filled with a multitude of new forms and new ideas;—a master-mind was at hand to teach them to examine and to classify, with a caution and an insight before unknown. Observation and experiment began to take the place of vague surmise and arbitrary conjecture. The long-cherished exclusiveness of the Greek seemed about to melt away. Even ethnology attracted some attention. On this momentous movement Mr. Mackay is silent. Neither has he told us what the mathematicians of Alexandria accomplished, what the Royal Museum did for science, and why it did no more. Eratosthenes and Hipparchus are not mentioned. This adulator of science has neglected Strabo and Pliny, overlooked the voyager Nearchus, and failed to perpetuate on his immortal page the memory of Archimedes and of Euclid.

The progress of scientific discovery has not rescued Mr. Mackay from several of the errors of the ancient heathen. Where they stumbled in the darkness, he falls down in broad noon. The testimonies of the antiquity he records and the Christianity he rejects are alike thrown away upon him. We hear many of the pagans speak as though they were better Christians than their critic. Plutarch is in advance of him, when, by a noble instinct, he scatters the sophistries of scepticism, and declares the thought of an all-watching Providence a safeguard and a joy, and not a craven superstition.* Cicero is before him, when, pleading for Milo, he writes with awe of the 'magna vis conscientiæ.' Plato has left him

* Non posse suaviter vivi sec. Epic. cap. xxi.

behind, when, catching a glimpse of the true nature of man's sin, he calls it the excess of self-love.* When Plato loses sight of this truth, and speaks of sin as mere want of knowledge, he descends to the position of Mr. Mackay.† The old mistake of supposing that the culture of the intellect, the knowledge of natural law, or the contemplation of great abstractions, would renovate man's nature, is inexcusably repeated.

In speaking of sacrifice, he is constrained to admit that the sense of guilt, the idea of substitution, the longing after reconciliation with Heaven—all were there. But through the smoke of the offering he can see nothing real—no actual capacity and want which affords the presumption of a supply. He labours repeatedly to give to the festivals and the sacrifices of Greece a pantheistic significance. In pantheism he seems to find the interpretation of the death of Christ, while he denies its atoning character. In his view, sacrifice is the converse of creation. To the metaphysician, the latter is the self-descent of the universal into the particular; the former, the 'restoration of the particular to the universal' (vol. ii. § 6, and p. 32). Polytheism must grow up, no doubt, into pantheism. It was but natural that philosophy should dissolve the concrete individual divinities into an all-embracing abstraction. But the sense of polytheistic ritual was not, therefore, physical, to the extent Mr. Mackay represents. The popular is the undeveloped in this respect, and we shall inevitably misunderstand the periodical festivities of ancient Greece, if we regard them as designedly replete with pantheistic lessons for the people. In Sweden, in Germany, in England, it was long the custom to hail the in-coming of the spring, and to exult over the banishment of winter, with mimic battles, emblematic masquing, games, and dances, and a forest of green boughs yet these personifications were anything but pantheistic.

* τὴν σφόδρα ἑαυτοῦ φιλίαν, *De Leg.* v. § 4.
† *Timæus*, § 68, p. 129, Bekk.

Our author praises the mysteries, because they taught the initiated by symbol, and not didactically (vol. ii. p. 116). The former method is, in his view, far superior to direct instruction. Then let us cancel the Bible, and restore from monkish legend the miracle-plays of the middle age; let us have the drama instead of the sermon—the masquerade in place of the book. We say nothing of the exclusive principle of the mysteries—that spirit of pride, so fatal to progress, which the Gospel came to destroy when Paul announced an 'open mystery' to which all men were invited. We think that the natural desire after more didactic teaching led many a thoughtful mind to Eleusis, there to be initiated in the famous secrets so disappointing after all. If the symbol had satisfied men, it would never, in the first instance, have been developed into the myth—the chrysalis, as Creuzer happily phrases it, into the butterfly. Mere hints, insignia, and allegories, would always be interpreted by the few minds prepared for such effort according to arbitrary preconceptions: they would be Whittington's bells, giving counsel only to the solitary fancy; they would be the courtier's cloud of Polonius—now a camel, now a weasel, now a whale. Oftentimes, the profound significance attributed to random and capricious invention are as though one should imagine he descried telegraphic signals in the man of lath who waves his arms on the farmhouse top, or in the fluttering gesticulations of the scarecrow in the field.

Mr. Mackay's principle would leave his favoured few with notions concerning man's need more defective, in many respects, than those of antiquity; it would leave the mass without any religion whatsoever. To the many, if religion comes not with authority, it can never come at all. The ocean and the stars, the sunshine and the corn, are glorious symbols. The Greek could decipher but here and there a word of their majestic language. The experiment has been tried. Mankind must have a divine, 'didactic' interpretation, or they will read for ever in vain. But we know not what advice Mr. Mackay can give to the multitude other than this: 'Look to your

sewers, avoid the tavern, and pick up what scraps you can from the table of science.' An aristocracy of scientific intellectualism is to shepherd the herd of men. It is but a truism to say that the popular religion of the Greeks, with all its beauty, was fatally defective; yet this defect, on the theory of Mr. Mackay, could never be removed till our tinkers and tailors became Faradays and Herschels. Perhaps he looks forward to a time when the schoolmaster of some remote Irish hamlet shall suffer punishment because a boy beneath his care was found ignorant of some parts of the differential and integral calculus. We should not, indeed, witness, under his *régime*, a repetition of the grosser evils of polytheism; but for the graceful creations of the Greek he would substitute a frigid negation. Even for his better views concerning morals he is indebted to a despised scriptural Christianity. How the multitude are to be lifted up and stirred to nobleness, under the wintry rule of natural law, he has not explained. The world has yet to witness a single example of such success.

The religion of the Greek was associated with the state, the army, and that public property, the drama—now stately with the echoing recitative of the tragedy; now grotesque under the comic muse, with its fantastic figures and licentious gibes. The year led on a chain of festivals—the Panathenæa, the Thesmophoria, the town and country Dionysia. On one holiday, a grave procession of cars carrying statues of the gods, of youths on horseback, maids and matrons, Ephebi and Gymnasiarchs, conducted the holy peplus from Ceramicus up to the temple of the heavenly queen of the Acropolis. On another, a rout of revellers filled the air with shouts and laughter; all was tipsy mirth and jollity, and the most foul-mouthed jester at the bridge of the Cephissus won the fillet of the day. The Greek was present, in the morning at a solemn expiation; in the evening he was leaping on the wine-skin, and carried drunk to bed. His poetic faith filled the air with powers in whose nature there was everything to charm the fancy—little to alarm the conscience. He played at quoits, and thought of the fate of Hyacinth

and the jealousy of Zephyrus. He lay on the sunny river's bank, and the whispering reeds told him of Syrinx and the amorous Pan. He looked out upon the sea, and saw in it the emerald zenith—the watery sky, which overhung the pearly palaces of Poseidon. He watched the lines of ruddy cloud in the evening west, and they seemed the roses strewn by the hands of the Hours under the chariot-wheels of the descending sun-god. He gazed at the moonlight sleeping on the hill, and thought of the Latmian mount, and the love of Diana for Endymion. In that mossy rock-cleft, kept ever glistening by the silver over-running of a spring, a nymph may hide her urn. That rustling in yon underwood—it may have been a satyr. The eyes of a Dryad may have glanced through that sparkling network of green leaves. Those shells upon the sand may have been tossed there by a Triton.

Visions such as these did not probe the hurt of man's heart, and could not heal it. The Greeks felt the need of a divinity that should possess human sympathies. But to satisfy this want they lowered deity without elevating man. Gods became human, but man did not become divine. The infection of mortal vice entered the Olympian houses. They attributed to the powers they fashioned not so much sympathy with suffering as fellowship in crime. Life is too serious for a holiday religion. The depth of man's necessity cannot be filled with flowers. This profound longing of the human heart after a word from heaven,—this insatiable aspiration, which, in the absence of the truth, has hearkened to the thunder as the voice of God, spelt itself out a fruitless and painful revelation in meteors and in stars, which has given to priestcraft the glory of miracle, and to frenzy the honours of inspiration,—how does Mr. Mackay propose to satisfy it? By giving man, not the reality instead of the pretence, but by an absolute denial. By telling the patient he is not ill, and that his pain is a chimera. By removing prayer and providence, miracle and revelation, with the breath of his mouth, and bidding all these amazed and disappointed expectants rejoice and be exceeding glad. By pointing, not to the Bible, but

to the *Principia;* to the universal Order, instead of a personal God. A *Pinnock's Catechism* in Greek should have cured the Athenians of their religious sickness. Let Science now unveil her glory and the plague of piety will be stayed. Verily the midsummer night's dream of Ancient Greece is better than this boundless November cloud of negation, this pantheistic law, this vortex of necessitarian naturalism, this utilitarian absolute something, this god and no-god, who is measured by the quadrant, examined by the microscope, and revealed by logarithms. We are ready to say with Wordsworth,—

> 'I'd rather be
> A pagan, suckled in a creed outworn;
> So might I, standing on this pleasant lea,
> Have glimpses that would make me less forlorn—
> Have sight of Proteus rising from the sea,
> Or hear old Triton blow his wreathed horn.'

Andersen tells us, in his *Fairy Tales*, of a certain mirror, the work of diabolic art, which distorted every object reflected on its surface. Everything fair assumed a mean or hideous aspect. A beautiful landscape appeared but so much boiled spinach, and if a man had a freckle, it was made to cover half his face. The wicked looking-glass was broken, but of the fragments some men made themselves spectacles through which they look to this day. With a pair of such glasses bestriding his nose, Mr. Mackay has pored over the narrative and the theology of the Old Testament. Thus provided, he can see, as he wishes to see, the exception as the rule, the abuse as the use, the practice forbidden as the practice sanctioned. The old objections of infidelity are liberally employed by him, heedless of their reiterated refutation. Sceptical writers resemble, in this respect, that little creature (the Nais) which is said to propagate by multiplying the segments of its body in such a way that the identical joint which is the tail of the first, becomes in succession the tail of individual after individual, through numerous generations of the species. Mr. Mackay holds an inheritance, similarly *entailed,* and succeeds in his book to the transmitted

stock-prejudices which once were living members in the body corporate of our old English deists. The New Testament does not in reality fare better at his hands. In the eyes of his anti-scriptural Christianity the Christianity of Christ is too like Judaism. Christ, he says, 'had no idea any more than his disciples, of the possibility of becoming a Christian without first being a Jew' (vol. ii. p. 382). The Christians afterwards, however, thought it 'creditable and even necessary' to attribute to their founder the prediction of a Gentile conversion, concurrent with Jewish exclusion, suitable to the comprehensiveness of the Christian plan. According to our author, it appears that Christ, 'conscious of that spiritual superiority anticipated for the Saviour,' resolved, in perfect good faith, to adopt the most politic measures for the successful assumption of the Messianic character. 'He disposed of inapplicable Messianic imagery partly by figurative construction, partly by referring it to the mysterious feature' (pp. 341–343). But in the issue he was called to experience 'the bitter disappointment of an enthusiastic philanthropist.' This was his agony. When he found that his plan 'had failed for the present, both temporally and spiritually,' nothing was left him but to die, as many a martyr-prophet had done before him. Then 'remorse' might, 'as it were, ransom sin, by eradicating sinfulness from the heart' (pp. 462, 463). The allusions he is represented as making to his approaching sufferings, his prophecy of his own death as a ransom, are to be understood figuratively, or as instances of prolepsis,—that is, anticipation, the disciples afterwards attributing to him what they thought he *must* or *would* have said, and putting doctrines into his mouth which were never dreamed of till he had been laid in the grave (p. 396). In a little time every incident of his life received at their hands, 'if possible a supernatural colouring, the amplitude of his mental endowment became a miraculous parentage,' &c. &c. (p. 344.) In short, Mr. Mackay is concerned to do away, if possible, with all that is truly distinctive in Christianity. Those truths which have brought to so many great and good minds 'airs from heaven,' savour in his nostrils only of the

rankest superstition. Scriptural religion is as intolerable to him as the heavenly fragrance of the Peris to the malignant Deevs of Persian fable.

We may take the remarks of Mr. Mackay on the miraculous conception of our Lord as a specimen of his treatment of the gospels. He travels to the east, and fetches thence the account of the miraculous birth of Roostem, and of Buddah, the offspring of a virgin. He adduces the allusion of Jerome to the similar legend of Mars and Ilia. He makes his way among the horses of the Mantchoo Tartars, and hears their story of a progenitor, sprung from a virgin. He brings over from China the miraculous communication made to the mother of Confucius, announcing the supernatural birth of her royal son. He finds the Chinese annals full of accounts of wonderful saints born by miracle. He summons Zoroaster, and by his side Simon Magus and Zenghis Khan, all for the same purpose. He repeats the promise of Tiresias to the mother of Hercules. Having filled his museum with such curiosities from all parts of the world, he goes on to say, 'From the sphere of thought exemplified in these extracts, the minds of Jewish writers were not qualified to escape; and when the idea of a supernatural character and divine affiliation had been suggested, they, as usual, discovered traditions of the fact, accompanied by confirmations of it in ancient prophecy' (vol. ii. p. 351). Accordingly they made 'a seeming and fallacious coincidence take the form of a premeditated providential design;' thus effecting a 'travesty,' as he calls it, 'of a really sublime idea by attempting to explain it physically.' Now it appears to us that the 'seeming and fallacious coincidence' lies with such examples as he has collected. What does he mean by 'the sphere of thought exemplified by such extracts?' He would not surely say that Simon and Andrew, while washing their nets, thought of Mantchoo Tartars, Zoroaster, and Confucius. He must mean that they were just such credulous, myth-making persons as the Scythians and Chinese. If so, their story would display characteristics resembling those barbarous legends. For, of course, if the parallel holds in the

one respect it must hold in the other. Their account of the event would be poetical, extravagant, monstrous. They would not have known, any more than other half-educated fanciful inventors, when to stop. We should have had, as in the case of the others, the very cradle of him they delighted to honour, filled with childish wonders. They would have devised such miracles as those related in the apocryphal gospel of the infancy—miracles really analogous to the fantastic creations of heathen mythology. But there is no such exaggeration, no such puerile straining after effect. The narrative of Matthew is homely and prosaic. There is nothing about sparrows released from birdlime on the Sabbath by the Divine Infant. No such tale as that of the man transformed by witchcraft into a mule, and recovering his former shape when the child Jesus was set upon his back. Nothing like the story of the boy who ran against the Saviour when he was five years old, and was struck dead for the offence. Such absurdities as these abound in those spurious biographies, which would seem to have been preserved on purpose to refute by their contrast hypotheses like this of our author. For precisely so would the disciples have executed their work of invention had they been the kind of persons he supposes.

Again, on Mr. Mackay's own theory, a myth must be elaborated from some previously existing notion or tendency. The disposition to devise the fiction of the miraculous conception must have been implanted in their minds from either a Jewish or a Pagan source. It could not have originated in the latter. Matthew was a Christian altogether of the Jewish stamp,—at the farthest imaginable remove from any inclination to borrow from an abhorred idolatry, materials wherewith to embellish his narration. His Christianity could not have lessened his antipathy to the false gods of the heathen. He was not, like Paul, acquainted with Greek literature. He writes manifestly without any view of adapting himself to Greek ideas. His mind was, it is to be feared, far less liberal than that of Mr. Mackay. He saw no recondite pantheism, no ethereal nature-worship, in such fragmentary accounts as may have reached his

ears, of the idol vanities in the great Gentile world. He would look on them with the feelings of a Jew, and turn away as from the accursed thing.

Neither would Matthew have been inclined, as Mr. Mackay seems to suppose, to persist in regarding Jesus as divine, to misunderstand (as we are told by the author he did) the Saviour's own statements concerning the simply spiritual nature of his Sonship, and on this ground to seek to exalt him by fabricating a supernatural conception. The Jews, with scarcely an exception, were of opinion that the Messiah would be a mere man, born in the ordinary course, and endowed with his extraordinary powers only on his consecration,—his anointing, in fact, to the Messianic office. In this respect, again, motive was wanting to the production of such a myth. The instances of remarkable birth with which the Jew was familiar were not at all analogous to the case in question. Samuel and Samson were examples of the birth of children associated with divine intimation, long after the parents had ceased to hope for issue. Mr. Mackay forgets, too, the immeasurable distance placed between Jehovah and mortal men in the mind of the Jew. The gods of the Greek were far less widely separated from mankind. To a Greek, the idea of a demi-god, divine and human in his parentage, was familiar. To the Jew, the announcement that Christ was, in the highest sense, the Son of God as well as the Son of man, was long a hard saying. Down to a comparatively late period, we see the Jewish Christians repeatedly exhibiting the tendency to sink into Ebionitism, and to regard Christ as a mere man. The Gentile Christians manifest no such disposition. The danger with many of them lay rather in the opposite direction. Thus Palestine would have been the last place in which such a notion would have suggested itself.

Mr. Mackay says, that when the idea of divine affiliation 'had *been once suggested*,' the evangelist would endeavour to find confirmation of it in ancient prophecy. Now this suggestion is the very thing which was wanting. Granting that the sacred writers were so

unscrupulous as Mr. Mackay supposes, they might, with some strong predisposition to believe in a supernatural conception, have endeavoured to interpret the prophecy in Isaiah (vii. 8, 9) so as to countenance their views. But that single passage, in itself so obscure, could never have originated such a myth in the first instance. The ideas which assume a mythical embodiment are always deeply-rooted, popular, and indicative of peculiar national tendency. In the present instance, this essential condition is wholly wanting, and judging *à priori*, such a myth is just what a Jewish mind would *not* have elaborated.

We have argued so far on Mr. Mackay's own ground. When the arguments against the mythical theory altogether are considered, his case is hopeless. That such pious frauds should co-exist with such wisdom, should have accomplished so great a work, achieving by a lie what truth in vain attempted—this is incredible if you will, and here our scepticism is immovable. The time was not mythical, nor was there time for myths. So large a fabulous deposit required a lapse of years, which chronology cannot be bribed to cede. Hippolytus has just emerged from Mount Athos, to complete the ruin of the tottering theory of Strauss.

Mr. Mackay cites the allusion of Jerome to the classic legend concerning the divine birth of Romulus.* That such a story, and the reference to it, should be enumerated among the examples adduced to account for the notion of a supernatural conception, is amusing enough. It is simply putting the cart before the horse; mistaking cause for effect; that is all. Such comparisons would never have been drawn, had not the fact of Christ's miraculous origin become already an established article of faith. They are the consequence, not the source, of the doctrine. Suppose an English settler desired to introduce among some half-barbarous aborigines a

* Justin Martyr has a catalogue of such analogies (*Apol.* ii. p. 66, D). Mr. Mackay is welcome to the reference for his next edition, if he will be fair enough to give the points of *contrast* also indicated by the father a little further on.

mechanical contrivance familiar to the European. He might show them that they and their fathers before them had been all along endeavouring clumsily to attain that very result which his appliance accomplished speedily and well. No man in his senses would say, 'It is evident that the colonist was indebted to the natives for the idea of his machine.' Yet such, if there be any meaning in it at all, is the reasoning of Mr. Mackay.

In the same connexion occurs an instance of that cool assumption in which he is so prone to indulge. He says, 'the word Almah does not mean virgin.' The LXX, he tells you, were wrong in translating it παρθενος. Now it so happens, that in the six places in which this word occurs elsewhere it is twice applied to young unmarried females certainly (Genesis xxiv. 43, to Rebekah; Exod. ii. 8, to the maid attendant on Pharaoh's daughter), and twice most probably (Psalm lxviii. 25, 'the damsels playing with timbrels;' Solomon's Song i. 3, 'therefore do the virgins love thee') and in the two remaining cases (Sol. Song i. 8; Prov. xxx. 19) this application is, to say the least, as probable as any other. (See Alexander on Isaiah, *in loc.*) Yet this assertion is boldly uttered, without qualification, without research, without attempt at proof. The prophetic language is unmeaning on Mr. Mackay's supposition, that the prediction refers only to an ordinary birth. The passage he cites from Justin Martyr helps him not a whit. The testimony of that father simply goes to show that certain teachers, disliking, as Mr. Mackay does, the doctrine in question, could bethink themselves of no better resource than the substitution of νεᾶνις for παρθενος, because the long-received and correct translation was hostile to their own theological notions. The translators of the LXX could have been under no inducement to adapt their version to views of which they knew nothing.

Such is the dogmatism greedily swallowed by many so-called lovers of free inquiry. It will be acceptable to those who desire to be confirmed in their irreligion, without the trouble of working out for themselves even an independent unbelief. The show of

erudition which pervades the pages of Mr. Mackay will be to them what the vestments of the priest are to another class. The extremes meet in a common credulity. The irrelevant quotations of one man, and the empty gesticulations of another, are alike the medium of a second-hand religion. In either case, faith is placed, not in God, but in man. To write in such fashion is not difficult. To do so, you must despatch some objections by a sweeping assertion. That will go a great way. Feeble-minded readers will not venture to doubt a statement, the contrary of which is so contemptuously represented as totally out of the question. Other difficulties you must quietly pass by. Readers who are in a hurry—readers who have but scanty leisure, little learning, and less inclination to examine for themselves—(and how large a proportion do they make!)—readers who are impressed by your learned aspect, awed by your oracular tone, or predisposed to admire your scepticism, will never think of them. You must adopt, in fact, the device of the Irish driver, who made a practice of getting down from time to time and slamming the door of his vehicle, to make his horses think that some passenger had got out, and that their load was less. Whether the success of the trick with the horses was imaginary or real, we do not undertake to say. A similar expedient, however, will undoubtedly answer with minds that resemble an animal less noble. Loudly declare that you have got rid of an argument, and seem as though you had left it far behind, and there are those who will believe that it is disposed of, though a ponderous burden of most stout and weighty objections may encumber you to the very journey's end. Such are some of the directions which must be borne in mind by any aspirant who desires to follow in the steps of Mr. Mackay.

Travellers tell us that in the middle of the lake Alakoul, in Central Asia, is a high mountain, which once vomited fire, and even now occasions violent storms, the terror of the caravan. For this cause some sheep are still sacrificed to the extinct volcano by those who pass it. Christianity, with Mr. Mackay, is like that hill of super-

stition. Long ago it unquestionably convulsed the earth, and shot up transitory glories, the rivals of the stars. It has grown old and dim with years. Science can explore, unharmed, the cold and quiet crater. But a perverse religious sentiment persists in offering the token of its homage. There are yet men credulous enough to attribute to natural phenomena a supernatural origin. To extinguish that flame of sacrifice, to expose this hereditary folly of the race, Mr. Mackay has given to the world his book. With what success, our readers will judge for themselves. The work is not likely to be a dangerous one. It is too dry, too dull. We never encountered such heavy reading on so promising a subject. Nothing but a strong sense of duty could have kept us awake, or carried us safely through to that longed-for Island of the Blest—the Finis. To read it again would be indeed *infandum renovare dolorem.* The volumes have not the clear-headedness, to say nothing of the interest, requisite to produce effect. Amid the mass of heterogeneous facts adduced, we have been frequently at a loss to understand with what view they have been collected. In heaps on heaps they hide, again and again, the last vestige of their compiler's drift. A swarm of witnesses are driven pell-mell into court; all speak at once; a multitude of testimonials are rendered, in a multitude of tongues: but nothing is heard distinctly; they agree in no story, either for or against their summoner; they are utterly indifferent to him; it is a Babel, not a tribunal. Often have we had painfully to excavate, from under mountains of nondescript material, a crushed and shapeless something, which we suppose was once the author's meaning. If a writer does not plainly show throughout his production what he would be at, few will be at the trouble to discover it for him. Such books never have made much impression, and never can. But though comparatively few may be expected to possess the desperate perseverance necessary for reading through these volumes, a considerable number may hear of them. An impression may be fostered, that a formidable work has been produced on the anti-supernaturalist side. We have seen high praise bestowed on this work by some

portions of our press. It is not for us to determine whether such encomiums are to be traced to haste or incompetency, or to both. But we deem it due to our readers to assure them, that nothing can be less trustworthy than the favourable judgments often pronounced upon books of this description in some quarters. These two octavos appear armed to the teeth with erudition. Row after row of citations, like tiers of heavy guns, announce nothing less than a first-rate ship of the line. But a near approach betrays the painted port-holes. The author is deeply indebted throughout to German research; especially, in that portion of his task which has fallen under our notice, to the great work of Creuzer. He refers to him, as he is bound to do, very frequently. In more than one page, however, we have discovered, on turning to Creuzer's book, that a large proportion of Mr. Mackay's citations were precisely those adduced by the German when treating of the same subject. Now, if Mr. Mackay has seen, with his own eyes, all the passages to which he thus makes reference, we have no fault to find. But his wholesale style of quotation, as we have before remarked, renders such accuracy in the highest degree improbable. The book might have been a careful, though not a clever one. Though awkward, it might have been original. Though not eloquent, it might have been thoughtful and suggestive; and without independent research, might have presented with judgment the results of former investigation. But it is not clever, not original, not eloquent; while, at the same time, it cannot claim even the humbler praise of careful inquiry, well-arranged material, and well-judged employment of the wealth of other minds. The author oppresses us with learning, without being able to persuade us that he is erudite; and wearies us by obscurity, without convincing us that he is profound.

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